

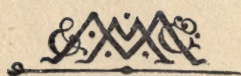
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIX

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NOVEMBER, 1898, TO APRIL, 1899

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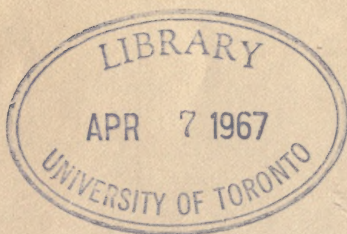
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was some three or four days before the date fixed for the wedding that Waring was sitting writing in the drawing-room. His mother and sister, enticed by the beauty of the weather which had begun to take a decided step summerwards, had gone out together, and he had had the house virtually to himself since luncheon-time. For the information of those who may wonder why our friend should have elected to stop indoors for the better part of one of the balmiest afternoons of the year it must be explained that he had felt, ever since the morning, a vague but pervading conviction that the day was just such a Tuesday as Ethel would be likely to choose for her expedition to town; and he trusted that she might, in the course of her shopping, pass near enough to his mother's house to think of paying her promised visit. So firmly rooted was this idea that when, about half-past three, the bell rang, and a visitor, who was not to be deterred by the maid's shrill intimation that Mrs. and Miss Waring were out, began to mount the stairs, he rose to his feet with quickening pulse, in the full expectation of seeing Ethel enter. However, it was not Miss Smart but Miss Dudley-Devant whom the servant announced, and Waring's

face fell, with his hopes, lamentably, as he saw the tall slim figure in the doorway, though he made a manful effort to hide his mortification.

Millicent entered the room hesitatingly on seeing that it was occupied. "I hear Gertrude is not in," she said, in a tone of embarrassed apology. "I'm so sorry. She said she would be in about now, if I wanted to ask her anything, so, as I wished to consult her about dresses, I thought I would sit here and wait for her a moment,—that is, if I may. They didn't tell me you were here. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"Not at all; please sit down. I'm very glad you came in. It isn't often I'm in the drawing-room alone," said Waring, his disappointment sunk in the wish to make Miss Devant feel that she was not intruding. He was obliged to confess that, as she sat near him, looking in front of her with big, melancholy eyes, she was a strikingly well-featured girl. His flow of ideas was not, however, stimulated by his keen perception of his visitor's good looks, and for several minutes the conversation stumbled painfully along, from Gertrude to the wedding, from the wedding to the weather, from the weather at home to the weather abroad,—in the East,—in India,—in Burmah, and there it had stuck, on Waring's suddenly realising

that he was treading on dangerous ground; but, as he was racking his brain during the pause that ensued for some less perilous topic and wishing that his sister would arrive on the scene quickly, he found himself relieved of all responsibility by his visitor, who during the silence had been looking fixedly at the carpet, beginning in a strained, nervous voice, as though she had set herself to some unpleasant duty,—“Talking about Burmah, you knew Mr. Heriot at Tatkin, didn't you?”

“I did,” replied Waring, wondering what his fair visitor expected him to be able to tell her about her late betrothed.

“Well?” she asked, just as Hexham had done a few days before; and as to Hexham, so to her he made answer, “Fairly well.”

“You haven't heard when he's coming home, I suppose,” she continued, in the same unnatural tone.

“No,—that is,—not definitely,” stammered Waring, in doubt as to how he was to evade a downright untruth in answering the question he felt absolutely certain she was going to put to him next. She did not, however, as he expected, go on to ask him exactly what it was that he had heard, but said, looking suddenly up, “Is it true that he has arrived in England already?”

“No,—at least not that I've heard of,” exclaimed Waring, this time with such decision and in a tone of such genuine surprise that Miss Devant lowered her eyes with a sigh of conviction. “I suppose you would have heard if he had,” she murmured, fingering a corner of her neat, well-made jacket.

“I'm pretty sure I should have,” he replied.

There was another pause,—this time a very long one—and Waring, in no enviable frame of mind, silently

watched the girl's pale handsome face, waiting for her to say something, for he felt there was more coming. At last she spoke, but without looking up, tapping restlessly on the floor the while with the point of her parasol.

“I hope you will excuse my asking you about Mr. Heriot,” she said. “You know, I suppose, that,—he was once engaged to me?” He gravely nodded assent as she looked at him for a moment, and she went on. “Of course that's all past now, and I am going to,—to marry Mr. Hexham”—(here she gave an awkward, nervous laugh)—“but you will understand, I think, that I still,—that I must take some interest in what he has been doing, and so I thought that perhaps you might—you know I have never quite understood why he—why he should have—you said you knew him fairly well——”

Her voice died away, and something dangerously like a sob rose into her throat. The sound showed what agony it must be to this shy, reserved girl to lay bare the inmost recesses of her heart to a comparative stranger. She was forcing herself to speak, he could see, humbling herself to a thing from which her soul revolted. Every look, every action recalled to him the occasion months before when he had sat in Mrs. Jones's drawing-room at Tatkin, goaded by his insatiable yearning for fuller knowledge into an abject condition of inquisitiveness. He knew well enough what it was that she wanted to know, but for the life of him he did not see how he could help her out, and it was with a sense of inexpressible relief that at that moment he heard the door-bell ring again and fancied he recognised his mother's voice in the hall.

The sound below served to spur Miss Devant to speech. She broke the silence, uttering her words with

effort, but swiftly, as though there were no time to lose in saying what had to be said. "He must have had good reasons. Tell me, there was a girl at Tatkin, wasn't there, a sister of one of the men there?"

"Yes," Waring made reply; "the Deputy-Commissioner's sister, Miss Smart."

"Do you think he liked her?"

"That I cannot say for certain."

"But what do you think? You've seen them together, I suppose."

"Yes, he certainly did admire her, but of course——" and he broke off with an indefinable sense of disquiet. For a moment, as he pictured to himself Ethel in Heriot's company, he could realise something of the anguish his questioner must be feeling.

"Thanks,—that's all I wanted to know. I was sure there must be some good reason, I mean that that was why—— Did you say the name was Smart?"

"Smart,—yes, Miss Smart," said Waring, as the door opened behind him.

"Mrs. and Miss Smart," pronounced the servant incisively, with an emphasis on the *Mrs.*, as though she were correcting Waring, and the young man started, with a burning face, to his feet, and turned, to see Ethel and her mother being ushered into the drawing-room.

The succeeding few minutes passed by him as in a dream. He was but half aware of how he stumbled through the ceremony of introduction, but across the haze of swiftly rushing thoughts came a vision of the deliberate searching look that each of the girls gave as he pronounced the two names, though, as he was obliged to turn to speak to Mrs. Smart, he felt rather than actually perceived the mutual magnetic attraction the one had for the other. His first distinct recollection was of listening to

Mrs. Smart, who, seated on the sofa at his side, was explaining in a plaintive treble how it was that she and her daughter had ventured to come in even after they had heard that Mrs. and Miss Waring were out, and of trying in a kind of stupor to follow what she said while eye and brain were concentrated on the two girls, who had gravitated instinctively towards each other, and of whose talk he, ever and anon, caught a fragment in the pauses between the elder lady's slowly delivered sentences.

"So as we knew that you were in," said Mrs. Smart, "and that your mother would be back directly, and that there was a lady waiting for her up-stairs, we thought,——" and then his mind wandered away, for he heard his sister's name mentioned, and Miss Devant say, "She is going to be my bridesmaid, you know," and marked the note of startled inquiry in Ethel's voice as she exclaimed, "Bridesmaid! What! are you going to be married?" And then Mrs. Smart's insistent tones were borne in upon him again, and he could only gather a disjointed phrase of the girls' talk here and there, such as—"a Mr. Hexham"—"Less than a week now"—"As soon as that?"—"Get it over soon"—"Suppose I must congratulate you, then," and observe that Ethel's voice waxed more and more cheerful and her bright face brighter as the conversation took its onward course and new conceptions dawned upon her. A fresh peal on the door-bell roused him more fully to himself, and he had just begun to quake at the prospect of a further feminine invasion, when a familiar voice below told him that this time it was without doubt his mother and sister who had arrived. Mrs. and Miss Waring's entrance was the signal for a general redistribution of the assembled company. Millicent lost no time in seizing hold of Gertrude

and leading her away to a window to discuss a vital point connected with the trimmings of a hat, and Waring, having entrusted to his mother the task of entertaining Mrs. Smart, who was only too ready to enter into a second detailed explanation of her reasons for having come into the house, turned his own attention, with a sense of duty nobly done, to Ethel.

"I am very glad indeed that you have been able to look us up," he exclaimed, sinking into a seat by her side. "I had a kind of presentiment that you would call to-day. In fact, that is partly the reason why I stayed in."

"Did you stay in specially?" she said. "On such a lovely afternoon that was indeed a sacrifice. In that case, I am very glad we came in, although your mother and sister were out. I hope your mother does not mind."

"Not a bit. She would have been very disappointed if you had not come in, and so, of course, should I."

"Thank you," she smiled, and then went on. "What a very nice-looking girl Miss Devant is. She is *the* Miss Devant, I suppose; I mean the one Mr. Heriot used to be engaged to?"

"Yes, the same."

"I thought it must be,—and yet I could hardly believe it when she told me she was going to be married. Isn't it very sudden? It can only be a short time since her engagement to Mr. Heriot was broken off."

"Yes. She certainly has been pretty quick in getting engaged again, but of course she has known Mr. Hexham for a long time. He's the man she's engaged to, you know."

"Yes, she told me. What is he like? Anything like Mr. Heriot?"

"Not in the least. A sandy-haired brat of a boy, without an idea of his own. I should like you to see and compare."

"Poor thing, I am sorry for her," exclaimed Ethel. "By the by, I got a letter from him a short time ago," she added.

"From Heriot?"

"Yes. It came a day or two after you were down at Crookholme. He gives all kinds of news. He says Captain Pym and Mr. Stevens got a tiger the other day,—a man-eater. They sat up all night to get him, and were nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes. Mr. Stevens is back again in Tatkin, you know. The Sparrows are transferred to Bharno and another married couple are coming in their place, and,—let me see, what else did he say?"

"Did he say anything about coming home shortly?" asked Waring, struck with a sudden thought.

"Yes," said Ethel, looking up at him. "He has got his leave."

"Is he likely to be home soon,—I mean within a week or two?"

"Not that I know of; he did not say. Why do you ask?" She looked up at him again, this time with a look of puzzled inquiry.

"Oh, it's nothing,—merely curiosity on my part," returned Waring. He felt that he could not tell her all the embarrassing thoughts that the news of Heriot's early return to England had conjured up in his mind; and fortunately there was no call for him to do so. At this moment Miss Devant, who had transacted her business with Gertrude and had shaken hands with the two elder ladies, came up to them. "Good-bye, Mr. Waring," she said.

"What, are you off already?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. I haven't been long settling, have I? I am very busy, and I'm afraid I can't stop to tea. Good-bye, Miss Smart; I'm delighted to have made your acquaintance," and she held out her hand with a stiffness

which accorded but poorly with the graciousness of the speech.

"Good-bye," said Ethel. "I'm sure I wish you every happiness."

Millicent's lips moved in thanks and she turned away towards the door.

Waring followed her down-stairs and stood by her in the hall, helping her to collect a medley of small parcels which she had left there.

"That was a most marvellous coincidence," she said impressively, with her large eyes fixed upon him.

"Wasn't it, by Jove?" returned Waring. "It quite took my breath away,—just at the very moment that we were talking about her!"

"It was quite uncanny," she said looking away with a shiver. Her parcels were all collected; he had opened the front door for her and they had shaken hands. On the threshold she stopped and with her face still averted she murmured, "Do you think her pretty?"

"Yes," said Waring.

"So do I. I think—I can understand now,—why he broke it off. Good-bye," and with this tribute to Miss Smart's charms, she left him to his cogitations on the doorstep.

Ethel was talking brightly to his sister when he rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, and during the rest of her visit he had no opportunity of resuming his conversation with her. He was pleased to see, however, that Gertrude seemed favourably impressed with her brother's friend, and that Mrs. Smart and his mother appeared to have found interests in common. Still even this knowledge could not allay the unsatisfactory feeling which the news of Heriot's advent, coupled with Miss Devant's parting words, had produced. What was the fellow coming home for just now, confound him! And why should he himself imagine that the

fellow's object was to marry Ethel? Was it because Millicent had found in Ethel an answer to the question that had been exercising her mind? Was it because Ethel was so radiant and so well informed as to Heriot's movements? He could not say; all he could be sure of was that the unsatisfactory feeling was there, and that it detracted considerably from the pleasure afforded him by Miss Smart's long-expected visit.

Ethel and her mother left later on, their shopping being completed, to catch a train at Waterloo, and Waring walked with them to the corner of the street to show them exactly where they would be picked up by the omnibus that was to take them to the station. Gertrude looked significantly at her mother when they were alone together after their guests had departed. Mrs. Waring smiled a meaning smile back at her daughter but said nothing. There was no need for speech; mother and daughter had seen enough that afternoon to perceive exactly how the land lay with regard to a young man in whom they were both interested.

"It fully explains one thing that has been puzzling me for the last few days," said Gertrude.

"What is that?"

"Why, that he should have suddenly left off disliking red hair. It really is a very pretty auburn."

Mrs. Waring laughed. "She seems a nice, quiet girl," was all she said.

"He might have done worse."

"Though I don't think she will make him as good a wife as Laura Simmonds."

"Oh bother Laura," said Gertrude impatiently; "he'll never look at her. And how are we to know, mother, that she,—*she*, I mean, will ever look at him? There we go, talking as though both parties had made up their minds. There may be all kinds of

complications. I'm not sure yet that I can make out where Millicent's faithless young man comes in," and then, unconsciously re-echoing the sentiment to which Millicent had shortly before given voice she added, "I'm not at all certain, now that I've seen her, that she,—*she* of course I mean again—doesn't explain why it was broken off."

The two women sat for some time in thought. To Gertrude, if not to her mother, it seemed clear that the case presented difficulties. In any case there was a tacit understanding between them that the subject was not to be touched upon lightly. Thus it was that on Waring's return home, although he found himself rallied by his sister on having been discovered surrounded, like the giddiest of lady-killers, by a bevy of fair dames in the drawing-room, he was not, as he expected to be, chaffed by that ordinarily unmerciful young woman for his devotion towards the younger of his visitors from Crookholme.

Both mother and daughter, however, called him severely to task for not having told them that he had saved Miss Smart's life in Burmah, and treated his assurance that he had done nothing of the kind with severe disdain.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER what two of his visitors had said about Heriot's coming to England, Waring was in a manner prepared for what the day following Ethel's expedition to London had in store for him. He had just come in from his morning walk on that day and was in the act of settling down in his den to a pipe and a novel when his solitude was broken in upon by the servant, with the information that there was a gentleman in the hall who wished to speak to him. Following

on the heels of the hand-maiden, treading with a firm leisurely tread over the oil-cloth came the said gentleman, and, even before his visitor's spare straight form was visible, Waring had a vivid foreknowledge of his identity. There was a kind of fatality about the course events were taking against which he felt that he was powerless to struggle, and he could only ejaculate rather helplessly when Heriot entered, "I didn't think you would be in England yet."

"You knew I was coming home, then," said Heriot standing opposite his friend, well-groomed, unruffled, and sedate as ever, with the air (so it seemed to Waring) of having been in England for months.

"Yes," said Waring, "Miss Smart told me. She was here yesterday."

"Ah—Miss Smart. She was here yesterday, was she? I hope she is well. She is at Crookholme still, I suppose?"

He supposed she was still at Crookholme! He did not know for certain then! That did not sound as if his object in coming home was what Waring dreaded. He must have been mistaken after all, and a great load seemed lifted off his heart as he said: "Yes. She came up yesterday for the day only."

"H'm. That reminds me, I must see her within the next few days, or write to her," and the visitor stood thoughtfully jingling the silver in his pockets, with his eyes on the hearth-rug. "And how are you, Waring?" he continued, looking up. "Shoulder all right by this time, I hope?"

"Quite fit and strong, thanks, and having a very good time. How are you? You look uncommonly well. I say, won't you sit down?"

"No, thanks; I'll stand if I may. So you're having a good time; that's capital."

"First-rate, — never thought I

should enjoy a spring so much. You've come in for the pick of the weather. What are you home on?"

"Urgent private affairs, very urgent," and he laughed a short dry laugh as he looked up again. "I've got six months to do them in too."

"Where are you staying?"

"At the Charing Cross Hotel. I'm only in town for a few days looking up old friends, at least such of them as I can find. May I light a cigarette?"

"Do. You won't have a cheroot, I suppose? I have some Burmans here."

"No, thanks; I carry my own tobacco about with me always." He lit his cigarette as he spoke and, holding the match up, gazed at it pensively while it flared itself out. "It's nice to get hold of a wax match again," he said. "By the by," he added, as though the thought had at the moment occurred to him, "talking of old friends, I think you said once that you,—or your sister—knew Miss Dudley-Devant?"

"My sister,—yes, I did," said Waring. He was beginning to have an inkling of how the land lay.

"I suppose you have met her?" continued Heriot. "She is up in town, I believe."

"Yes, she is."

"You don't happen to know her address, I suppose?"

"No," said Waring, slowly and with deliberation, "I don't."

Such is the innate perversity of certain pig-headed specimens of the human breed! What Waring said was absolutely correct. He did not know the address; he had, so far as he could recollect, never heard it, but perhaps it is needless to say that it would not have been a very difficult matter for him to find it out for Heriot. His mother was up-stairs and knew it, he had no doubt; in

any case there was a little red morocco-bound book in the drawing-room bearing the title *Where is it?* which would certainly have given it in a moment, for his sister kept it religiously up to date; and yet he made no attempt to assist the Forest-Officer by asking his mother or referring to the address-book. And his refusal to help was no act of stupid churlishness. Some words that his sister had once uttered came back to him now: "I understand that Mrs. Dudley-Devant is in a terrible fright lest the old love should come to England before the wedding and Millicent should change her mind." It looked as if the worthy matron's apprehensions were about to be realised, and if so, who, it might well be asked, could wish them to be realised more than he? Yet for all this he held his peace; and the only reason he could have assigned for so doing was that his suspicion regarding the motive for Heriot's question and the hope of the advantage to himself that might come of the meeting between Heriot and Millicent seemed to make it a dishonourable thing for him to give the address. It was precisely the same mulish feeling that had silenced him once before when in his heart of hearts he would have liked to tell Ethel of Heriot's engagement.

"Ah, well, it's of no consequence," said Heriot, with a nonchalance that showed that he had regained the perfect command over his voice and features that, as Waring remembered, he seemed to have partially lost at Thonze. "There were some other addresses, though, that I wanted to get out of you. Let me see now, what were they? Ah yes, there was that skin-man you told Pym about at Tatkin. I've brought home a couple of leopard-skins that I want done up, and your friend would probably be the man for me. Can you tell me where he lives?"

"That I can," replied Waring; "I've got a bill of his somewhere," and he turned to search among the papers on his writing-table. "It's not down here," he said presently, after a fruitless examination of several bundles. "I'll tell you where it is, though; it's up-stairs. Do you mind waiting a minute while I go up to my bedroom and fetch it? Make yourself comfortable while I am gone, will you?"

Heriot watched the door close behind Waring's back and, sitting down, swore softly to himself. He was evidently put out about something. For a minute or two he sat puffing moodily at his cigarette, then, as Waring did not return, he rose, and taking from a shelf the first book that came to hand, a copy of Shakespeare's works, seated himself again, opened it, and began to read. After a while he stopped and gazed abstractedly out over the volume at the dreary black piles of bricks and mortar visible outside the window. He had just come by the merest chance across a passage which he felt exactly represented his feelings at the moment. They were well-known lines; he was pretty sure he had come across them before, but never till now had they appealed to him with such insistent force. He read them through slowly again.

—For it so falls out

That what we have we prize not to the
worth,

Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked
and lost,

Why, then we rack the value; then we
find

The virtue that possession would not
show us

Whiles it was ours.

He repeated the words softly to himself two or three times, and then drew a letter from his pocket and gazed long and reflectively at the

envelope. If he could ever have looked pathetic, he would have at that moment. He was reviewing the past.

He had been engaged to Millicent while in England on short leave some two years before, about eighteen months prior to the events chronicled on the earliest of these pages. He and the young lady had seen very little of each other before the engagement. Heriot's leave terminated shortly after that happy consummation was reached: his pay was insufficient then to allow him to support a wife; and he had to bid farewell to his betrothed for a period of not less than two years, after an acquaintance that barely extended over a month in all. It may safely be said that, when they parted for an indefinite time, they were as devoted to each other as two lovers well could be, and, in Heriot's case, it was more than a year before the inevitable reaction set in; but by the beginning of the previous December he had begun to accept as inevitable the knowledge that his ardour had suffered a very appreciable diminution, the more appreciable as, with Ethel's arrival at Tatkin, he was brought in agreeable contact with a fresh and, for him, particularly attractive type of English girlhood. It was the feeling he experienced as, day after day, he saw more and more of the new-comer, which told him first, not only that there were other girls in the world than Millicent Devant, but also that there were other men than John Heriot; for, as he reflected how readily he had found that after all life without his betrothed might be bearable, he began to understand how easy, if not natural, it must have been for Millicent to have by that time made a corresponding discovery. The thought led him, by simple stages, to imagine that he detected

in Millicent's letters, now less numerous than of yore, the cankering growth of indifference under which he himself lay, so that, when at length he determined to free himself once for all from the engagement, he felt charitably sure that, whatever outward display of reluctance the young lady might make, she would at heart be only too glad to meet him half way. He did not know how the prospect of marriage with Hexham (of old an importunate wooer), which the helpless Millicent felt could be the only other alternative, had served to strengthen the bond that united her to the man she loved. What had at the best of times been for him a tie of but moderate strength was for her the cable that linked her to her anchor of hope, the severing of which spelt ruin. What she thought she did her best to show in the letter a portion of which we have read over Heriot's shoulder, and, as we have seen, her cry for pity he took for what he considered it was worth. But it was soon after this that, his bridges once burned behind him, the revulsion set in that proved the eternal truth of the lines he was at that moment repeating to himself. For some days after the decisive step had been taken all his feelings were swallowed up in the sense that Ethel was the one woman in the world to make him as happy as he deserved to be, and, had it not been for Smart's sudden death, there is no doubt that he would have put a momentous question to her before the close of the expedition to Thonzè, nor would there be much difficulty in guessing what the reply to that question would have been. But, as it was, with the Deputy-Commissioner's murder came delay, and with delay came reflection, and with reflection misgiving as to the actual depth of his passion; and with the way made smooth with his

only possible rival removed from his path, and with his prize daily within easy reach, he began to discover that the situation often failed to provide friction sufficient to keep the warmth of his admiration for Ethel at the glowing-point, and soon found himself calling regretfully to mind those virtues in Millicent to which the sense of ownership had so obstinately blinded his eyes. Thus it was that he said no word to Ethel before she quitted Tatkin for England, and let her go with but little to support her fond hopes but the recollection of past devotion and the knowledge that the writing to her of an occasional business-letter about her brother's affairs would prevent her image slipping entirely from his memory.

It is possible that, after she had gone, the same forces might have operated to endear Ethel as had made themselves felt in the case of Millicent, had not Heriot's renewed passion for the latter been stimulated by the receipt of a copy of an *Isle of Wight* newspaper setting forth in a paragraph, carefully marked, that a marriage had been arranged between Miss Millicent Dudley - Devant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dudley-Devant of St. Cuthbert's, Ventnor, and Mr. Frederick Hexham of Compton Hall, Shanklin. In this delicate attention our friend thought he detected the handiwork of Mrs. Devant, who had throughout been opposed to his suit, and might be expected to take a malicious pleasure in proving to him that the wound he had inflicted had not been long in healing; and the desire to thwart her added fuel to the flames. He would, however, have taken no definite action had not a piteous letter,—the letter he was holding in his hands as he sat in Waring's chair—come from Millicent, saying that she had learnt what her mother had done,

and assuring him that her coming marriage was odious to her, and that, so far as he was concerned, her feelings were unchanged. This last communication brought forcibly home to Heriot what a power of steadfastness there was in the writer's love for him. A quarter of an hour after he had read it he had made out his application for leave on urgent private affairs (a death in the family afforded a suitable pretext), and before the middle of April he had left Burmah for England, with the intention of seeing the victim before her marriage.

How to get speech with Millicent before the eventful day was the problem he had now set himself to solve, and he found it by no means an easy one. His first step on reaching London had been to travel to Ventnor, and there try to ascertain the latest news of Millicent; but, as events proved, his journey to the Isle of Wight was practically fruitless. A sprightly and communicative servant at the house informed him, on inquiry, that Mrs. and Miss Devant had gone to London, that she understood that Miss Millicent was going to be married there shortly, though exactly when she could not say, that she did not know the address the ladies were stopping at in town, though she dared say that he would like to come in and see Mr. Devant, who, she was sure, would be able to give him all the information he required. Heriot liked Millicent's father, and would ordinarily have been ready enough to have a chat with the elderly invalid, but for reasons of his own he had no wish to see him on that particular occasion, and left without giving his name, to formulate a fresh plan of action in London. It was not till after his return to town that he suddenly remembered that Waring's sister was acquainted with Miss Devant, and that he might conceiv-

ably be able to get the address from his friend. He felt certain that Waring would gladly further any action tending to show that he was going to be left alone in the running for the prize they had both been competing for hitherto, and he lost no time in looking him up. He was surprised when the time came to find his friend professing total ignorance of Millicent's address; but so sure was he of Waring's perception of what was to his own interest, that on hearing his emphatic denial he thought it mere waste of valuable time to press him further on the point. Now that he had a second time been foiled, it was necessary to consider his next move seriously; but, cast about him as he would, no delicate inspiration came. He could think of no one else in London who was at all likely to be able to give him the information he required regarding Miss Devant's whereabouts. A reference to their few common friends in the country must of necessity involve delay, and every moment, he felt, was inestimably precious. It almost seemed as though he would have to acknowledge himself beaten.

Suddenly, as he thus chewed the cud of bitter reflections, there came to him guidance from an unexpected source in the shape of a bustling young woman who, entering rapidly after a perfunctory knock, gave a low exclamation of startled surprise as the receding smoke-wreaths showed the figure in the arm-chair to be not her brother but a distinguished stranger with dark hair slightly sprinkled with grey.

"I beg your pardon," she explained. "I thought my brother was here. I imagined you were him for a moment. Is he in? I suppose you have come to see him."

"It is I that should beg your pardon for having startled you," re-

turned Heriot rising. "Yes, your brother is in; he has gone up-stairs for a moment to get me an address."

"Oh, that's all right. I suppose he will be back again directly," said Gertrude. "I must apologise," she went on, "for rushing in so uncereemoniously, but I'm so busy just at present that I find not a moment to spare for formalities."

"Ah," observed Heriot, "it seems to me that everybody is horribly busy in England. You are no exception, I can assure you."

"Oh, but I'm extra busy just now getting ready for a wedding, you see. I'm bridesmaid, you know, and really with one thing and another I don't know which way to turn."

"Bridesmaid! Ah, Miss Dudley-Devant's wedding, I suppose," said Heriot, tossing the end of his cigarette into the fire and facing Gertrude with his hands behind his back. The idea came to him with a flash of inspiration.

"Yes," returned Gertrude, "I suppose you——," and then a sudden perception of who the visitor was and what his presence at this eventful epoch might mean swept over her and she stopped short with a very near approach to a gasp.

"To be sure," exclaimed Heriot, pursuing his advantage with airy grace, "I know her well; I may say very well. In fact, curiously enough, one of the reasons I came here for was to find out her address in town in order to present my congratulations. Can you by any chance tell me where she is stopping now?"

"Number eleven, Roxburghe Gardens," replied Gertrude glibly. She did not stop to consider what the result of the disclosure might be. She mentally compared the tall well-looking man who stood before her with the misbegotten puppy to whom Millicent was doomed to be united, and resolved that, come what would, it should not

be her fault if her friend had not a full and free choice given her, were it at the eleventh hour. She even went so far as to add gratuitously: "I am going to meet her directly after lunch at the corner of Oxford Street and Bond Street for some shopping."

"Many thanks," exclaimed Heriot. "I shall not forget the address."

He was not likely to forget it. He had got what he wanted, but only just in time. A moment later, before the words had died away from the speaker's lips, Waring appeared, full of apologies at having been away so long, but with the naturalist's address, which Heriot made some show of taking down in his pocket-book, though anyone who had looked over his shoulder while he wrote, would have made the discovery that the address noted was not the one that Waring had just read out to him, but another in Roxburghe Gardens.

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged," he exclaimed, shutting his note-book with a snap when he had written what he wanted. "It will probably save me a deal of trouble," and for the rest of his stay he made no secret to Waring of the fact that he was on very much better terms with himself than he had been ten minutes before. He did not, however, stop long, for very soon after Gertrude had gone up-stairs, wondering, with a delightful sense of guilt, what was to come of all this, he rose to go, refusing Waring's invitation to lunch on the ground that he had an important engagement immediately after that meal, some little distance away.

"By the way, will you dine with me at the Criterion to-morrow at half-past seven, old man?" he said with his hand on Waring's shoulder as he took his leave. "I want to see something of you."

And Waring said "Yes," though, if the truth be told, he was not par-

ticularly anxious to go. Heriot's overtures were friendly, almost affectionate, but Waring was not sure enough, even yet, of the Forest-Officer's intentions to feel very desirous for much of his company. He almost wished he had given him Millicent's address. It might have saved him a deal of trouble.

CHAPTER XX.

"By the way," said Waring, "I have never yet asked you what the result of the trial was. What did they all get? I mean the beggars that were tried for Smart's murder."

He was sitting opposite to Heriot at a small table in the Criterion Restaurant, sipping his coffee to the accompaniment of an excellent cigar, while assiduous waiters glided past his chair, and the unrestrained babel of the diners around him mingled with the clatter of their dining in his ears. The hour was nine, the concluding courses of an irreproachable meal had brought with them a serenely beatific frame of mind, and to the general feeling of placid content induced by his dinner was added the pleasing sense of temptation successfully defied, which the sight of his silent but attentive host kept ever before him. Earlier in the evening he had been moved to wonder from time to time whether, after all, he had rightly interpreted Heriot's desire to get hold of Miss Devant's address, and whether, supposing he were mistaken, his own love-affair was going to be as simple a matter as it had promised to be the day before; and his wonder increased when, believing that the time for action must have passed, he had given Heriot what he thought would be a piece of news, namely that Millicent was going to be married the next day, and had

found his friend unfeignedly indifferent or at most regarding the information as food for smiling reflection. After dinner, however, there was no room in his mind for plaguy thoughts as to what Heriot still felt towards Ethel. He was now surer than ever that he had not been mistaken the day before as to Heriot's designs, and began to recognise that, in giving him so excellent a meal, his host was acting most nobly towards one whom he might well suspect of having helped to thwart them.

Heriot looked up from his plate at Waring's question. "The case was finished after you left, was it?" said he. "I had forgotten that. Well, they hadn't enough evidence for anything, so every one of the lot they arrested was discharged."

"Couldn't they prove anything against the disappointed claimant—what's his name?—Maung Waik?"

"Absolutely nothing. His charming nephew tried hard to make out that the gun found on the *dacoit* who was shot was his uncle's, but he could get nobody to speak to it definitely and our friend got off."

"Do you think he really had nothing to do with it?"

"I doubt it. My own opinion is that the man whom the sentry shot, if not Bo Chet himself, was hiding in Maung Waik's house a good bit of the time we were in Thonzè, and that Maung Waik put them up to the job; but Mullintosh said that he could get no conclusive evidence to prove it. If they were there, they must have lain very low for the nephew to know nothing about it."

"Could nothing be got out of the man who was shot?"

"They tried to pump him before he died,—trust Mullintosh to badger the poor beggar to the last—but it was no good, as of course you heard. He would say nothing."

"What did they give the policeman who shot him?"

"A first-class constableness and a reward, I'm not sure how much, but at any rate it was enough to allow of his giving a most gorgeous *pwè* at Thonzé. The show came off the last day of the Sessions, and the first thing Maung Waik and party did on their release was to hurry off to the village, so as to be in time for it. I believe they were more exercised in their minds over the prospect of losing the fun there than over anything else connected with their imprisonment."

"Well, it's a comfort they have got some change out of the gang. Poor old Smart! Have you wound up his affairs by this time?"

"Not quite, but very nearly. There are one or two things to do still, but they can keep till the end of the year when I go out again,—that's to say, if I do go out again. If not, I must ask you to do them."

"If you do go out again! Is there any chance of your not going?"

"It's just possible that I may not; in fact I may say it's very possible. It depends on circumstances. I had an uncle."

"Oh!" said Waring and sat waiting, in case Heriot should think fit to explain this not over lucid statement. He did not, however, deign to do so, but went on, as though desirous of avoiding an explanation. "Which reminds me that I want you to do something for me, Waring."

"And that is——?"

"I suppose you will be seeing Miss Smart again before long."

"I suppose so," returned Waring, conscious of the faintest flush as he looked at his interlocutor.

Heriot drew a square thickish packet from his pocket. "I had hoped," he said, tapping the table-cloth gently with it as he spoke, "to go down myself to Crookholme and make

this little parcel over to Miss Smart, but I am not at all sure now that I shall be able to do so before,—well, before you are able. I should particularly like to have it delivered personally, and what I want to know is whether you will undertake postman's duty. It contains papers of Smart's which will certainly be of interest and may be of value to the Smart family. I have addressed the packet to Miss Smart, not being personally acquainted with her estimable father; but of course, if you take charge of it, you may use your discretion as to which member of the family it goes to. Would you care to make yourself responsible? Of course I should be obliged if you would. There is no hurry about it; any time will do. In any case there's a note for Miss Smart in the parcel which I should like her to have."

"I will take it to Miss Smart," said Waring, holding out his hand for the packet. His heart gave a bound, for he believed that by this act Heriot intended to show once and for all that he had renounced all claim to be considered a claimant for Ethel's hand.

"Mind, I don't want it to be sent by post," said Heriot, giving the packet to Waring.

"All right," returned Waring, "I will see that it is safely delivered." Emboldened by this mark of confidence, he was about to ask Heriot what it was that made him think it very possible that he would not return to Burmah when his attention was diverted to the last of a party of three gilded youths in spotless raiment who had risen from a table some little distance from them, and were filing past the one at which he and Heriot sat. There was something familiar in the young man's features, and for a moment he wondered where it was that he had seen them before; then, as the object of his scrutiny turned a

vacant glance towards him and the recognition became mutual, he exclaimed, "Why, it's young Hexham!"

It was indeed young Hexham, not a little exhilarated by his dinner. "Hullo Waring," he cried, "how are you old chap? How's, — how's, — bridesmaid?"

The last word came out with an effort, which betokened that his tongue was proving itself even at this early stage of the evening an unruly member. The speaker came up to the table unsteadily and leant over the back of one of the unoccupied chairs. His round eyes were fixed and glassy, but the wine had loosened his tongue. He had been transformed suddenly, from the restless conciliatory youth Waring had seen a few days before, into a reckless voluble young debauchee.

"The bridesmaid is very well," returned Waring shortly. "You seem to be having a good time of it here, young man; making the most of your opportunities, I suppose."

"Yes, going strong, thanks. Got couple o' chaps dining with me here to-night,—having final bust,—last day of bach—bachelorship, y' know—*hood* I mean, not *ship*. I know,—I'm all right. I say, you chaps," and he turned half round to where he imagined his brace of boon-companions would be, "let me introduce you bride,—bridesmaid's,—brother,—hullo, where the devil have they gone to?"

The couple referred to had marched steadily on, without noticing that their host had stopped, till they reached the door, where they halted and began looking round the room with preternaturally solemn faces for their missing comrade.

"They are waiting for you," said Waring, only thinking of how to get rid of the bridegroom elect with all expedition; "we'd better not be keep-

ing you. Good-bye; I shall see you to-morrow."

"Oh, they're all right," returned Hexham nonchalantly. "They'll find their way to the Empire right enough by themselves. You chaps come too. Have a drink though first—must have a drink—last day of bach—bach—can't get my tongue round these beastly words, but you know well enough what I mean, don't you?" He sank into the chair he was leaning on and, resting his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands, looked at Waring and then away from Waring to Heriot. "Introduce me friend," he said turning suddenly to Waring. "Friend must have drink too."

Waring gazed in desperation towards the door, but Hexham's associates had vanished. It looked as if they were going to be saddled with this strayed reveller for the night. "This is Mr. Heriot," he said. "I dare say you may have heard about him."

"Heriot! I should think so," ejaculated Hexham. "Pleased—meet you, Heriot—most pleased," and he leant over the table and shook the Forest-Officer effusively by the hand. "Engaged Mil—Millicent once upon a time; I know all 'bout you."

Waring was by this time so used to Heriot's doing exactly the reverse of what anybody else would do that he was hardly surprised when his companion returned Hexham's salutation with apparent fervour, saying with thinly veiled sarcasm, "Ah, this is indeed an unexpected honour."

"That's right," exclaimed Hexham. "No ill-will—that's right. Never do to bear will—ill-will." For a moment he seemed to be trying to collect his thoughts and sat silent with his face in his hands, then looking up at Heriot he continued: "All same you're precious fool—chuck that girl over. Simple ripper, I can tell

you. Going to t'morrow her to-m—marry her t'morrow, I should say. Not t'morrow yet, I suppose," and he plucked a watch from his pocket and gazed at it with lack-lustre eye.

"Ah, then I must congratulate you," replied Heriot in the same calm voice, while Waring hurriedly interposed with, "I say, Hexham, those fellows will be waiting for you."

But Hexham was recalcitrant. He sat for some time glaring emptily in front of him, and then, "I'm not going without you two chaps," he asserted stoutly. "Told you already those other chaps all right. Both as drunk as can be, but quite able look after themselves; find 'em at the Empire or somewhere. We'll go after 'em directly, but must have a drink with Heriot first, to show no ill-will."

He seemed to have conceived a sudden affection for Heriot (who in a moment entered into the spirit of the comedy), and would not quit the table till he had extorted a promise from them both to come with him and have a drink below, and when they had left the restaurant clung lovingly to the Forest-Officer's arm while the latter piloted him out into the open and across the road to the nearest music-hall in the expectation of being able there to make him over to his guests. But the wandering pair were not there and, once inside, Hexham insisted on stopping to see a portion of the entertainment and drinking whisky and soda-water with his companions to an extent which rendered his condition more distressing than ever. Waring had scant pity for the young fool whom fate had chosen to inflict upon him; but as the evening slipped on and Heriot plied Hexham ever more and more with liquor and made himself ever more and more agreeable, he tried

to interpose, though in vain. An adjournment to another place of entertainment in search of the missing couple was proposed by Hexham and acquiesced in by Heriot. Waring demurred, and hinted at its being time for all concerned to go home, but a whisper from Heriot,—“Stop a bit and see me through with him; he won't be long now”—prevailed on him to remain and watch the affair out, as much in Hexham's interests as in those of his elder companion. The attempt to run the lost ones to earth at another music-hall (for which Hexham asserted roundly that they had arranged to take tickets) bore no fruit; but the complacent youth was little moved at the poor success of the search and again sought consolation in the flowing bowl, with such assiduity that towards the end he threatened to become uproarious, and Waring had a vision, as the audience streamed out of the building at the close of the performance, of his being with difficulty restrained by Heriot from violently avenging some imaginary insult on a cheerful individual with a red face and a powerful command of the vernacular. They took the bridegroom elect between them when they were in the street, and having, after much argument, persuaded him that there was nothing more to see and that, all things considered, he might do worse than go to bed, prevailed on him to walk with them to the address in Jermyn Street he gave, instead of, as he wished, traversing the couple of hundred yards or so to the spot in a hansom.

"You'll come in and have a drink—lots of stuff up-stairs," he said thickly, as they stood together opposite the house, and when they both declined, he exclaimed: "P'raps you're right—won't do—mustn't do—drink too much jus' before wedding. Is it t'morrow yet?"

Heriot referred to his watch and assured him that the eventful day had arrived.

"Well, see you t'morrow—no, not t'morrow—t'morrow morning I mean. Don't f'get bring bridesmaid, Waring. You too Heriot, old man, must come, y' know, f'roid sake's sake."

"I'm afraid I can't," said Heriot. "I leave town to-morrow,—to-day, I mean."

"Put it off, put it off," urged Hexham. "Must come t'wedding—sha'n't go up-stairs till you say you're coming t'wedding."

But Heriot was firm, turning a deaf ear to the young Bacchanalian's assertion that he must still bear a grudge against him if he would not come to see him married; and the bridegroom, finding that blandishment and obloquy were alike of no avail, staggered up the steps and disappeared through the door, showering benedictions on his two guardians as he went.

The two guardians turned slowly away when the door had shut behind Hexham and passed without a word into a quiet street leading towards Charing Cross. As they paced together over the pavement Waring was reminded irresistibly of the evening when Heriot and he had walked together from the Tatkin mess to dine with the Smarts. It was a balmy night. The moon hung motionless amid fleecy clouds overhead, and the distant whirr of traffic on the still crowded thoroughfares behind them seemed a kind of urban parody of the cicada's ceaseless note.

"To think that that young sweep is to marry Miss Devant in a few hours' time," cried Waring impatiently. He was angry with himself now for having refused to give Heriot the information which might have saved Millicent, and with Heriot for bowing

so readily and with so good a grace to the tide of circumstance. "I'm despicable sorry for the girl."

Heriot made no comment on this outburst but gave a sigh, whether of despondency or of relief at having rid himself of Hexham, Waring could not say. They walked silently on till they reached the corner of the street and were aware of a belated hansom bearing steadily down upon them. Waring signed to the driver and the vehicle drew up on the roadway opposite them. "Good-night," he said abruptly to Heriot. "I think I shall drive home." He felt he could not say more at the moment, but he shook his friend's hand with a grasp that spoke volumes.

"Good-night," said Heriot automatically, and as Waring stood with one foot on the step of the hansom about to get in he added, "I think you will find that she is not so very much to be pitied after all."

An hour later Waring was in bed, in his dreams delivering and again and again re-delivering a shadowy packet at a certain white-walled country rectory; but for Heriot there was no sleep that night. He walked slowly back to his hotel, changed his dress-clothes for a sober suit of grey, and till daybreak was occupied in his bedroom in writing and packing his bag. Early dawn found him shaved, alert, and unwearied, with a formidable pile of letters on his table as evidence of his labours, and soon after sunrise he strolled across Charing Cross Bridge towards Waterloo, his footsteps ringing clear in the empty morning air as he paced along the silent footway. Arrived at the labyrinthine South-Western terminus, where his bag was consigned to the custody of a yawning porter, he made his way to the booking-office, demanded a ticket,—on second thoughts, two tickets—to Ventnor, pocketed them and took up his posi-

tion at the steps outside where the vehicles for the main line drive up to deposit their passengers, waiting, with his customary solace between his lips, for some one to arrive. He had to renew this solace several times, for none of the cabs that drove up to the steps during the next hour brought any interest for him, and as the minutes slipped by his equanimity seemed to filter away. He began to show signs of impatience, took to striding firmly up and down, referred several times to his watch, the hands of which were creeping on towards half-past six, and at last, as though despairing of the arrival of the person he was expecting, turned in through the booking-office on the main line platform,—there to make the discovery that other and wiser people have in their day made, that Waterloo is of all Metropolitan stations the most fatal for making appointments at. He had not stood looking about him for more than ten seconds before a thickly veiled figure in a long dark cloak moved shyly forward, and a moment later there was a glance of mutual recognition.

He raised his hat. "How long have you been here?" he asked.

"About a quarter of an hour," was the reply. "I've been looking about everywhere for you."

"I was outside there," he said. "I thought you would drive up at those steps. I was afraid you hadn't been able to pull it off after all."

"I didn't come that way; they brought me in to quite a different part of the station."

"Ah, that's because you didn't tell them the main line. Well, never mind, better late than never. You have five minutes yet before the train starts. I've got your ticket. Is that bag all you've brought?"

"That's all; I had no time to collect more things. It was terribly

risky. I don't know now how I managed to slip away without the servants hearing me. I'm sure the banging of the front door behind me must have disturbed some of them, and I had ever so far to walk before I could get a cab."

"I ought to have met you at the house," he said. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"No. I should have got something at the refreshment-room, if I hadn't been afraid of missing you. I should like something." There was a sound of tears in the voice behind the veil and a white ungloved hand fumbled nervously with a pocket-handkerchief.

"All right, I'll get you something," he exclaimed. "This is your train and here's your ticket. If you get into the carriage I'll fetch you some tea or something. Don't bother about the bag; I'll see about that when I come back."

She was seated in a first-class compartment when he returned to her with a cup of coffee and a roll which he watched her consume, standing at the carriage-door. "You're better now, aren't you?" he said tenderly, when she had finished the coffee and was drawing the veil down over her face again. "No need to keep that veil down," he added. It makes you look terribly funereal with that cloak; they will be putting you out at Brookwood if you don't take care."

She smiled a weary smile at this sally. "I'm bright enough underneath," she said, drawing up her cloak a few inches and displaying a hand's-breadth of the brightest of skirts below its lower edge.

"By Jove you are, and no mistake!" he ejaculated. "What dress is that? It's surely not your—"

"Yes, it's my going-away dress. It's sweet, isn't it?" And, as though revived by the coffee she regarded it pensively. "Gertrude Waring helped

me choose it. It was the only thing I had to put on; there was nothing but it and my wedding-dress in the room with me. I couldn't get at anything else without disturbing mother. She was sleeping next door, you know. It seems wrong, doesn't it? But of course there was nothing else to be done. I couldn't wear my wedding-dress."

Heriot chuckled softly to himself and drew up the cloak so as to have a more unimpeded view of the glories of the skirt. "Of course there was nothing else to be done," he said. "By-the-bye, Millicent," he added, looking up suddenly, "that reminds me; I've just left a friend of yours,—well, not just; it's several hours ago now, but it seems only a few minutes."

"Who? Where? Mr. Waring, I suppose. You were dining with him last night, weren't you?"

"Yes, but I don't mean him. Somebody a good more interested in you than Waring."

"Not Freddy Hexham, surely!"

"The very same."

"Oh Jack! Where?"

"At the Criterion."

"Was he dining there? He didn't tell me."

"I should think he was."

"Did he see you?"

"Yes."

"And speak to you?"

"Of course."

"And knew who you were?"

"To be sure. Who was I that I should wish to conceal my identity? Really, Millicent, I must commiserate you on having lost such a jewel. Such spirits! such a flow of language! and so passionately devoted to your humble servant! He was quite unhappy because I said I couldn't come to his wedding,—going to be married to-day, if you please! Honestly now, Millicent, have you really considered all you are giving

up for me? Think it over now, and if you still——"

"Don't, please don't! Did he really talk so much? I suppose then, that he was——"

"Delightfully so! Don't blame him; in that particular state he is really fascinating—one in a million."

"Please don't talk about him," cried the girl with a shudder. "He had no suspicion of what we were going to do, had he?"

"Bless his innocent heart, no; not a shadow. If you had seen his effusive affection for me you wouldn't ask that question."

"One never knows. Do you know, when I did sleep last night I did nothing but dream he was coming after me? Jack, I'm frightened to go down by myself! Can't you come with me?"

"Impossible."

"Do you think so really? Of course you know best; but it does seem to me that there would be no harm in your coming too,—in another carriage,—can't you?"

"Quite out of the question. It would never do; it would look exactly like that most improper thing, an elopement, and you know I wish to avoid all occasion for a scandal. We must go down separately. Keep your heart up; you will be home by noon. I have lots to do in town before I follow you."

"Very well; I'll do as you wish. You'll telegraph to Father to say I'm coming, won't you? And you'll let Mother know where I am; I don't want her to imagine all kinds of things. I ought to have left a note to say where I was going, only I hadn't time."

"I'll see to that. I'll write a note at the hotel and take it round myself to Roxburghe Gardens. There will be time to do that before my train——"

"What is it?" she asked, clutching the arm that rested on the carriage-window. He had stopped and was gazing down the platform at something she could not see from where she sat.

"Nothing," he said, turning an impassive face towards her. "You needn't be frightened. Your train ought to be off by this time," he continued after a pause of a brief duration which he occupied in tapping the pavement nervously with his foot. "You're overdue; I never saw anything like this line for unpunc—ah! there's the whistle, good, you're off now! *Au revoir*; be brave, I shall see you this afternoon."

"George!" exclaimed an individual in green corduroy and a scarlet necktie to a comrade, as the train snorted out of the station. 'S'welp me, George! that chap's missed 'is train after all." At this early hour business was slack and the porters had ample time to take an intelligent interest in their surroundings.

"Who?" enquired George stopping in his manipulation of a milk-can to gaze in the direction of the first speaker's eyes. "What chap?"

"'Im in a grey suit with a cigarette out yonder under the clock. 'Im as was talkin' to that girl and brought 'er a cup of tea just now."

"Missed 'is train," was the scornful rejoinder, "plucky lot of trains 'e's missed! 'E wouldn't be walkin' away so peaceful if 'e'd missed 'is train. 'E was seeing 'er off, that's all."

"What did 'e buy two tickets for then?"

"Did 'e buy two? Never!"

"Straight, 'e did; I see 'im at the bookin'-office with two; and just now he took two tickets out of 'is pocket, and give the girl one, and put back the other."

"Praps the other was for the old girl 'e's talkin' to now," hazarded George. "That's what it is. There, d'yer see 'er, just by the cloak-room? Fat old thing, only just come up, might be the mother of the girl 'e's just seen off. *She* don't like losin' trains any way. Lor', ain't she givin' it 'im 'ot! Just as though it was 'is fault she come too late. Just like a woman! Not that 'e minds, though; takes it calm and sweet enough, don't 'e? Take a lot to ruffle that bloke, I'll lay. Come along, 'ere's the six thirty-three."

(To be continued.)

LIMITED *VERSUS* UNLIMITED LIABILITY.

THERE is, I believe, an inclination on the part of some persons, who are not without experience in company matters, to advocate the total abolition of the principle of limited liability, or, at any rate, a return to the conditions which prevailed before the year 1862. For the Companies Act of that year, it must be borne in mind, did not introduce any new principle, but merely granted facilities for extending one which had long been in use. The Act made it possible to obtain the benefits of incorporation in this country by registration only, and relieved the promoters of joint-stock enterprises from the necessity of procuring a Royal Charter or special Act of Parliament, which up to that time had been the recognised methods of procedure. The principle of limited liability was well known to the Roman law, although in early Rome corporate rights were rarely granted where trade was the sole object. From Rome the principle developed during the Middle Ages into the partnership known as *Commenda*, in which one partner was liable for a fixed sum only. And the *Commenda*, by a natural process of evolution, has to-day become the *Société en Commandite*, besides being the progenitor of the Limited Liability Company. "The discoveries of the sixteenth century," says THE DICTIONARY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, "gave a fresh stimulus to corporate enterprise, and led to the formation of new companies with limited liability throughout Europe, among which the East India Company was the most promi-

nent." But it was left for the legislation of the middle of the present century to devise a mode of acquiring limited liability, which should conform more closely to the demands of modern commercialism than the former cumbersome and lengthy process could do.

The abolitionists are, of course, in a hopeless minority, and without any prospect whatever of the realisation of their wishes. Even if it were desirable, so sweeping a reform is not within the range of practical politics. Its advocates are blind to the facts of history; they are so impressed with the evils which the company-mongering of the last ten years has somewhat prominently exposed, that they consider that anything would be preferable to a continuance of the present system, with the opportunities which it affords for chicanery and fraud. But they probably condemn present evils without comparing them with past. They see the dark side of company promotion, but they fail to notice the benefits conferred upon this country by the extension of commercial enterprise which the present system has fostered.

It is true that the Companies Acts have been used for purposes to which they were never intended to be put; that they have been utilised to bolster up moribund undertakings and to obtain fictitious credit for private traders. It may also be true that they have opened the door to more general speculation, to vaster frauds, and more reckless promotion. But other agencies, it should be remem-

bered, have combined with limited liability to produce these results. The primary cause of the present huge volume of financial operations is the increase of the national wealth, and it is to that increase, far more than to the relaxation of the more stringent conditions of incorporation which formerly prevailed, that we must look for the creative power which has called into existence the large number of companies, sound as well as unsound, which are now registered year by year. The accumulation of the nation's capital has called for increased channels of employment, and the demand has been met by the issue of companies, comparatively few of which are really fraudulent concerns.

No doubt, a large proportion of the companies which are registered fail to confer any advantage either on the community or on their shareholders. The Board of Trade Report under Section 29 of the Companies Act 1890, issued in 1897, shows that while 4,735 new companies were registered during the year 1896, 1,260 companies previously on the Register went into liquidation, and 1,279 were removed from the Register because they were either abortive or were defunct without liquidation. In other words, the total number of unsuccessful companies in 1896 in proportion to new companies registered was fifty-four per cent., as against fifty-seven per cent. in the previous year. That is certainly a large proportion of failures; but then, out of these apparent failures, a considerable allowance has to be made for those voluntary liquidations to which there appears to be an increasing tendency to resort for the purpose of re-constructing or amalgamating prosperous businesses, or of effecting a reduction or re-arrangement of capital or debentures. And those companies which are abortive, in the sense of not getting

beyond the registration-stage, have at least the merit of not injuring any one except their promoters. Of these there are, apparently, a goodly number, for of a total capital of £222,000,000 registered in 1889, only £125,400,000 was actually subscribed,—not very far short of half the companies registered, that is to say, were stillborn.

The majority of the companies which fail after a period of working more or less prolonged are perfectly genuine concerns. They may be hazardous, but they are not fraudulent. They perhaps start with insufficient capital, and although from year to year there is a decrease in the loss on working, their capital is absorbed before a profit can be shown. The commencement of every fresh enterprise entails risk, whether it be a private or a joint-stock trader; and if a company enjoys certain advantages over the private trader in the way of capital and connection, it has also to contend against certain difficulties which can scarcely affect the individual. The average company, of course, commences business with a larger capital than the average individual trader, and can therefore hold out longer in case of failure to attract a paying amount of custom, while it is practically sure of a certain amount owing to the connection that is established through its shareholders. For the same reason it can advertise more freely, and has greater opportunities for borrowing in case of need. On the other hand, the attention of directors and managers is not so likely to be absorbed in the company's affairs as is the attention of the private trader in the business which is his sole property, and in which by far the larger portion of his capital is sunk. It is, in fact, by no means uncommon to find the same men directing the affairs of several enterprises whose aims are essentially

antagonistic. As with the individual trader, the new company has usually to face the competition of established rivals, and before it is able to secure a foothold in its adversaries' markets it may come to an inglorious end. Such considerations as these fill the early years of new undertakings with anxiety and hazard; and that is why the cautious investor prefers, as a general rule, to confine his operations to those enterprises whose capacity for success has undergone the test of actual working, and refuses to allow himself to be dazzled by the promises of large profits so frequently held out by unproved companies, and so frequently unrealised.

But the fact that all men are not equally cautious, and that some elect to take considerable risk for the prospect of high returns, affords no justification for the total abolition of limited liability. If millions of money have been squandered on chimerical projects, millions have also been made in enterprises that would never have been undertaken if the whole of the projectors' fortunes had had to pay the penalty of failure. Joint-stock capital is, no doubt, more venturesome and ready to take risks than is private capital, for the very reason that if failure does ensue the utmost extent of the loss is known beforehand. But it is just the venturesome spirit so created which has opened new countries for emigration and new fields of trade abroad, and has encouraged fresh departures and inventions in commercial operations at home. And a system which has had so marked an effect upon the destinies, not of this country only, but of mankind, is not to be lightly parted with, even were its defects more conspicuous and numerous than in fact they are.

The present system has, perhaps, offered additional opportunities for

gambling and rash speculation. Certainly speculative transactions have enormously increased in volume during the last two decades, but so likewise have investment transactions. And even in the craze in mining companies' shares which occurred a few years ago, speculation never reached the insane heights which characterised operations at the time of the South Sea Bubble. It is impossible to imagine that nowadays an investor could be found rash enough to place his money in a venture "the details whereof shall in due time be revealed." Yet that was a scheme which captivated the unwary at the end of the last century. The truth is that the love of gambling and excessive speculation is humanity's natural and most ineradicable vice. Even the man whose staple financial diet is Government securities at two and a half per cent., must occasionally have his fling in the shares of companies that offer returns of fifty to a hundred per cent. When men had not stocks and shares to gamble in, they gambled in tulip-bulbs; and if they were deprived of the opportunities for speculation which the stock-markets afford to-day, they would find or invent a substitute to-morrow. No such widespread distress has been caused by financial failures in the latter half of this century as resulted from the bursting of the South Sea Bubble and its mushroom imitators. Then many a wealthy family was reduced to penury, and thousands of the well-to-do to beggary. Was that merely the result of excessive speculation? Probably not. No doubt, to have the security which he had bought at a thousand per cent. premium reduced at one fell swoop to a condition of absolute unsaleability was sufficient to ruin many a speculator; but the misery could

scarcely have been so great as it was, had not many of the companies which were offered for public subscription at that time been unlimited in liability. It is not difficult to imagine what would happen at present if a sudden rapid inflation of prices occurred, and was accompanied by an eager demand on the part of the public, while, as was then the case, there was no legal necessity to state, as part of a company's title, the fact that it was limited, and therefore there was not any outward sign by which the public could tell at a glance whether a company's liability was or was not limited. The result almost certainly now would be that the public, in their eagerness to profit by the speculation, would put their money indiscriminately into limited and unlimited undertakings; and there is no reason to suppose that the public at the end of last century were wiser than their present successors. It is probable that, so soon as the rise in South Sea stock was at its height, since a Royal Charter or special Act of Parliament granting the incorporation could only be obtained at a considerable loss of time and trouble, the later companies were hurried before the public without any steps having been taken to limit the liability of the holders of their shares, and that consequently, when the crash came, the creditors of these companies were enabled to seize the shareholders' uttermost farthing in satisfaction of their debts. At any rate, it was unlimited liability which caused the ruin of many of the shareholders in the City of Glasgow Bank at the time of its failure in 1878; and the consternation occasioned thereby among the holders of bank-shares generally resulted in the Companies Act of 1879, by which many joint-stock banking companies, whose liability was unlimited, were

allowed to restrict their liability upon specified conditions. And, further, it was the approximation to unlimited liability, the large amount remaining unpaid upon those shares, which caused such acute distress among the holders of Australian bank-shares a few years ago, when they were compelled to realise sound securities at a heavy sacrifice in order to meet the calls made upon their holdings in the banks.

Bribery and fraud, too, are not features peculiar to the present era of commercial enterprise. The methods of the fraudulent have indeed somewhat changed. The company prospectus is now the great means of deluding and denuding the unskilled investor. But, as some compensation for that, it must be recollected that the opportunities for inflating and depressing the prices of securities by the aid of false rumours and market-manipulations are nothing like what they were a century ago. It may even be questioned whether fraud is much more prevalent now than it was at the beginning of the century, in proportion to the total quantity of transactions which are done in company shares and similar securities. The difference is probably rather absolute than relative, and the cases seem to be much more frequent, mainly because they are more notorious. In other words, the sum total of fraud is larger because the sum total of transactions is greater; and the frauds committed are more obvious and attract more general attention, to a large extent because retribution more speedily and surely overtakes their perpetrators, and because the news agencies circulate information as to their details more widely than of yore.

There can, indeed, be little doubt that limited liability is to be preferred to unlimited, whether the

question be considered from the point of view of the community, of the shareholder, or of the creditor.

From the point of view of the community as a whole, it is preferable, because, as has already been pointed out, it encourages commercial enterprise and so increases the nation's wealth. It encourages commercial enterprise in two ways. In the first place, many persons are willing to risk a portion of their means in undertakings which seem to them to offer a fair prospect of success, but which they would not consider for a moment if failure meant the absorption of their entire fortunes. In the second place, men, who are adventuring their capital only and not their labour, can afford to accept a lower return than can those whose labour and capital are both embarked in the same undertaking: the shareholders can, for instance, take five per cent. where the private trader will require fifteen; and therefore joint-stock capital has originated many successful and beneficial schemes, which private capital could not have attempted. To take a recent instance, many millions of pounds have already been sunk in the development of Rhodesia, and many more millions will have to be laid out before that development is completed. How many persons would have been venturesome enough to invest their capital in the Chartered Company of South Africa, or the numerous exploration and gold-mining companies that have come into existence since the Chartered Company's formation, if the measure of their liabilities had been the size of their fortunes? And what could private enterprise have done in so vast a field as Rhodesia? Limited liability may at times give rise to unduly reckless trading, but it is practically impossible to draw a line between

trading that is legitimately venturesome, and trading that is illegitimately reckless. The very principle and object of placing limits upon the liability of joint-stock operators is that they shall be able to take heavier risks than individuals trading on their private accounts can afford to do; and when all things are considered, it must, I think, be admitted, that in the interests of humanity as well as of the prosperity of this country the continuance of limited liability is desirable.

From the shareholder's point of view, the respective merits of the two systems are scarcely open to argument. The knowledge that his liability is confined to the amount of his subscription remaining unpaid, may occasionally tend to make the investor less careful in examining the circumstances of the proposed investment, and so indirectly lead to the propagation of unsound companies. But it is questionable whether that is so, at least, to any considerable extent. There is not the slightest doubt that, under the present system, large sums of shareholders' money are annually lost by investment in chimerical projects which have no real prospect of success. It might be, probably it would be, that if liability were unlimited, a number of such companies would cease to be offered to the public, because no one would any longer be rash enough to invest in them. But if that were the case, it would not be because the public had become quicker to discriminate between companies that had and companies that had not a fair prospect of success, but because the confidence and enterprise of investors had generally received a check, and consequently many beneficial projects would be lost to the community because, under such conditions, no conceivable rate of dividend could

atone for their obvious want of security.

It is not, however, a matter of absolute certainty that the abolition of limited liability would have the assumed effect in checking reckless investment. Savings must be invested in one way or another, and if there were not limited companies with their comparative safety to afford employment for accumulated capital, it is quite possible that channels involving greater risk would be sought for and welcomed. The guiding star of the investor on a small scale is not the insertion in or omission from the prospectus of any material information (his knowledge is not usually sufficient to catch the material points of a prospectus), but the names and antecedents of the directors. And it is not improbable that, if names they approved were to appear on the boards of unlimited companies, the extent of the liability would not prevent the public from investing. When once shares have been allotted and liability has been assumed, it is obviously to the interest of shareholders and their families that that liability should be limited. For, although in the piping times of financial peace the absence of any limits on liability might conduce to the more cautious and prudent conduct of business, in periods of inflation or panic the speculator, whether on a large or small scale, would almost certainly prove to be as reckless as he has ever shown himself at such times, and with enterprises of all kinds so vastly increased in numbers, the results of failure would be likely to be more far-reaching and disastrous than anything this country has yet seen.

The case of the creditor is somewhat different. It is undeniable that very large sums of money are annually lost to creditors by the failure of companies, and some part at all events of these losses might no doubt be re-

covered if the shareholders' liability were not limited. Still what is best for the community generally is certainly best in the long run for the various sections, whether they be creditor or debtor classes. Besides, it must not be forgotten that a very large proportion of creditors are probably themselves shareholders in these days, and that, in so far as that is the case, limited liability benefits them in one direction, even if opposed to their interests in another.

To admit, however, the general desirability of limited liability does not by any means involve the proposition that its present application to our commercial system is faultless. There are, unquestionably, grave faults, and a few of the most obvious instances may be taken from the report of the Board of Trade to which reference has already been made. Speaking of private companies with fictitious capital, the Inspector-General in Companies Liquidation says :

The remaining companies exhibit, with various modifications, much the same characteristic features as those which have been pointed out in previous reports. I have not observed anything that can be described as new. But some of the tendencies appear to have become more accentuated. Among these, perhaps, nothing is more important than the very large proportion of what are generally known as One-Man Companies. About one-third of the total number are distinctively of this class, and if to these are added those companies in which the promoters held a controlling interest, the only capital not allotted to themselves as paid-up shares consisting of a few subscriptions privately obtained, a majority of the companies fall within it.¹ In the larger number of these cases the basis of the company was the transfer of an insolvent or declining business, the object being, *first*, to transfer to a limited company obligations for which the promoters were personally liable, the personal

¹ That is, of course, of companies wound up, not of companies registered.

debts being paid off by the proceeds of fresh debts contracted by the company; and *second* to obtain means for carrying on the business through the facilities for obtaining credit afforded by the Companies Acts, which the vendors could not have obtained as private individuals. In none of them was capital raised by appeal to the public, and in only a very few was any attempt made to do so. Probably even the least (? most) ignorant of the investing class are becoming sufficiently alive to the risks attending ventures in which the promoters are not in a position to furnish any independent certificates of the position of the business, or of its past trading success. In many of the cases, indeed, the business was of so trivial a character that no one outside the immediate sphere of the promoters' influence would be likely to have anything to do with them. These companies have thus none of the characteristics of public companies, but constitute, in fact, an abuse of the Limited Liability Acts, although formally complying with their requirements.

What actually happens is generally this:—A trader finding himself in a weak and insolvent condition, and that he cannot continue to incur obligations without risk of bankruptcy, forms himself into a company. It is true the Companies Acts require a minimum of at least seven individuals. But this has come to be a meaningless form. The promoter then places his own value upon his business and issues paid-up shares to himself or his nominees for an amount which, if it were represented by real assets, would form a substantial basis of credit, but which, as a matter of fact, is often absolutely fictitious. Here again the Companies Acts require the shares to be payable in cash unless otherwise provided by a registered agreement. But if an agreement is registered for the issue of ostensibly paid-up shares for any amount, in payment of property which the vendor knows to be worthless, but which he represents to be of value, there appears to be no power whatever to go behind the fiction, and require the allottee to pay up the shares in fact. An insolvent vendor can thus hand over a valueless business to a company created by himself for the purpose, and treat the transfer as the "paying-up" of such amount of shares as he may think proper to issue to himself or his nominees. In practice, of

course, his insolvency is carefully concealed, except perhaps from some of his more pressing creditors, who have already ascertained that if they continue their pressure his collapse is inevitable. These creditors may even, in the hope of enabling him to pay them by continuing to trade and to obtain further goods on credit, lend their names as shareholders or take debentures in the company. The vendor generally takes the shares and the creditor the debentures or a portion of them. The "Company" with this "paid-up" capital, thus obtains a certain status in the market, which is often assisted by favourable comments on the new venture on the part of the preferred creditors, among their trading associates; and if it is managed with discretion and its first liabilities promptly met, even although this is only done by contracting fresh debts, its credit rapidly grows.

The demoralising effect of such a state of affairs upon unscrupulous traders who may take advantage of it, and the injury which the competition of such companies inflicts upon the great mass of private traders, need hardly be pointed out. But the increasing tendency to form companies of this class is a point which appears to deserve consideration.

Again with reference to the evils of the debenture system, the Inspector-General says:

It would be difficult to imagine a greater *reductio ad absurdum* of the Companies Acts procedure than that afforded by the case of *Skye and Company (Cardiff), Limited*, No. 75, where a provision-merchant's business in Cardiff was formed into a company, the vendor taking £1,500 in mortgage debentures, and continuing to carry on the business for a period of five months, during which he contracted liabilities for £1,139, and when at the end of that period a judgment creditor attempted to levy execution, he was met and defeated by the claim of the vendor himself under his debenture, which covered the whole of the assets. *The Levenshulme Brick and Tile Company, Limited*, No. 66, affords another illustration of the same kind, a business being carried on by the company for four months, and then a receiver appointed at the instance and for the benefit of the vendor's wife, under debentures.

tures acquired by her and rendered valuable by obtaining goods to the extent of £1,537, the trade creditors being excluded from all participation in the assets. "*Uniquia*," Limited, No. 47, affords a similar illustration. Here, one Andrews, the vendor, bought a business for £4,000 in cash and £12,000 in shares, and simultaneously sold to a company, which he formed for the purpose, for £6,000 in cash and £64,000 in paid-up shares, to be issued in instalments at different dates. Andrews was himself the company (except as to £2,000 of shares subscribed by another person on which only £350 was ever paid up), and by his contract he became managing director for seven years at a salary of £1,000 a year, while he was also entitled if the purchase-money was not fully paid to *re-enter into possession of the property without any compensation or allowance*. He then issued paid-up shares to himself and nominees for £35,950 and continued to trade as a company with a "paid-up capital," registered under the Companies Acts, of £36,300. He incurred trade liabilities for £3,355, which was spent in improving the premises, increasing the stock, and otherwise adding to the value of the business. He did not pay himself the purchase-money, and after seven months re-entered into possession of the improved property, leaving practically nothing behind for the unsecured creditors or for the expenses of liquidation.

There are many additional cases in which mortgagees who were not vendors, but who had the same interest as the vendors in the formation of the company, and whose securities were increased in value by the moneys obtained from the public, have after a brief career stepped in and taken possession to the entire exclusion of unsecured creditors who had given credit on the faith of a capital which, so far as assets were concerned, was absolutely fictitious.

These are some of the curiosities in commercial ethics to which limited liability (or, more strictly speaking, want of foresight in drawing the Companies Acts) has given rise. Such dealings as these are of course morally fraudulent, although it may not be possible to bring them within the criminal law, and a stop should certainly be put to them if that

can be done without sacrificing the general interests of the country. It is probably impossible to draw an Act of Parliament from which the wit of man is unable to devise a means of escape, and all that can be done is to amend the law so as to meet abuses as they arise. But it must always be borne in mind that if alterations of the law are made too hastily, and without sufficient regard to all the interests involved, the remedy may eventually prove to be worse than the disease. If you introduce legislation to prevent the formation of One-Man Companies, you may also, if you are not very careful, render impossible the existence of many genuine and prosperous private companies. If the issue of floating debentures is prohibited, or the use of the debenture system otherwise curtailed, the interests of creditors may be served at the expense of a course of business which has presumably been found to be generally beneficial to company-organisation, and has probably only been abused by a comparatively small minority of directors and promoters. If the liability of directors is too much enlarged, the result may be that the best men are driven from the companies' boards and their places taken by persons of inferior position and capacity.

It therefore behoves the legislator to proceed with caution in the amendment of existing errors. Something may, and no doubt will, be done in the interests both of creditors and of shareholders, in the one case, by affording increased facilities for investigating a company's existing liabilities before giving credit; in the other, by compelling promoters to disclose in the prospectus all the information in regard to the circumstances of the company promoted, which is material to the formation of a correct judg-

ment. It may, however, be that, for the protection of the shareholder at least, we shall have to look as much to his own increasing caution, taught by the bitter experience of past losses, as to any very startling action on the part of the Legislature. But of that there will be a better opportunity of judging when the report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Company Law is before the public.

There is another aspect from which, when weighing them in the balance, the relative merits of limited and unlimited liability must be considered. The social side of this question has hitherto received little attention. It has been quite overshadowed by the commercial side, partly because of the latter's superior attraction for most men in consequence of its money-making capacities, partly because the effect of limited liability as a social factor chiefly concerns posterity. The one, in fact, is a problem of the moment, the other of an indefinite future. Nevertheless, in attempting to strike a balance of accounts between the two systems, it is only fair to draw attention to the fact that the merits of limited liability from one point of view are, in so far as the general trend of present opinion is any criterion of the value of future social changes, to a considerable extent counterpoised by its demerits from another.

Socially, it is scarcely possible to doubt that, in so far as limited liability has facilitated the increase of public companies, it has encouraged the spirit of collectivism at the expense of individual effort. The essential principle of company-formation is that enterprises may be successfully conducted by co-operation when they would be beyond the strength of the single individual. It is perfectly true that the co-operation

involved in joint-stock enterprise is differentiated from the co-operation which is the ideal of what is popularly understood by collectivism, by the fact that, in the first case, the co-operator is recompensed for his co-operation by sharing in the fruits of the common enterprise in proportion to the amount of his stake in the concern, while in the second case profits are distributed *per capita*. This latter result is probably to be accounted for, in part at all events, by the fact that it is easier to measure an expenditure of money than an expenditure of muscular force, and so, where the co-operation is that of labour and not of capital, there is a tendency, not unnatural, however inadvisable it may be, to overcome difficulties of calculation by distributing the fruits of the collective enterprise according to the number of the co-operators, and not according to their respective capacities. The central idea, co-operation, is grasped, and the details, by which it was accompanied in the case of combined capital, are lost sight of. So that by familiarising the public mind with the additional probabilities of success which attend combined effort in the single instance of trade, joint-stock enterprise has probably fostered the growth of collectivism generally in the future.

But that is not all. Joint-stock enterprise has done more than set an example. Its tendency has been, and is more and more, to stifle individual effort. Everywhere one sees the same thing occurring; the private trader being harried out of existence by the Limited Liability Company. It can scarcely be otherwise. Joint-stock enterprises must necessarily be able to keep expenses lower than can small traders from the very fact that their business operations are upon so much larger a scale. They can, therefore,

cut the ground from under the feet of such competitors by underselling them, in the first place, because the cost of production is to them less, and secondly, because those who finance them look for a less return upon their capital. While this lower standard of profits, rendered possible by joint-stock enterprise, has benefited the community economically by reducing the prices of most commodities, its social tendency is to produce a loss of independence by turning the private trader into the clerk of the Limited Company, and its psychological tendency is to dull the sense of that loss, until dependence is the general aim and independence undesired.

It may be that as the unpopulated portions of the earth's surface are filled, and the pressure of a humanity, to the augmentation of which there are no presently visible limits, upon

a space which is obviously limited, becomes greater, a growing interdependence of mankind will be found to be the only means of combating the increasing severity of the struggle for existence. It is the habit of normal humanity to glide to the brink of change with its eyes shut, and then, when the change has become inevitable, to fight against it. But if collective effort is to be the rule of the future, it would be well to recognise that we are exchanging the spirit of individualism, which is the foundation of existing social conditions, for what is more or less of an experiment; and that a system which we are accustomed to regard as entirely concerned with commercial affairs may be no inconsiderable factor in the completion of that exchange.

SPENCER BRODHURST.

LOVE-MAKING IN IRELAND.

A SONG called *THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH*, which has been very popular with the Irish peasantry since it was written close on a century ago, says,—

Love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that's lovely and loves all
he can.

And yet, though there seems to exist a widespread impression that strong, passionate, masterful love is a characteristic of the Irish temperament, love-making in Ireland is really a very calm and placid business; and, the old song I have quoted notwithstanding, the average Irish peasant takes unto himself a mate with as clear a head, as placid a heart, and as steady a nerve, as if he were buying a cow at Ballinasloe Fair. Love by no means decides all the marriages that are made in Ireland. The match is often arranged in a ludicrously cool, business-like and mercenary fashion, between the parents of the "boy" and the "girl," the young people themselves not being allowed, and indeed, not expecting, any voice in the matter. But if there is little romance in the origin of most of the matrimonial contracts made in rural Ireland, they are as a rule entirely successful; the marriages, thus prosaically arranged, are as happy as happy can be. Pat and Mary fall fondly in love with each other, after they are made husband and wife: children quickly spring up around their hearth; and the older they grow the more passionately do they cling to each other. Their domestic felicity is rarely, if ever, disturbed by jealousy,

for Pat makes the faithfulest of husbands and Mary the fondest and truest of wives; and as there is little or no illicit passion, the crimes which spring from that source, and make desolate so many homes in other countries, are almost unknown in Ireland.

The great marrying season in Ireland is Shrovetide. During the forty days of Lent the Irish peasantry, in obedience to the ordinances of the Church, abstain from matrimony, as well as from eggs, butter, and milk. Some time before the approach of that holy season a farmer with a marriageable son or daughter whom he desires to see settled, tells his friends and neighbours of the fact. He usually conveys the intelligence in an indirect, offhand manner. He meets a friend at the fair or market and says with a laugh: "Whisper here, Jim; I'm training up my little Maggie for your Johnny." "Ah now, Jim," the other says, "you do me a grate favour entirely. But mind you, my little Johnny is very particular. The boy do be saying what a grate fortin he'll want with his wife." The subject having thus been broached the parents discuss it whenever they meet, and it often happens that a long time elapses, and many a discussion and wrangle take place, before the terms are finally settled. The farm generally goes with the male, and the great difficulty in the arranging of matches is the fixing of the girl's dowry, consisting partly of money, and partly of furniture and culinary utensils, as a set off against the land.

There is a story told of the parents of a couple in Cork who met together

to arrange a match. All had nearly been settled when the father of the girl objected to parting with a pot. "An' won't you give me the pot, Tim?" said the proposed bridegroom's father. "No, Pat," replied the other. "Thin the divil a bit of my son your daughter will get," cried the angry parent, and the negotiations were suspended. Another amusing anecdote, current in Ireland, throws further light on the interesting parleyings between the fathers. At Irish fairs there is a curious custom known as "dirtying the baste." When the terms of the purchase of a pig or a cow are agreed upon, after a long and vehement haggling between buyer and seller, the former picks up a piece of mud on his finger, or stick, and rubs it on the hind quarters of the animal, to indicate that the bargain is concluded. Two wealthy cattle-drovers met to arrange a marriage between their children. The fortune of the bride was, as usual, fiercely disputed. "Look here, Mick," cried the father of the young man, "give me another hundred pounds, and be me sowl you may dirty the bhoy!"

I believe it was Lord Beaconsfield who cynically observed, "Early marriages are to be deprecated, especially for men." That is a maxim which does not prevail in Ireland. A favourite proverb of the peasantry in regard to matrimony is, "Either marry very young, or become a monk very young." Early marriages are the rule in Ireland, and the poorest marry the earliest. Farmers marry later in life than the agricultural labourers. Those who are accustomed to comparative comforts are as a rule more prudent, and exercise greater self-restraint in the matter of matrimony than the very poor. The fairly well-to-do form to themselves a standard of comfort below which they will not very willingly descend. But with

the poor, especially in Ireland, it is otherwise. Their position is comfortless, their earnings are precarious, and with that resignation and fatalism which is so characteristic a trait in the Irish nature they will say, "Shure, whatever we do we can't be worse off than we are." In a word, no prudential motives seem to exist to counteract the natural promptings of the human passions.

And yet many of the Irish poor enter into matrimony as a sort of provident investment for old age. A very intelligent Irish peasant once said to me, "A poor man ought to marry young that his children may be able to assist him when he grows old." When Pat and Biddy begin house-keeping, their little cabin is soon filled with children; and the more their flock increases the more they say, "Shure the childer will be a grate support to us in our ould age." And happily this investment for old age never fails them. In no country in the world is the affection between children and parents so strong; in no country in the world is the duty of children to provide for their aged parents held so sacred, as in Ireland. Four generations may be seen in many of the poorest cabins in the West—the children, the young father and mother, the old grandparents, and an ancient great-grandmother or great-grandfather. The large sums of money which have been annually sent by children in the Colonies and in America to parents in Ireland during the past half-century, is another striking demonstration of this intense filial affection.

This then explains the early marriages in Ireland. But of course, in some cases the step does not turn out to have been wise. I once met an old peasant who had married when he was nineteen, and thought he had not done well. "I'll niver marry agin so

young if I wor to live to the age of Methuselah!" he exclaimed. And he kept his word; he was eighty when he married the second time.

Many humorous stories might be told to illustrate how marriage is regarded in Ireland (as in every other country, alas,) simply as a means of retrieving broken fortunes or of obtaining an improved position in life. A small farmer went into a bank in Limerick when the following conversation took place between him and the manager. "Good mornin', yer honner; I called about a little business, and though there's other banks in the town I thought I'd give yer honner the compliment." "Well, Tom, I'm glad to see you; and what's the business?" "I hear the interest in Widow Brady's farm is to be sould soon, yer honner; and I want to 'rise' five hundhred poun' to buy it." "Nonsense, Tom, how could you ever pay the money back, if I lent it to you?" "Oh, there's nothin' asier in life. Shure me young Jim 'ud get it in a fortin when he marries." "And may I ask, Tom, what age is the young fellow?" "He's just three year ould, yer honner." Needless to say Tom was unable to raise the money on that remote security. The wife of an Irish landlord was once censured by a friend for bringing her second son up in idleness instead of putting him to a profession or a business. "Oh," she replied, "he's a fine handsome boy, and when he grows to be a young man I'll send him to England, and take my word for it, some rich English lady will treat herself to him." A gentleman who had married well gave some assistance to a poor peasant. "Well, yer honner," exclaimed the thankful countryman, "the blessin' o' God on ye. An' shure it is on ye, for haven't He given ye a lady that cud keep ye widout doin' a sthroke of work all the rest of yer days!"

Further light is thrown on this mercenary mode of regarding matrimony by the following story which was told me by a member of the Irish Bar. Some years ago my friend was standing outside the bank at Tralee, talking to the manager, when a peasant approached, and took off his hat to indicate that he had a communication to make. "Well, what is it?" asked the manager. "A deposit-note, sur," said the peasant, handing him the paper. "One hundred and twenty pounds," said the manager, looking at the note. "Your wife must sign it, for it is in your wife's name." "She's dead, sur," said the peasant. "When did she die?" "Ere yesther-day, yer honner." "Faith, you haven't lost much time," said the manager; "and now that I come to look at you, didn't you bring me another deposit-note of your wife's, about a year and a half ago?" "'Tis true for you, sur," said the peasant. "That was my first wife. 'Tis the way wid me, that I'm very lucky wid the wimmin."

"Pat, is this true that I hear?" said a landlord to one of his tenants whom he met on the roadside. "An' what's that, yer honner?" asked Pat. "That you are going to marry again." "Oh, that's so, yer honner." "But your first wife has only been dead a week, Pat." "An' shure she's as dead now as she iver will be, yer honner," was Pat's unexpected and inconclusive reply. But it was a peasant woman who advanced perhaps the quaintest reason for marrying the third time, that I ever heard. Her parish priest met her and said: "So you have married again, Mary? There was Tom Whelan and Mick Murphy, rest their souls, and now there is Tim Maloney." "Och, yer Riverence," said she, "it wasn't for the fun or the divarshion of it I married the third time, but I thought it wud soften me

poor ould cough, which I'm kilt wid ivery winther."

But happily many of the marriages in rural Ireland have their spice of romance. The match is made by the boy and girl themselves. An Irish peasant-maid in the heyday of her youth, with her pretty figure, her abundant black hair, her large blue eyes with their indescribable half-arch, half-shy expression, is quite irresistible; and the boy has too often an impressionable heart and a "deludhering tongue" to render it always necessary that the parents should "make the bargain." The youthful couples meet at dances, or on Sundays after Mass, —even a wake is turned to account for a little courting—and they are in hearty accord with the boy who said, "It is a grate pleasure entirely, to be alone, especially whin yer sweetheart is wid ye." "Do you drame of me, Mike?" said the girl to her lover as they walked arm-in-arm down the lonely glen. "Drame of you, is it, Kate? Shure, 'tis the way wid me, that I can't sleep dramin' of you, me darlin'!" Yes, they have the flattering tongue, those Irish boys. "Och, I wish I was in jail for stealin' ye," was the compliment one of them paid to a pretty *colleen*. Even when they get a refusal they have a "soft word" to say. Eileen was engaged to another boy, and so she had to say *no* to Tim when he asked her. "Wisha, thin," said Tim, with a sigh, "I wish you'd been born twins, so that I cud have half of yez."

"Ah," said a girl shyly to a boy who was slow in making up his mind, "if you wor me, Jack, and I wor you, I wud be married long ago." But the girls in Ireland are not disposed to do the wooing in that fashion. Times have changed since an old woman in the West of Ireland used to impress upon all the rising female generation in her district, that "E'er

a man is better than ne'er a man." "Marry him, is it!" exclaimed a peasant girl to whom her parents were suggesting an old man as a husband. "Faix, I'd rather be tied be the neck to a milestone." The girls in Ireland can afford just as well, if, indeed, not better, than the girls of any other country to take up this independent position in regard to matrimony, for the proportion they bear to the males is not so large in Ireland as in other lands. Two old servants were discussing the matrimonial prospects of the young lady of the house. "Oh, the Lord love her and send her that she is not an ould maid," said one. "Auch, hould yer whist," exclaimed the other. "Is it the likes of Miss Norah left an ould maid? Shure she can get heaps an' heaps o' min."

The boys, therefore, have often a great deal of difficulty in inducing the girls to agree to "getting the words said," as the marriage ceremony is colloquially described. In one case I have heard of, a farm-servant was told by the girl to whom he proposed that she was too much attached to her mother, and her mother to her, to think of getting married. "Arrah, shure, no husband could equal my mother in kindness," said she. "Oh, thin!" exclaimed the boy, "be me wife and shure we can all live together, and see that I don't bate yer mother." He could not have meant that he would ill use the mother,—that was only his Irish way of putting things—for his declaration induced the girl to yield to his wishes. A bashful youth (a rather rare person in Ireland, be it said,) who was in love with a girl entrusted his proposal for her hand to his sister. One day the maid visited his father's cabin, while he, with anxious heart, hid behind the door, awaiting the result. The girl, who did not care to be wooed at second-hand, replied with a saucy toss of her

head, "Indeed now, if I'm good enough to be married, I'm good enough to be axed." The boy then stuck his head into the room and exclaimed, with a sob in his voice, "Mary, *allanah*, will yez do what Maggie axed ye?" In another case an exasperated rural lover was driven, as he said himself, "beyant the beyants" (beyond the beyonds—that is, to extreme desperation) with the carryings-on of the girl with another boy. "I'll never spake to you any more, Peg," he cried, with excusable vexation. "Oh, thin, keep your spake to yourself," said the provoking girl coolly; "I'm sure I cud get along very well widout it, or you ayther." "I'm sure so can I, thin," was the lover's wrathful rejoinder. The parents also often stand in the boy's way. "Well, Mr. Hickey," said a young labourer to the father of his heart's desire, "any chance of gettin' Mary this Shrove?" "Arrah, take your time, Pat Meehan, shure the heifer is young," said the cruel, matter-of-fact father. "In any case I couldn't spare her till I get in the praties."

When the day has been named, whether by arrangement between the boy and girl themselves, or through the intermediary of their parents, preparations are made, on the most extensive scale, for a grand wedding. It is considered essential in the humblest circles that, for the honour of the family, the guests at the wedding, which include sometimes the whole of the country side, should have lots of eating and drinking,—*"lashin's and lavin's of iverything."* Closeness on such an occasion is the unforgivable social sin. "Arrah, if I wor gettin' married," I have heard a woman indignantly exclaim when she saw a poor display at a wedding, "I'd sell every stitch to my back, and go naked, in order to get married dacently!"

To make a "gran' match" and have a "grate weddin'" is the ambition of

Irish parents in regard to their daughters. Sometimes a strange notion prevails as to what is a grand match. I once asked an old woman what had become of a certain young girl. "Faix, she made a gran' match, entirely; for a rale gintleman married her," was the reply; "but it turned out he was married before." "And the poor girl,—where is she now?" "Oh, shure, she's at home. She hasn't put her fut outside the dure for months ashamed to show her face to the naybours." A pitifully grand match, surely!

A pretty Irish servant-maid, who had got married, called to see her mistress. "I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the lady. "Are you not afraid of such a long voyage?" "Well, Ma'am, that's his look out," said Kitty. "I belong to him now, an' if anything happens to me, shure it'll be his loss, not mine." But there is not always that complete loss of the wife's identity in the husband which the above anecdote suggests. It is the wife that rules the household in rural Ireland. The husband surrenders to her all his earnings, to the uttermost farthing: an excellent arrangement for Pat who, feeling the money burning in his pocket, as he says himself, is disposed to get rid of it rapidly; and a still more excellent arrangement for the sake of the children. Bridget is, indeed, Pat's guardian angel. On many a Saturday, when a boy in Limerick, have I seen the long line of country cars returning homewards from market in the dusk of the summer evenings, the wives driving, and the husbands, with a "drop taken," perhaps, lying quietly in the straw behind.

There is a story told of a young lady from Cork who was presented at the Viceregal Court, Dublin, shortly after her marriage. The Viceroy has the

pleasant duty of kissing on the cheek the ladies presented him at a drawing-room ; but when His Excellency was about to give this young lady the regulation salute, she cried, " Oh, no, that privilege is exclusively reserved for Mr. O'Mahony."

Of course, there are exceptions to the general serenity of the domestic hearth, and the fond attachment between husband and wife. I knew at least of one Irishman in Limerick whose life was made miserable by a drunken wife. She had sold everything in the home for drink ; and as a last resource she threatened to commit suicide if money to procure more liquor were not forthcoming. Next morning, before proceeding to work, the husband, driven to desperation by his wife's conduct, left his two new razors lying on the table, telling her to "select the best one ov thim." At night when Pat came home, trembling with apprehension, he found his wife huddled up in a corner, not dead,—but dead-drunk. By her side was a pawn-ticket and on it was written, *Two razors, 1s. 6d.* There is another story of the exception which proves the rule. Some years ago, as the mail-boat from Ireland was entering Holyhead harbour, a lady fell into the water. One of the sailors, an Irishman, jumped overboard and rescued her from death by drowning. When she was safe on deck again the husband, who was a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave sailor a shilling. The spectators did not hesitate to express their indignation at the man's meanness, when the sailor, with native shrewdness, threw a new light on the matter by saying: "Arrah, don't blame the gentleman ; he knows best ; maybe if I hadn't saved her he'd have given me half-a-crown." I am disposed to think that the husband in

this case was not an Irishman. History, certainly, does not indicate his nationality.

Marital relations in Ireland are as a rule of the most harmonious character ; and if a husband and wife do fall out, occasionally, and even resort to blows, they think nothing the worse of each other in the end. Pill Lane is a classic locality in Dublin, which might with some truth be described as the Billingsgate of the Irish metropolis. "That's a fine black eye you've got, Missis," said a man to a woman, sitting over her basket of fish in Pill Lane. "Fightin', I suppose, agin." "No, I wasn't fightin'," replied the fish-woman. "Himself [her husband] it was that gave me that," and facing fiercely round on her questioner, she added, "and I'd like to know who had a better right." A labourer, out of employment applied for outdoor relief for himself and his wife, at the North Dublin Union. "Well, my good fellow, we must have evidence that you are legally married," said the Chairman of the relief Committee. "Begor, sir, I've the best proof in the wuruld," said the applicant, and bending his head he displayed a scar on his skull. "Does yer honner think," he added, "I'd be after takin' that abuse from anywan but a wife?"

Having such happy homes and faithful wives is it any wonder that Irishmen are loth to leave them behind? An Irish car-driver was wrapping himself up carefully before starting on a journey on a cold winter's day. "You seem to be taking very good care of yourself," said the impatient fare. "To be shure I am, sur," replied the driver. "What's all the wuruld to a man when his wife's a widow?"

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE CAPACITY OF SAVAGES.

THE capacity of savages has hitherto been regarded mostly as a scientific problem. Patient *savants* have collected skulls, measured, compared them with one another and with the European, and drawn conclusions: missionaries and philanthropists have looked at the question from their point of view; but even in the Colonies men do not appear to see that it interests themselves, beyond the possibility of educating their labourers or household servants to work more skilfully. In truth the matter is not pressing. Whatever the capacity which Nature bestows upon the countless savages whose lands we have annexed, they are not likely to show any startling progress in our time. If the old conditions of existence remain, they feel little need to alter their habits, or inclination to receive new ideas. But whether they will or no, a great change must come over them. All ancient checks upon the growth of population are withdrawn, and those which we have introduced, measles, small-pox, and so forth, appear to have lost their strength in great measure. Even now it is observed that the authority of the chiefs is greatly weakened in a new settlement; and a revolutionary spirit is said to prevail among emigrant Kaffirs in South Africa.

It is very natural. Already there are complaints of the multitude of natives who flock into the towns, and as the struggle for existence deepens the number of masterless men, such as own no allegiance to a chief, will multiply. In the towns many chil-

dren go to school. Sir John Gorst says that there are classes in England which still discourage the education of working-people so far as they may. No such feeling exists in the Colonies. Every man, and especially every woman, longs for intelligent servants. Children educated at a Mission School are not commonly approved, but that is a different matter. We all agree that it is our duty to elevate the dusky millions of our fellow-subjects, and it is being performed with a zeal which in time must have its effect, if not on the millions, at least on the hundreds and the thousands. To very few perhaps has it ever occurred that there may be peril in this good work. There is an underlying assurance that Nature will check any evils that might arise. We may elevate the savage without fear of consequences, because he can never raise himself to a level which might endanger the white man's superiority. If this conviction be ill-founded, our labours, though still more commendable in a humane point of view, may ultimately become perilous to the empire. Colonists in general would think this notion ludicrous. In many lands they admit the shrewdness of the aborigines within the narrow circuit of their affairs or interests: they recognise the foresight and the tenacity and the diplomatic skill of the chiefs; but they seem mostly to regard these as manifestations of instinct, like an animal's, which has little or no relation to the broad intelligence of the white man. Our kinsfolk over sea are commonly sensitive to peril from the dark-

skinned multitude around them ; but they do not contemplate the possibility that in any age, however distant, trouble may arise through their developed capacity. Perhaps it is not worth considering ; but the enquiry has a certain interest.

There is an illustration at hand. I have not visited the Philippines, but the seafaring class of their inhabitants are familiar enough in British colonies of the Far East. By race they are bastard Malay, for the aboriginal tribes (so to call them without prejudice) do not quit their islands. Of the civilised people, the Tagalas, Crawford tells us that when first seen by the Spaniards they were in a far ruder state than the contemporary Malays and Javanese, who despise them to this day.¹ Certainly Manila men are not respected in the China Seas for strength of character or intelligence, or manly qualities of any sort ; the pirates, Sulu and 'Lanun and Balignini, regarded them as a natural prey. But the Philippines have been a Spanish possession during four centuries and a quarter ; and at an early date a system of public instruction was founded. Every township in the settled parts has its primary school, maintained by the Commune, and forty years ago Crawford wrote, "It has been observed that more of the humbler class can read and write than even among European nations." There are native merchants, lawyers, writers, manufacturers in abundance, many of them rich. As for their culture, it may be assumed that Aguinaldo is a fair specimen of the class, and we were all amused by his confession of blank ignorance upon elementary matters of fact a few weeks ago. But if Reuter's agent had put the same questions to a Spanish general or

bishop would he have received more intelligent answers? My point is, however, that general education, such as it is, in the Philippines, has sufficed to make a dull and docile race impatient of the white man's rule, able to concoct measures for shaking it off and to execute them with courage, skill, and judgment. It is suggestive to compare the Tagala insurrection with the Cuban. The latter had a thousand advantages, including white leadership ; but it never advanced beyond the guerilla stage because the people, however sympathetic, did not rise. Observe that there was no system of popular education in Cuba. But the Philippine rebels, even the common folk, could write ; they were able to conspire and combine. So, when the signal was given, Aguinaldo commanded an army ; moreover there was discipline in its ranks and humanity. While the Cubans tortured and murdered every prisoner (certainly not without the fullest excuse of provocation), the Tagalas held more than five thousand Spanish captives at one time, and Admiral Dewey satisfied himself that they were well treated. It is not impossible that a Republic of the Philippines may be founded under the protection of the United States. But these people are a degenerate race of Malays to whom was granted the opportunity for developing their natural powers, and centuries of time to uproot the old habits and instincts. It seems likely that the pure stock, Dutch or British subjects for the most part, have a greater capacity for civilisation ; but I am not acquainted with any authority who admits so much.

Pure Malays, however (to call them so roughly), are few, and before they have a chance to prove their quality they will be devoured by the Chinamen. To the latter I need not refer ;

¹ A DICTIONARY OF THE INDIAN ISLANDS ; by J. Crawford. London, 1856.

they are not to be called savages, and we shall perhaps learn in due time that their capacity is equal to our own. So with the wild tribes of the Indian frontier. In Upper Scinde we marched for days through a wasted country, burned villages, and roofless houses, along the foot of the Mari Hills. It was a distressing sight. Once an officer named Murray expatiated on the hopeless barbarism of the men who could do such wanton mischief. General Stewart was in hearing. "Why, Murray," said he, "that's just how a Lowlander talked when he saw the result of a glorious foray made by your ancestors less than a couple of centuries ago." Murray and Mari, be it known, are pronounced alike. The shrewd little jest struck me. An intelligent Lowlander of that time would not easily have been convinced that the prowling cateran, filthy as ferocious, had a brain equal to his own and in a single generation, when the chance came, would prove it. It is on record that there was but one school in the Highlands even at a later date.¹

The capacity of the African races concerns us especially. The negro proper is judged; in the United States and Canada he has long enjoyed the opportunity to show his powers, and they are not formidable. Fifty years ago American philanthropy restored a select number to the land of their forefathers, in the expectation that they would do a blessed work there, freed from the white incubus; to put it briefly and mildly, one may say that the expectation has been disappointed. Ninety years ago our Government took over Sierra Leone, as an established settlement, from its humanitarian founders;

if British support were withdrawn at this present time the colony would cease to exist. But negro stocks represent only a proportion of the inhabitants of Africa; most of the others rank far higher. Some are Moslem, but the most promising of them, as the Haussa, do not show the devout arrogance which rejects our civilisation; what capacity they have will assert itself in due time. Meanwhile, however, some of these peoples are multiplying at a rate beyond all experience elsewhere, beyond belief indeed, if the reports were not official. In his excellent history of South Africa Mr. McCall Theal says: "That the Bantu (Kaffir) population from the Limpopo southwards has trebled itself by natural increase in fifty years is asserting what must be far below the real rate of increase." And he puts forth the evidence, of which I can only cite one fact. By the census of 1881 the number of children under fifteen years in England and Wales, proportionately to the number of females over fifteen years (that is, of age to marry) was as 110·17 to 100; in Canada as 124·73 to 100; in the Australasian colonies the mean was 150·76 to 100; in the United States (census of 1880) 130·76 to 100. But among the Kaffirs of Cape Colony, in 1875, the proportion was 169·98, and in native territories it is far higher. Clans have been accurately numbered sometimes, when Government had to feed them; and in a considerable number of such cases, the lowest proportion is 195 children to 100 females over fifteen. How shall we hold in subjection peoples who multiply like this, as brave and as stubborn in fight as ourselves, if they prove in the end to be as intelligent also, or near enough to rival us?

Mr. H. M. Stanley told the House of Commons last Session that natives

¹ In 1702, at Abertarf, near Fort Augustus; there were some schools in the Border towns. See Chambers's DOMESTIC ANNALS OF SCOTLAND.

of Uganda who were born under the old rule write him letters "which would do credit to a newspaper Special Correspondent." From this comparison we are to suppose that they deal with the state of the country and its prospects as a well-informed and thoughtful Englishman would. Such is the result of schooling upon the Ugandese in the first generation. Of the same people Bishop Tucker said a few months ago: "I sometimes think of recommending some of my native catechists to my Episcopal brethren at home for the post of examining chaplains." What may be the ethnological affinities of the Ugandese does not signify for our purpose. Savages they were indubitably twenty years ago, and savages the great bulk of them remain, showing no evidence of that mental power which enables some of them to write like Special Correspondents and others to qualify as examiners in theology. Doubtless in the uncounted centuries of their existence as a nation they had advanced beyond the Ashantis or Dahomeyans; but it was so little that the difference may be ignored. Yet, we are to understand that the capacity to equal Europeans, in these matters at least, was present all the while.

It is no discovery that black children may rival white at school. Burton admitted this in his famous essay, *THE NEGRO'S PLACE IN NATURE*, but he asserted that the brain of the former reached its full development at puberty. From that date progress ceases, and the man assiduously forgets all that the boy had learned. That the fact is so, as a rule, cannot be disputed, but we may still doubt whether it be due to any physical law, of Nature's framing, that is to say. Mr. Scott-Elliot, who is an authority for the regions with which he is acquainted, thinks that "the

sudden failure of the children to make further progress intellectually may be caused by the habit of carrying loads on their heads in early youth."¹ Among negroes of the United States the break-down at puberty is no longer conspicuous. They are dull commonly, but the great bulk of their forefathers belonged to the dullest races of Africa, those of the West Coast, or of Mozambique on the East where the true negro reappears. This fact, of some importance, is not commonly known, I believe. Mrs. Swanzy mentioned it to me by chance at Cape Coast Castle, and I enquired further; the spelling of the old lady's name is dubious, but she had her moment of renown sixty years ago and more, as the witness of L. E. L.'s suicide through the half-open door of the room where she was awaiting her hostess. It was only by chance that negroids of the plateau reached the barracoons; nor did the slaver appreciate their more delicate limbs and intelligent faces when he could get the brawny stupid negro of the lowlands. But doubtless it is the progeny of those few negroids which from time to time have furnished able men, of pure African blood, in America and the West Indies. As for the Bantus, the Kaffirs, they were far beyond the slaver's reach. However, Mr. Scott-Elliot's theory will not apply all round. For the Bantus also are subject to that sudden failure of development, and assuredly they do not make a practice of carrying loads in early youth, or at any age if they can find a woman to do it for them.

The question grows more difficult when we note the remarkable capacity of savages in general up to the fatal date. In mixed schools everywhere they keep pace with the white

¹ *THE NATURALIST IN MID-AFRICA*; by G. F. Scott-Elliot. London, 1896.

children and usually surpass them, in an astonishing ratio sometimes. The natives of Australia rank among the lowest of human beings, whatever the test applied, moral or physical. But Mr. Herbert Spencer states that "During three consecutive years the aboriginal school at Kemayach, Victoria, stood highest of all the State schools, obtaining one hundred per cent. of marks." Was that figure ever equalled in Europe? One might think that the brain of these savages, like their land, had burst into abnormal fertility for a season, after lying fallow for ages. Of Maori children, Mr. Rennie, Inspector of Schools, declared that it was rather an exceptional white boy who came up to their average. Educated Maoris indeed, as we all know, take honours and follow professions with credit, but they do not maintain this tremendous superiority in after life. The Andamanese stand lower, if possible, than the Australians. They have many friends and champions now, but it is vain to deny that they were the most horrid little creatures of whom we have record before the British occupation, and records in their case go very far back. Students of Eastern folk-lore who agree with Baron Walchenaer and Burton in allowing that the tale of Sindbad is founded upon log-books, or at least upon skippers' reports, identify the Andamanese with those terrible dwarfs, four spans high, whom the sailor encountered in his fourth voyage; but the chronicler mixed them up with the Ainus. Early Arab travellers frequently allude to them, calling them hideous little demons rather than men; and so, only without the intelligence of demons, they have been described almost up to our own time. The Reverend Mr. Man devoted his life to them, mastered their language, gathered their

legends and superstitions; we ought to believe him therefore when he asserts that the Andamanese did not know how to make fire, especially when assured that he himself could not credit such barbarism at first. The same gentleman declares that they have no word for numbers above two, though they can count up to ten by striking the nose and saying, "This also, this also;" beyond ten they have actually no conception of number. Human beings can hardly fall below that level. But schools have been established and in the result, to be brief, Dr. Brander (who was in charge of the hospital for many years) asserts that "Up to twelve or fourteen, Mincopies [so they call themselves] are as intelligent as any other children." One spoke English and Urdu perfectly without forgetting his own tongue, and,—he was clever at arithmetic! Commenting on this remark, Mr. Man says that he could give a more striking instance.¹

The first conclusion to be drawn is that human beings who live in the most deplorable state of barbarism, who have lived in such a state apparently from the beginning of things, do not necessarily, nor as a rule, lack power of brain in youth. The child of a man who has no word for numbers above two proves himself clever at arithmetic when he gets the chance to learn. He may be not only equal to white boys of his age, but superior. At a certain moment, however, he is apt to cease making progress. What is the cause? One finds difficulty in accepting Burton's explanation. Many races, which show scarcely a sign of improvement since we first became acquainted with them, or indeed for ages

¹ On the Aboriginal Inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, vols. vii. and xi.; quoted by M. de Quatrefages in *LES PYGMÉES*.

before, have skulls of the grandest capacity,—the Pathan, for example. Long since it was noticed that skulls of prehistoric date, prognathous beyond the negro, with superciliary ridges almost like the Mias, often show a brain-pan excellently formed and in capacity above that of some European races at the present day. When we come to the skulls of the Long Barrows and the Dolmens, which Canon Taylor has so carefully scrutinised, they mostly represent, so far as this evidence goes, a people as intelligent as ourselves; but they were naked savages. This, however, is rather a digression.

Some few races there are perhaps beyond improvement. Of these the Bushmen and the Negritos of the Far East are notable examples; and yet the Andamanese just mentioned, in the Indian Ocean, are the purest of Negritos. It must be allowed that the Aetas, Samangs, and others are incapable of receiving even the elements of our civilisation, when so many benevolent souls have tried in vain to educate them for a century past. Not one has succeeded in making even a commencement. Yet within the limited range of their necessities and desires, the intelligence of these people is surprising. Children, who cannot acquire the simplest form of learning, show a knowledge and a judgment when turned loose into their native wilds which to us seems supernatural. We call it instinctive and dismiss the puzzle, having found a name for it; but that will no longer serve. The homing instinct of pigeons and cats is now denied by some zoologists; reason and observation guide them, and the numberless instances alleged where these qualities would not serve are pronounced untrustworthy. But with reference to Bushmen Mr. Selous tells a story of his own knowledge. Twelve children were captured by the Matabele in 1883 and

carried to Bulawayo; one may have been nearly twelve years old, the others five and six. They were made slaves of the King, grew fat, and presently ran away. Poor old Lo Bengula did not pursue them; Bushmen are only animals, he said, and the young ones followed their nature. Next year Mr. Selous was in the country from which the children had been carried, and he made enquiries. All but one reached home safe, a journey of many hundred miles, living the while on berries and lizards and tortoises; and it was no town or village they had to find, only a bivouac of three or four wandering families. The Bushman has only one accomplishment, outside his domestic circle at least; but it is one which requires keen observation and some other faculties also, for excellence. This is mimicry. The timid restless creature can seldom be persuaded to do more than imitate animals and birds for the amusement of white strangers, a performance to which he is used, and wonderful it is. But at the Hoek of the Vaal River, when detained by a flood, I saw one employed, or kept by the store-keeper, who at evening, with the grog on board, mimicked the travellers successively arriving with a force beyond belief. Then I learned one of my own peculiarities never suspected before. It is not instinct either which teaches the Samang of the Malay Peninsula to distinguish the camphor-trees that can be tapped to the greatest advantage, a mystery which our botanists have not yet fathomed. Camphor-seekers follow the business from father to son, but they have not yet learned this. So a superstitious fancy has arisen among them. They believe that there is some mystic connection between the Samangs and the camphor-tree, and that the presence of one of these dwarfs is necessary to avert dire mishaps in the jungle. A curious

detail is that the Samang has no use for camphor himself, as I was assured. He could not have made the discovery in pursuit of his own interests.

Irreclaimable such tribes may be, but it does not seem assured that an absolute incapacity to learn is the reason. Perhaps the will fails rather than the power. Doubtless their brain is minute beyond example elsewhere. Of Bushmen a sufficient number have been examined, and we may reckon their skull at 1,288 cubic *centimetres*, while that even of the Hottentot measures 1,407 *centimetres*; and the Hottentot stands far below the West Coast negro. But of the brain allotted to him the Bushman makes good use in his own way. It is little he could learn of books perhaps, though he gave his mind to it, but he learns nothing; we must not say that he consciously refuses to learn, but there is no sign of an attempt. Does this absolute resistance, voluntary or not, give us a clue to the arrest of development, as it is termed, in less extreme cases? The Bushman and the Negrito are the typical savages, without home or laws or government or knowledge of agriculture, but not without marriage apparently. They have only one wife, a fact, if it be true, of the utmost importance to those interested in the primitive condition of mankind. For it must be remarked that these dwarfs, wherever found, are the oldest inhabitants of the country. Besides the internal evidence, all other races, even the Hottentot, have a tradition of their arrival in the land. There is no reason to believe that Bushmen or Negritos have ever been more civilised than they are now, though they roamed the *veldt* or the jungle as masters once, while at this time they are slaves and outcasts. Endless generations of savagery have implanted instincts which make them revolt from teaching. It may be that

they are morally incapable of improvement rather than physically. The Bantu or Kaffir, to take that instance, is immeasurably superior. The capacity of his skull approaches the European; the series runs, European average 1,497 cubic *centimetres*, Bantu 1,485, West African negro 1,430, Hottentot 1,407, Bushman 1,288. But the Kaffir also has the same instinct of revolt, in a less degree; with him it does not get the upper hand till puberty, as a rule. And so it is with all savages more or less. When a child is quite removed from the influence of his own people the instinct may be repressed, but there is always danger. The instantaneous relapse of Jemmy Button and Fuegia Basket is a striking example; but who has not read *THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE*, and who that has read forgets that interesting episode? The case of Edmund Sandilli is even more to the purpose, and less familiar in Europe. He was a son of the great Gaika chief, surrendered as a hostage when a child. Governors and Bishops looked after his education and their ladies petted him. He grew up clever, even brilliant. At twenty-five years or so he held a good appointment in the public service. Circumstances assured him an excellent career in the Native Department, and he knew it. The Lieutenant-Governor of Natal visited King Williamstown, and the inhabitants entertained him at a ball. Edmund was there, in tail coat and white tie; they say he danced with His Excellency's daughter; at least he received a very gracious notice. But next day he left his lodgings, hid his clothes in the bush, and set forth, stark-naked, to join his father's people. Many earnest appeals were sent to him, but he never answered. Some months later, his corpse was identified after a fight, in a suit of red clay and a blanket. Plenty of such instances

are discussed in South Africa, notably that of Jan Tsattsu whom Dr. Philip paraded all over England as a living demonstration of his thesis that a Kaffir only needs English training to equal the Englishman in every respect. I am by no means sure that Edmund danced with the Lieutenant-Governor's daughter, but unquestionably Jan led a Duchess to dinner on his arm and lesser fine ladies innumerable. Some years afterwards, however, he also suddenly threw off his clothes, and all civilised usages with them, resumed his chieftainship and, becoming one of the most brutal and lawless savages of the Frontier, was killed at length in the attack on Fort Peddie. It must be noted that this was a man of considerable ability, even by the standard of Europe; he had spent a year in England, had seen the blessings of civilisation, not to speak of Christianity, and enjoyed its comforts. He knew how irresistible the power of this country was. Yet in early middle life the savage instinct broke out, and transformed him into a worse ruffian than his untutored kinsfolk; more than that, it drove him into a struggle the result of which must have been perfectly clear to his eyes. It was the defection of Jan Tsattsu above all which obliged the Reverend Mr. Philip to surrender those ideas which had wrought such incalculable mischief during his lifetime. He abandoned them and died penitent, but the evil which that good man worked remains to the present day in the hatred of the independent Boers for all things English and the distrust of our own fellow-subjects. Tschudi gives a striking example from South

America. A Botocundo Indian boy captured was sent to school at Bahia. He had talent and industry enough to win a medical degree and practised as a doctor. But after some years his friends remarked a growing melancholy and one day he vanished, returned to his naked people and was seen no more.¹ There is a circumstantial legend, I am told, in Sydney to the same effect; the aboriginal hero, who distanced all competitors in the schools, was named Bungay. Peschel quotes a story told by Neumayer, an Australian explorer, in 1861. When lost in the bush, he came across a party of blacks who were very kind. He asked directions for his route and one of them, stark-naked, taking the explorer's note-book and pencil, jotted down the names of places and descriptions of the country through which he had to pass, in excellent English and a handwriting like copper-plate. He had been a prize-pupil at Adelaide Mission School five or six years before.²

To sum up. Many savage races have a brain-power equal to that of Europeans in childhood, but as a rule it ceases to develope about the age of puberty. It is not evident that this arrest is due to physical causes; inherited instincts perhaps may account for it. If that be so, they will probably lose their force in time, as civilisation spreads. But instincts are very long-lived, while anything of the ancestral conditions remains.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

¹ TRAVELS IN PERU DURING THE YEARS 1838-42; by J. J. von Tschudi, 1847.

² THE RACES OF MAN AND THEIR GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION; by Oscar Peschel, 1874.

WOLF-CHARLIE.

(A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

IN a tumble-down cottage at the extreme end of the parish of Dulditch, lives Wolf-Charlie. It is one of a couple of cottages in such bad condition that they are held to be past repairing, and year by year the owner threatens to pull them down and erect others in their place. For years he has received no rent; for years Wolf-Charlie and his old grandmother, who inhabits the other miserable edifice, have received notice to quit at Michaelmas,—a notice they always disregard. In the one cottage the ground-floor only is found to be habitable; in the other the grandmother has been compelled to take up her abode in the upper story by reason of the absence of door and window in the apartment down-stairs. With the broken panes from the window her great-grandchildren dig in the heaps of dust and rubbish which make their playground; the door was long ago broken up and converted into fire-wood.

The cottages are approached by a lane too narrow to admit of any vehicle wider than a wheelbarrow; it is a lane which leads only to these poor houses, debouching on a melancholy space of grass and nettles growing above brickbats, tiles, broken chimney-pots, refuse of all sorts, which space was once on a time the trim garden-plots of these cottages. Between the broken bricks of the little paved way before the doors sprouts a plentiful crop of sickly fungus. More than once there has been illness among the children caused

by impromptu feasts off the unwholesome growth. One child, rendered reckless by stress of hunger, and indulging in a surfeit, gave the crown and glory to Wolf-Charlie's history by necessitating an inquest in Dulditch.

He received his nick-name of Wolf-Charlie perhaps because of the famished look in his melancholy eyes, or because of the prominence of his great yellow teeth, the leanness of his flanks, the shaggy unkempt hair about his head and face, and his half fierce, half frightened expression. He is what is called, in employers' parlance, "a three-quarter man," receiving only three-fourths of the wages of the other labourers. He has the use of his hands and feet; he is not a downright fool like Silly Solomon, the idiot of the parish, nor a cripple like Daniel Duck. Wolf-Charlie is not specially afflicted in any fashion, yet he is in some indefinable way deficient. His fellow-labourers will not do a harvest with him, and no farmer dares trust him to feed his cattle, or to plough or drill.

Yet such duties as are intrusted to him he performs with unfailing industry and a dogged persistence. When the vapours hang white and ghost-like over the low-lying meadows he stands all the day long, knee-deep in water, ditching; and he can always be relied on to "top and tail" the turnips. In the winter, when work on the farm is only to be obtained by the best men and such hangers-on as Wolf-Charlie are invariably among the first to be paid off, he sits by the

way-side breaking the stones of the road; or for a few pence he will trudge the seven miles to Runwich to fetch a sick neighbour's medicine.

His clothes are in rags, showing the poor flesh in many places which custom and comfort have ordained shall be hidden from view; his thin, hairy chest is oftener bare than covered; of Sunday clothes he has none. When he sits on the long dank grass of the road-side banks, with his back to the wind and his shoulders pulled to his ears for warmth, and feels in the red and white bundle beside him for the midday meal which is to support him till he can look for his bowl of potatoes at night, he finds nothing but dry bread there. He does not even possess the shut-knife with which etiquette ordains that the agricultural labourer shall carve his *al-fresco* feast; he pulls it to pieces, wolf-like, with claws and teeth, looking out with fierce yet melancholy gaze over the grey, shivering meadows as he drearly chews his food. He is in a word, the poorest of the poor, a most wretched and pitiable object.

Yet not so poor but that Charlie, too, has his romance; and here it is.

There befell, some years ago, a winter longer and more cruel than any in Wolf-Charlie's experience; when a bitter frost bound the land in bands of iron, when the saddened sky looked down on a dead world wrapped in its winding-sheet, when, for even the best labourers no work could be found, and when the poor three-quarter man was in every sense left out in the cold.

The Wolf was not a house-holder in those days, but shared bed and board with a family in exchange for the five shillings a week he paid them. For a couple of weeks not one of the five shillings was forthcoming. There were hard times that winter for

all classes of the agricultural poor; no man dared to soften his heart towards his comrade; no woman ventured to give away bite or sup from the children's scanty meal.

There came a day when Wolf-Charlie, buckling the strap of his trousers tightly round his empty stomach, turned his back upon that poor table at which for so long he had taken his place. The mother was doling out to her half-dozen little children the morning meal of bread soaked in hot water, peppered and salted; of this, for the first time, she ceased to offer the lodger a share. The poor fellow said no word of remonstrance, of appeal, of farewell even, but turned his back upon the place where his home had been and on the familiar faces, and took his way along a certain road; a road which the agricultural labourer and his wife travel, spiritually, in many a moment of depression and in their bad dreams; a road where surely no flowers should grow, where the way-side grass and overhanging leafy trees should wither; a road paved with bitterness and hatred, and a burning sense of injury and all evil thoughts, and despair,—the road to the Work-house.

No flowers were there to mock the traveller on the morning when Wolf-Charlie sought the cold charities of the dreaded place; but icy air cut his ill-protected body like a knife, the hard encrusted snow of the road sounded like iron beneath his unwilling feet. A taciturn man in company, the Wolf is given to talking a great deal to himself. As he trims the roots for grinding, lops the overhanging branches of the trees, clears a way for the water-course in the ditches, his lips are always moving, and a low muttering issues forth. With such melancholy, indistinct murmurings, fit accompaniment to the

vague, only half comprehended distress and aching of his heart, Wolf-Charlie went his way and was swallowed up in the portals of the big white-washed Workhouse. And in that village where hitherto his work had been done he was seen no more.

In the spring-time, when a young man's fancy turns not only to thoughts of love but also to possible odd jobs, easier to be come at in barley-sowing season, Wolf-Charlie emerged from his place of retirement,—not unaccompanied.

In spite of the warmth, regular food, and better clothing which he enjoyed in the Workhouse, want of liberty and occupation had told sadly upon him. His strangeness, his longing for freedom, his silent anguish of soul had been too much for the body weakened by privations, and Wolf-Charlie, who was not a favourite with the master and whose sullen ways and uncomprehended mutterings made him obnoxious to the other officials, fell seriously ill. In this condition there had been allotted to him as nurse the woman who now issued with him from captivity. She was a middle-aged woman, with a foolish red face, dusty hair, a wooden leg, and six children. She had been an inmate of the Workhouse since the birth of her last, which now toddled along, dragging on her skirts, a child of four.

So encumbered, Wolf-Charlie boldly re-appeared in that world which had not treated him too gently hitherto, bringing with him seven mouths to feed, besides that capacious, never satisfied one of his own. In such patriarchal fashion he made his entry into Dulditch, and getting employment at the Brightlands farm, installed himself and family in the cottage already described.

It is probable that the idea of

legalising the bond which bound the Wolf to the wooden-legged mother of six emanated from the Rector. On the part of the Wolf and Wooden-leg no difficulties were made; the banns were duly asked and all went merrily as the proverbial bell; until a report, speedily confirmed, was circulated through the village to the effect that Wooden-leg's husband (the father of the six) was still living, and as a matter of fact living in the adjoining parish.

Neither intending bride nor bridegroom was at all overcome by the announcement. The woman had known it all, and to the man it made, apparently, no difference. But the idea of marriage having taken hold of their slow imagination they would not relinquish it. Now that the crying of the banns had made them celebrities in the place, they determined to achieve that which they had publicly pledged themselves to perform: they would be married or perish in the attempt; and they finally accomplished their purpose at the Runwich Registry Office. Having made all necessary (and false) declarations, they tramped off in the sunshine of an early summer morning, the six children, who could not with safety be left behind, trailing after them.

The bride, arrayed in her one frock (the old lilac print the matron had given her on leaving the Workhouse), hopped bravely forth on her sound leg and that wooden substitute which through use had grown too short for her, causing her to walk with much pain and exertion. The bridegroom, his shaggy head sunk upon his breast, walked along behind her, silent, with his hands thrust into those slits in his trousers where his pockets had once been. Thus, with one shilling and twopence in hand to furnish forth the wedding-feast, they tramped the seven miles.

Having accomplished their object and expended their fortune, with the calm of satisfied ambition they returned to the shelter of the filthy room with the empty cupboard, to the connubial chamber where the big wooden bedstead filled all the space not occupied by the sacks of straw flung in one corner for the accommodation of the elder children. It swarmed with fleas, that gigantic couch, it smelt abominably; its four great posts, undraped, used to reach to the ceiling and serve the children for impromptu gymnastic exercises until they were cut down, one at a time, in the first winter, and converted into firewood.

On this wretched bed in the fullness of time a baby was born to the Wolf, and then another. Those small moneys which Wooden-leg earned by gathering acorns for the farmers at sixpence a bushel, by picking stones, and other odd jobs, were stopped for these events; and at such times the family came dangerously near starvation. No nurse could be found, even if the necessary few shillings could have been scraped together to pay her; the eldest girl was the mother's sole attendant for the few days she could lie beside her miserable baby, before, with her hopping, painful gait she must limp to her labours in the field once more.

As has been said, the Wolf's old grandmother lies bed-ridden next door, You mount to her room by an open flight of steps arising out of that ruined room down-stairs, strewn with plaster falling from walls and ceiling, and with the broken bricks kicked up from the floor. The old woman has not been down these steps for years, nor will descend them until she is carried down in her coffin; and because Wooden-leg cannot mount the unprotected, crazy staircase the eldest

girl is told off to wait on her grandmother.

Considering that the child is only thirteen years old, that she has had the worst possible training, and that there is practically no supervision (for when Grandmother grumbles from the bed Beatrice thinks it wise not to hear) the work is done fairly well. A few favoured ones among the uneven boards are scrubbed; the threadbare counterpane, the cobwebby blankets, the yellow sheets are neatly arranged, the chair and table dusted. When Beatrice is particularly energetic she spits upon the latter and polishes it to quite a cheerful shininess.

The child receives, by family arrangement, the sum of sixpence weekly for these services. Grandmother is not of a liberal turn of mind and has never been known of her substance to offer her small attendant bite or sup. But at night, when everything is still, Beatrice noiselessly mounts the unsteady stair, gently opens the door of the old woman's room, steals across the rotten boards, and with a deliberate, unwavering little hand robs her Grannie.

The poor old woman has but an allowance of a half-stone of flour, a weekly dole of one shilling and sixpence. Her coffers are not over full, nor her board too luxuriously spread. But to the famished folk next door she is a feminine Cræsus, a pampered being, enjoying continued festival, diverting to her own selfish indulgence necessities of life needed by far hungrier people.

The dark, still bright eyes of Grannie open upon Beatrice, watch her as she appropriates the slice of cheese, the tallow candle, the lump of bread, which with few variations, is the nightly toll the child exacts. She watches the little marauder, but she says nothing. There is something uncanny to the imagination in the

picture of the dauntless, small depredator at her nightly work, of the old woman, glib enough of tongue in the daylight, lying there, voiceless, to be robbed of her cherished store. It is almost as if that ugly grandchild in her scant and ragged chemise, barefooted, exercised some spell over the aged parent, as if supernatural agencies were at work.

But it is more the spirit of prudence than that of fear which strangles the curses on the Grandmother's lips. She is entirely at the mercy of this abominable child, this unnatural descendant, who must have the elements of a conscience somewhere about her, as, up to the present, she has stayed her hand and left enough in the cupboard to preserve her relation from starving. Suppose that, night by night, the thievish imp made a clean sweep of the provender; suppose, instead of coming with commendable regularity to tidy the room, she slunk out in the fields to play and left the poor old thing to die of dirt and neglect! In submission, it seems, Grandmother's safety lies. Her only chance of deliverance from such outrage is to give up her wretched bedstead, her round table, her couple of broken-seated chairs, to give up all her pride and her life-long prejudices and have herself carried to the Workhouse. But Gran, who prays she may not live long in loud monotonous petitions which only cease when Beatrice is in attendance, and which are a sound as familiar to the household next door, and as unregarded, as the souging of the wind in the broken chimney, would sooner endure ages of lonely miserable days, centuries of horror-haunted nights than face that indignity.

So from year to year the family, of which Wolf-Charlie is the head, drags on. They are scarcely, as one may say, in fortune's power; they never

can be poorer than they are, and their cupboard is therefore empty even of the skeleton of fear.

Yet often, perhaps, the thought of that other husband whose responsibilities he had taken on his own shoulders may have troubled the Wolf's slow brain. By the irony of fate it happened that this man, who had deserted his wife and children to follow a wandering life, settled for a time in the parish adjoining Dul-ditch; he had kept clear of the neighbourhood while the parish authorities were interested in his whereabouts. Fortune had smiled upon him, and his trade (in dried herrings, tapes, cotton, rabbit-skins, old bones, rags, and so forth) had prospered. He had lately bought a donkey-cart and was looked on as a well-to-do person.

Often, as Wolf-Charlie sat by the road-side breaking the stones on the heap before him, this hero would drive past, in his pride and arrogance, belabouring his donkey, with not a thought or a look for that poor bearer of other folks' burdens under the hedge. The Wolf was not a speculative, or an inquisitive, or a ruminative person; his reasoning powers were of the smallest; yet, surely, in his half-awakened mind, in his twilight consciousness, there must have dwelt thoughts at such times which one would be curious to know.

Once, when the second baby was born, when winter was lying dark, silent, and sullen upon the land, when, tighten the trouser-strap round his shivering body as he might, drag the old sack he wore as overcoat close as could be about his throat, he must yet suffer dismal pangs of hunger and of cold, these thoughts strove to become articulate. Stooping over the beet he was pulling in a field adjoining the road he heard the well-known sound of the donkey-cart approaching. He

stood, arrested in his work, his back bent, the beet he was in the act of pulling in his hand. The wheels of cart or carriage passing along the road never diverted him from his work; even when the traction-engine panted slowly by, its fire gleaming redly in the gloom of the thick afternoon, he would not lift his head to look. But the donkey-cart was a different matter.

Presently he raised himself, and with a light of unwonted resolution in his eyes, stood erect. The donkey-cart approached, and, in the lightness of his heart and triumph of his fortune the owner whistled gaily as he rode along.

Suddenly, swinging the turnip in the air and holding it above his head as a signal, Wolf-Charlie hailed his rival. "Hi, I say!"

The driver of the donkey-cart paused, looked beyond the hedge, saw the shaggy, ragged figure, the hungry, melancholy eyes, brightened by the unwonted fire of purpose. "Hi!" he called back. This did not look like a man with money to spare for boot-laces and such vain trifles; he did not have the air of a purchaser of red-herrings, even. The call the trader gave was unexpectant, indifferent.

"I ha' got yar wife and children," the Wolf shouted aloud to him.

The driver gazed for a moment at his wretched-looking rival, then turning back to his donkey belaboured it with a heavy stroke across its ribs. "I don't keer who th' devil ha' got 'em, so long as I ha'n't," he shouted back; and so, master of the situation, drove off.

After that rebuff it was never known that the Wolf made any further effort to detach from himself the burden he had hung about his neck. Neither does he make complaint. With an intelligence not much removed from that of the beasts

of the field he is patient and uncomplaining as they.

And the children, in some mysterious way, seem to thrive on their half rations of bread, cunningly soaked in hot water to make the allowance appear more, their random dessert of hedge-berries, wild apples, and fungus from the door-step. They are ragged and they are filthy, it is true, but they are not particularly thin or pitiable-looking; their hair, which one would not care too closely to inspect, seen from a safe distance is a luxuriant growth. Perhaps out of their potsherds, their bits of window-glass, their rubbish-heaps, and that most prized and precious play-thing (the especial property always of the youngest), a rusty key attached by a filthy string to the half of a pair of scissors, they get as much pleasure as more fortunate children may from a nursery overcrowded with toys.

There is something too melancholy, perhaps, in the history of such squalid lives. One stands aghast for the moment, shrinking from the recital, frightened at the privation which those, fashioned like ourselves in outward seeming, can bear. It is only from some such speculation as that above that we can regain ease of mind and conscience and go on our way comfortably indifferent once more. Perhaps the toys suffice. Perhaps, never having had enough to eat, Wolf-Charlie does not understand how bad it is to be hungry. Perhaps, educated in the school of hardship, Wooden-leg does not feel pain or weakness or privation as gentler-nurtured women must. Perhaps their lot, if one could see from inside, as it were, is a happy one after all. "Poor and content is rich, and rich enough," says Shakespeare. It is comforting to reflect that if Wolf-Charlie is not thoroughly contented he, at any rate, does not complain.

THE INSANITY OF THE CRIMINAL.

WHEN society was startled by the recent attempt in open court on the life of a judge, the inevitable question of the insanity, and, as a necessary corollary, the irresponsibility of his assailant was at once raised. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance, to the community as well as to the accused person, of this problem of criminal responsibility, and at the same time to realise the difficulties which embarrass its solution. For not only has the law to decide whether mental health or its antithesis is present, but in those frequent cases in which insanity and crime co-exist, combined in an infinite variety of proportions, it is compelled to disentangle the complex skeins of rational and responsible acts from those which represent the outcome of mental disease. The question is still further complicated by the fact that in many respects the criminal bears to the insane person a physical and psychical relationship which is so intimate as to be almost indistinguishable. To such an extent is this the case that one is tempted to ask if any criminal who commits a serious crime can be called sane. I propose to draw attention to the remarkable coincidence of attributes in the criminal and in the victim of mental alienation, for I believe that only on a recognition of this coincidence can a correct estimate of responsibility be based and from it alone a rational system of criminal treatment evolved. By the term criminal I do not mean the occasional thief induced, almost compelled to break the law through the influence of his surroundings, or the

criminal by passion, the homicide, who earns his title to the brand of Cain in a moment of ungovernable rage; but the instinctive wrong-doer, the result partly of hereditary anti-social instincts and partly of vicious environment and example, who at the time of his offence is as incapable of distinguishing right from wrong as a blind man is of discerning light from darkness. If the lunatic is mentally blind or defective in vision, the criminal is morally so. The born delinquent possesses an instinctive propensity to crime which is sometimes called moral insanity, and it is this psychical defect combined with a stupendous selfishness, a self-seeking which in its gratification completely ignores the feelings, the property, even the lives of his fellow-men, that especially distinguishes the criminal.

A well-known victim of moral insanity was the German girl, Marie Schneider, who was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment for murder. This child, who was twelve years of age at the time of the crime, was born in Berlin in 1874. She proved lazy at school but could read and write, understood the ten commandments, and the significance of theft, deceit, and murder. The girl was cruel towards animals, and confessed to sticking forks in the eyes of live rabbits and afterwards slitting them open. Greed and deceit completed the sum of her faults. One day, being despatched by her mother on an errand, she met in the street a little friend (aged three years and a half) who happened to be wearing a pair of ear-rings which excited Marie's childish cupidity, not for

their intrinsic value, but because the acquisition of the trinkets would lead to their conversion into money and finally into cakes. In a flash came a suggestion of evil to her; she determined to take the child to the second floor of her mother's house, get hold of the ear-rings and then kill her, on the principle that dead men tell no tales. "I went with her to the window," said Marie afterwards, "opened it wide and set her on the ledge. Then I heard some one coming down; I quickly put the child on the ground and shut the window. The man went by without noticing us. Then I opened the window and put the child on the ledge, with her feet hanging out, and her face turned away from me. I did that because I did not want to look in her face, and because I could push her easier. I pulled the ear-rings out. Grete began to cry because I hurt her; when I threatened to throw her out of the window she became quiet. I took the ear-rings and put them in my pocket. Then I gave the child a shove and heard her strike the lamp and then the pavement." The little murderess then quickly ran down-stairs and completed her errand. She was quite aware that her action meant death to her companion, but she felt no sorrow, no remorse, and denied the crime until a policeman appealed to her sense of physical pain by threatening to box her ears if she did not tell the truth.

Of Wainewright, who was another moral idiot, another instinctive criminal, Mr. Hazlitt writes:

His two salient characteristics were an unconsciousness, actual or feigned, of his true character. . . . This was he who, with smiling face and jewelled fingers, could infuse the deadly venom from his ring, by stealth and without a qualm, into his friend's coffee, into the cup of the man who had offered him an asylum! This was he, who, with his wife at his elbow, she not a whit less guilty than

himself, could watch demon-like the convulsive tortures and dying struggles of the fair and trusting girl, who leaned on his love, and idolised his every action and word!¹

On the other hand in most forms of insanity the morals become altered or lost; but there is undoubtedly a definite moral insanity, as a result of brain-mischief, similar to that which we observe in criminals. Its origin may be contemporary with the birth of the individual, or it may come on in later life; it may be cured or may persist, exactly like any other manifestation of mental disease. Dr. Clouston relates the case of a lady, who eventually died of softening of the brain, in whom the first indication of this organic disease was an attack of moral insanity. After living a blameless and useful life for thirty-seven years she suddenly entirely changed, morally and affectively, and embarked on a career of imposture and swindling. She developed withal a special predilection for astute lying, with the result that several benevolent gentlemen, who failed to estimate the statements of this poor, mad, female Munchausen at their true worth, were heavily mulcted.²

A consideration of the relative intelligence of criminals and insane persons will reveal the fact that, while in ordinary transactions the former class (with the exception of certain forgers, sharpers, and other professional rogues) exhibit an extreme stupidity, so much so that they are occasionally literally unable to distinguish the right hand from the left, they are past masters in a certain low form of cunning. Conversely, I have heard it stated by a distinguished expert in mental diseases that, unlike

¹ T. G. Wainewright's *ESSAYS AND CRITICISMS*, with an Introduction by W. C. Hazlitt. London, 1880.

² *MENTAL DISEASES*; by T. S. Clouston, M.D. London, 1887.

the legal delinquent, the average intellectual standard of insane patients (excluding the idiot) is comparatively high. Yet the same authority has borne witness to the intense cunning which the inmates of asylums exhibit, thus in one other respect resembling the criminal class.

The principles of altruism are not incomprehensible to the man of crime, and he is capable of evincing signs of family affection; but nevertheless he is as a rule permeated throughout with an intense egotism, coupled with an egregious vanity. "There is not a set of people in the world," writes George Borrow, "more vain than robbers in general, more fond of cutting a figure whenever they have the opportunity, and of attracting the eyes of their fellow creatures by the gallantry of their appearance." Booth, the man who killed President Lincoln, protested indignantly against the depreciation which his deed suffered in the papers; and after giving an inflated account of his prowess, he exclaimed: "I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honoured for, what made Tell a hero!" Wainewright remarked in prison: "They pay me great respect here I assure you; they think I am in for £10,000." The real amount for which he was incarcerated was less than £3,000. When he was a degraded convict lying under the stigma of fraud, and with the guilt of murder and other crimes upon him he said: "I have been determined through life to hold the position of a gentleman. I have always done so; I do so still!" It is easy to find examples, in the unfortunate inmates of asylums, of individuals who, like the criminal class, have formed an exaggerated estimate of their own importance. If a mentally afflicted person has any delusions about his personality he usually believes himself to be a sacred

personage, or a royal individual who has figured in some epoch of ancient or modern history; seldom is he a person of indifferent rank. Puerile attempts at self-decoration not unfrequently supplement the ideas of aggrandisement, and complete the picture of pitiable vanity. Coupled with exaggerated self-esteem in the legal delinquent is a certain childishness; the criminal in most instances is essentially infantile, particularly in his reasoning processes, his frank egotism, and his want of forethought. The insane are notoriously childish and are managed with much greater success if we assume such juvenility.

Again, even a superficial acquaintance with the inmates of an asylum for the insane will convince the observer of the existence of a crude eroticism which occupies the minds of many of the patients; criminals also give abundant evidence of this form of moral perversity.

A further point of interest is the emotional instability of both criminals and the insane; the tendency to "break out," to throw off all restraints and, under the stimulus of an intense excitement, to commit the most terrible crimes. Miss Mary Carpenter has reproduced the following dialogue, a species of which is said to occur not unfrequently:

Miss G. "I'm going to break out to-night."

"Oh, nonsense; you won't think of any such folly, I'm sure."

"I'm sure I shall."

"What for?"

"Well, I've made up my mind, that's what for. I shall break out to-night, see if I don't."

"Has anyone offended you or said anything?"

"N-no. But I *must* break out. It is so dull here. I'm sure to break out."

. . . . And the breaking out often occurs as promised; the glass shatters out of the window frames; strips of sheets or blankets are passed through or

left in a heap in the cell; the guards are sent for, and there is a scuffling and fighting and scratching and screaming that Pandemonium might equal, nothing else.¹

Compare these out-bursts with the brain-storms which take place in epilepsy, in homicidal madness, and in other forms of brain-disease. There is a strong family likeness, and an added point of resemblance is the *aura*, or presentiment, that commonly precedes the attack. The criminal, we have seen, may give notice to the warder; the epileptic, experiencing a warning of the awful cataclysm that is about to overwhelm him, flies from a position of danger; the diseased victim of homicidal impulses, when the summation of stimuli, inciting him to destroy, has resulted in such an aggregate of resistless force that it is on the point of bearing down reason, will, and power, shrieks out to the bystanders to hold him, to deprive him of weapons, to save him from himself. We have known, among the insane, women who, in their intervals of sanity, were quiet, gentle, conscientious, and good; but who, even while praying with bitter tears that their chalice might pass from them, have been attacked by some brain-tornado which has immediately transformed them into veritable Furies. Such a patient is perhaps quietly reading or talking, when suddenly she springs from her chair, hurls the volume through the nearest window, makes a rush at the attendant and endeavours to strangle her; the lips may pour forth a perfect flood of iniquity, or she may be silent, with teeth clenched, and eyes fixed and staring. Thus the poor creature fights on until nature becomes exhausted, and she gradually returns to the normal condition as the storm in

her brain subsides. Dipsomania and kleptomania are other forms of irresistible impulsiveness which are, like the foregoing outbursts, external evidences of marked emotional instability, of that loss of self-control which distinguishes alike the criminal and the lunatic.

Those characteristics, common both to criminals and the insane, to which allusion has been made, may be connoted by the term *mental*; but there are similarities and agreements in the physical peculiarities of the two classes which appear to point to a common origin in defective or disordered brains. Professor Benedikt has investigated the subject of the criminal brain, and he found that it was characterised by the excessive development of the depressions on the surface of the organ which are known as fissures, and by the intercommunication, or confluence of these fissures.¹ Neither of those phenomena occur in connection with the fissures of the normal brain, but it is significant that the same peculiarities are seen in the brain of the weak-minded and of idiots. An anatomical ridge running along a portion of the centre of the forehead on the inner surface of the skull is frequently stronger and more prominent in criminals; "It is also larger," writes Mr. Havelock Ellis, "in the insane and lower races, and relatively larger in orang-outangs. It may signify precocious union of the two parts of the frontal bone with consequent arrest of brain-development." Chronic inflammation of the membranes covering the brain is extremely frequent in criminals, even more so than in lunatics, although it is very common in idiots and is also encountered in two other forms of mental disease. Defects of

¹ Quoted by Mr. Havelock Ellis in *THE CRIMINAL*; London, 1895.

¹ *DICTIONARY OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE*; edited by D. Hack Tuke, M.D. London, 1892.

the roof of the mouth and small undeveloped teeth often occur in both criminals and idiots. Various deformities of the ear are prevalent in criminals, lunatics, and idiots. The power of moving the ear, which is somewhat rare in normal individuals, is possessed by an equal percentage (approximately) of legal delinquents and lunatics. Further, the criminal shares with the insane patient the privileges of abundant hair on the head, comparative immunity from baldness, the faculty of ambidexterity, and, with many idiots, the Mongolian or Negroid type of face. I have not observed in the physiognomy of the insane the fierce and feline expression which certain observers have noticed in the instinctive law-breaker, and which they believe to be, like most of his other specific attributes, congenital. "We rarely hear," writes Mr. Ellis, "of a baby who looks round from his mother's breast with fierce and feline air." Nevertheless a baby predestined for crime may have an anatomical physiognomy which approximates closely to that of the infant with the seeds of mental disease in his brain; and, similarly, the adult configuration of the anatomical elements of the face may and do resemble each other in the criminal and the insane patient, while the expression remains dissimilar.

Disease of the heart and arteries is other ground on which delinquent man and insane man can meet on comparative equality. The intimate connection between brain and heart, apart from disease, is very apparent. A feeling of comfort follows entry into a bright room because of the light causing more blood to flow to the brain. A sensitive man suffers a real or imaginary insult. Hardly is the offence committed than the arteries are flung wide open by a lightning impulse from the mind; on

rushes the angry torrent of blood spreading rapidly over face and neck in a dull red sheet, suffusing the eyes and flooding the brain, in the intenser degrees of feeling retreating as quickly as it had advanced and leaving a countenance pale and distorted with passion. The brain is held together, as it were, by a net-work of blood-vessels, and it is not surprising, therefore, that disturbances in the supply of blood, due to organic disease of the heart, have a profound effect on the mental processes. Criminals are exceedingly prone to disease of the heart and of the blood-vessels; so are the insane; and it is probable that irregularities and deficiencies in two such important organs as the brain and heart react upon each other, in each case, to the great disadvantage of the intellectual functions.

A study of the question of heredity reveals a number of facts which indicate that instinctive criminals and the insane are frequently branches of a common genealogical tree. The abnormality of some immediate ancestor is reproduced in his descendants; and the inherent brain-weakness which made the father an incurable drunkard may produce an offspring who is either an instinctive law-breaker or insane. It is probable in the case of the criminal that he does not spring forth, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, fully armed with all the impulses of wickedness, but that he enters life a peculiarly fit subject for the contagion of vice and crime to which he is but too frequently exposed; and the absorption of the poison helps to consummate his partly atavistic and partly acquired nature. If both parents possess deteriorated brains either in the direction of alcoholism, insanity, or crime, the progeny are liable to prove a veritable brood of vipers. Thus Dr. Jules Morel quotes a case in which the father was alcoholic and the

mother insane, with the result that of their five children two were criminals, two insane, and the fifth committed suicide.

Mr. Ellis has quoted various statistics dealing with the heredity of criminals. Of the inmates of the Elmira Reformatory in America 13·7 per cent. were of insane or epileptic heredity. "Rossi found five insane parents to seventy-one criminals, six insane brothers and sisters, and fourteen cases of insanity among more distant relatives." Dr. Clouston says that the children of the insane should be carefully educated on physiological lines to repress the unnatural and anti-social tendencies of such individuals, for it is from these members of the community that the insane, the dipsomaniacs, and the motiveless criminals arise, with a poet or a genius to redeem the class once in a century and to vindicate nature's law of compensation in the world.

It is probable that the moral insanity (moral idiocy or imbecility) which has been referred to is the most salient feature in the composite character of the criminal, and this, coupled with other considerations, leads us to believe that, of all forms of mental disease, cases of mental deficiency or idiocy most nearly resemble the cerebral condition of the instinctive law-breaker. The criminal seems almost to have arisen from a different stock to the normal man. It is as if his first parents did not eat of the Tree of Knowledge and knew not good from evil. On conviction he is, to state it paradoxically, innocent of morals, frequently debilitated in body, and with a mind which, if it can be compared

to a blank sheet, is not a very clean one. The process of manufacturing from such rough material a being who shall not only fail to be a nuisance and a menace to society, but who shall succeed in proving a useful addition to it, has been accomplished in many parts of America by regarding the convict as a moral idiot. His length of sentence depends largely upon himself, but cannot exceed a certain limit. His bodily functions are first rehabilitated; he is taught school-work and a trade; lastly, he enters the class of Practical Morality, where he is taught to appreciate the good in life and to despise and avoid the evil. He is treated on similar lines to the mental idiot. The result of this is that bodily, mental, and moral improvement follow quickly on each other's heels; and as a practical proof of the value of treating the instinctive criminal for his mental deficiency, or disease, rather than merely punishing him, it may be noted that of twenty-three hundred convicts who have been let loose on the world from the Elmira Reformatory, only 15·2 per cent. have returned to criminal practices.

But it is only the instinctive criminal, for the diagnosis of whom there are now so many signs and symptoms, whose complete responsibility can be called in question. The criminal who understands the wickedness and the social immorality of his act, and the criminal by passion are as responsible for their wrong-doing as is every one in the world who has a perception of what is right and what is wrong.

EUGENE S. YONGE.

DOMESTICITY.

ONE is always a little sorry for foreigners, not only because they cannot have inherited the peculiar excellency proper to our race, but especially because they will never know that tranquil complacency which rests upon our assured monopoly of all the virtues. It is, however, a little curious to find ourselves being admired precisely for a lack of those qualities which we particularly arrogate to ourselves. If there is one article of belief upon which the average Englishman holds unshaken convictions, it is that domesticity is the prevailing characteristic of his country, whereas foreigners, and particularly Frenchmen, are a debauched and dissipated crew, who set in very light estimation the sanctity and sweetness of home-life. Innumerable writers, of whom the late Archbishop Trench is a conspicuous example, have enlarged upon the fact that the word home (those four consecrated letters) has no exact equivalent in the French language, and have drawn from this inferences most damaging to our neighbours and most comfortable for ourselves.

And yet, as a matter of fact, only last year French public opinion was keenly excited over a book by M. Paul Demolins, who accepted (just like Archbishop Trench) the "superiority of the Anglo-Saxons," and endeavoured to account for the phenomenon. France, he admitted, was going to the wall. And why? His answer may be summed up in a sentence. Our domesticity undoes us. Sons will not leave their parents to go to school; the parting is more

than they can endure. Parents will scarcely allow their sons to accept lucrative work a hundred miles off. Every father in France is hampered in the struggle for existence by the sense of parental obligation, which compels him not merely to educate his children adequately to their station, but to provide each of them with a portion sufficient for his or her maintenance in the world. All the efforts of life are directed to keeping the home-circle as complete as possible within the smallest range of space, and to ensuring for every member of that circle an equal provision of comfort and well-being. Hence follow many consequences: the restriction of population, the absence of colonising energy, the total lack of initiative among youths. But I do not want to follow M. Demolins into his political argument. I merely wish to point out that we present ourselves to our neighbours as an admirably undomestic people. The Spartans were models to Greece, but they were not domestic in their habits; and the modern French observer praises or censures British fathers and mothers for their Spartan qualities. The British paterfamilias is always willing that his son should go into the most fighting army in existence, or risk his health in an Indian climate serving his Queen. In many cases he is not less willing that a troublesome lad should betake himself to the Colonies, or to America, and there find employment as a stockrider or a policeman, a cardriver or a waiter. The paterfamilias has a sense of the respectable which would prevent his acquiescing

in such an arrangement while his son remained in these islands, but let the son go over-sea to a country where, as paterfamilias flatters himself, there are no distinctions of class, and why should not these things be? He washes his hands of an encumbrance.

I am putting here the dark side of what is undoubtedly the greatest element in our national success. Enterprise has grown so habitual to the race that the edge of separation is blunted by familiarity, though one would be slow to assert that ties are weaker for that. Scarcely a family but has its exile, expatriated it may be for life or at least for long years; and many of these exiles have their places kept fresh in the constant tendance of memory. Mr. Kipling has written a song of the Overland Mail. That service links the life of the Empire together, and there are two ends to the link; nerves thrill not less where it holds to home than at its outermost branches among the Afghan snows or the roses of Cashmere. If you go to Tilbury docks and watch the start of an outward-bound steamer you will see few but dry-eyed partings; only here and there the lips of a mother writhe with the silent agony. Men shake hands, and from the tugboat and the steamer's deck handkerchiefs flutter; so it is over. The absence of demonstration argues something more than a mere reticence of temperament. Our families tend to scatter; and we are contented that they should. We go each our own way to contract new ties for ourselves, but we do not mean that they should hamper us or other people beyond what seems to us a reasonable limit. Our attitude in the whole matter is to my mind a virtue, but it is not the virtue of domesticity, and it is no doubt a little exasperating to foreigners that we should take credit for both. It would not be

hard for a Frenchman to argue on grounds apparently irresistible that domestic ties were stronger and closer in France than among us.

The contrast between the two races in this respect was strongly borne in on me the other day when I chanced to be staying at a little inn among the Norman forests. Needless to say, the majority of its shifting inmates were English. Some were married couples; there were wives without their husbands and husbands without their wives; but there was no family. On the other hand among the few French there was one really touching example of domesticity; a middle-aged father and mother with their baby and its nurse. All of them had their meals together, and none of them seemed to be happy if any of the others were out of sight. One day I chanced to come upon the husband reading his newspaper in the forest a few hundred yards from the hotel. When I came in, there was a general air of emotion about the establishment, the wife and the nurse were anxiously seeking everywhere for the truant. With an impulse which I feel to have been undomestic I refrained from betraying his whereabouts; but when I saw the rapture of their greeting on his return and his obvious distress at the anxiety he had occasioned, I was sorry I had not spoken. No British father that I have ever seen was so essential to the happiness of his family as was this Frenchman; and certainly his devotion to his infant was without parallel in my experience. No trace of false shame would prevent him from wheeling the perambulator up and down before the inn, running with little short steps, and puffing or whistling to counterfeit a railway-train. These manifestations of fondness only excited the contempt alike of the English men and English women, who

scoured the country on vagrant bicycles, devoutly thankful, so far as my acquaintance among them enabled me to judge, to have escaped from the sights and sounds of their nurseries. Of course from the English point of view (which I fully share) the devoted French parent was an ass; but is it not a little undomestic to think so?

Are we really as enthusiastically attached to our homes and families as the French? That is the question which a visit to France always inclines me to ask myself. There is no doubt that, among the poorer classes, a Frenchwoman understands better how to make herself and her man comfortable than does the corresponding person in England. As for the richer, one must remember that it was the English who invented the club, and this, although it is an admirable achievement, is scarcely a tribute to the attractions of the British home. In our amusements also we are less gregarious; we tend to take each his own line, and are less prone to the idea of enjoyments to be shared by the whole family.

A very amusing book by M. Henri Lavedan, recently published under the title of *LES BEAUX DIMANCHES*, confirms me in this impression. His *dimanches* are sketches in dialogue of typical French Sundays, and at least one of them shows the French parent as a martyr to domesticity. In "*QUE FAIT-ON TANTÔT* (What are we going to do?)" you have a picture of the decent French *bourgeois*, a literary man, blessed with five daughters; and the father and mother are planning what must be done to amuse the five little girls this Sunday afternoon. The mother would sooner go peaceably to church by herself, but she recognises the inevitable and is ready to accompany them. The girls would prefer

that their father should come too; it is he who makes little jokes for them, who insists that they shall all wear their best pink hats, and never thinks twice about a cab-fare. Only they cannot agree among themselves what they want to do; papa suggests a number of agreeable things but mamma finds an objection to all of them; the skating-rink costs too much, the Bois puts notions into the pretty daughter's head, and the amusements that are cheap and not too amusing have all been used up. So the debate goes on, while the unfortunate father does his best to keep everybody in good humour, till, looking out of the window, he sees that Providence has sent rain. That settles the question; there can be no going out, and papa retires to his books, not a little relieved. This is scarcely the *rôle* which the British father reserves to himself in a well-regulated household. And even when the father is not precisely a martyr, his notion of enjoyment is unmistakeably to enjoy himself in the bosom of his family.

The second of M. Lavedan's scenes, *PARTIE DE CAMPAGNE*, passes up-stairs over the shop of a little dyer and cleaner, M. Boleau. It is seven o'clock of an August morning, and the whole family is running about eagerly preparing for the great picnic. M. Boleau, in his shirt-sleeves, enquires anxiously after the pie, the salad, and the cheese, and in the interval clamours for his shaving-water. Madame reassures him, and he celebrates the advent of his new horse and carriage. It is a great day for the Boleau household, an envious day for the quarter: the Boleaus have at last attained to the dignity of a *voiture*. So with the new purchase they are all setting off to take their *déjeuner* out of doors at Villejuif. M. Boleau knows a spot, with gardens all round it, trees, flowers,

and delightful turf. They will sit down on a bank by the roadside, unpack the basket ("carefully" says Madame) and lunch "like kings." Madame Boleau will take off her hat to eat with more comfort. But the ice? Has it been forgotten? Certainly not; it is wrapped up in one of M. Boleau's old flannel waistcoats. And in the middle of all the pleasant fuss, the carriage comes round. Lucie, the little girl, sees it first, and all the family crowd to the window. Madame Boleau admits in a whisper that she is a little awestruck (*ça m'impressionne*). "Ah," says M. Boleau in a moment of expansion, "think how many pairs of gloves cleaned that represents!" The horse is splendid; nobody would see that he has been *couronné*, which is the pretty French phrase for little marks on his knees. The only thing that Madame Boleau cannot quite make up her mind about is his name, Cæsar,— "a Greek name,"—decidedly he will have to get another. M. Boleau retires hastily to his room to finish his toilet. "What tie do you advise?" he cries from inside; and Madame recommends a pea-green. The dialogue goes on for a minute or two through the half-open door, till suddenly a great and bitter cry comes from the bed-room, and M. Boleau appears on the threshold, strangely distraught. "Cocotte," he cries, and Madame, in tender alarm, answers "*Mon loup*." "Cocotte, cocotte!" cries M. Boleau, and Madame adjures him to speak. "My poor children," gasps the head of the household. "What, what?" "I have the toothache!" Wife and daughter fling themselves upon him and assure him it will go off; they suggest remedies; but the pain increases, M. Boleau grows uncontrollable, he curses the injustice of heaven. "It is all up with the picnic,—unharness Cæsar—and all because I am a poor miserable dyer. Smart people never

have toothache, not they. Ah, such a picnic!" Finally he falls to smashing the furniture. It is a poignantly domestic tragedy. The household is so closely united in its joys and sorrows that the centre of the family communicates even his toothache to the rest. It seems to them the most natural thing in the world; when the cousin comes in at the last moment to go with them, he hears the picnic is off. "Why?" he asks; and Lucie answers simply, "*Papa a sa dent*."

Seriously, it is comic enough but quite typical of an intensely domestic people, who are domestic even in their most undomestic relations. The young Frenchman is exceedingly prone to set up an extra-legal *ménage*; and as for the undomestic woman, one of the funniest of M. Lavedan's sketches describes the establishment of a young person who has been promoted to prosperity if not to honour, and reserves her Sundays strictly for seeing her family. Her parents, industrious market-gardeners, and even her uncles, flock to see her possessions, to snap up unconsidered trifles, and to bless heaven for giving them so good and dutiful a daughter. These however are issues which it is not necessary to pursue. My point is that the French have a genius for domesticity whereas the English have not. Of course the Micawbers were an exception; but if you take even Dickens, who is a kind of apostle of domesticity, it is upon the whole a gloomy idea of the British home that you will gather. And Thackeray's appalling sketch of the Osborne household is scarcely a caricature. The severity of its gloom has been lightened in the last fifty years, but only by increasing the freedom of individuals. Mrs. Clifford, in a clever little sketch among her MERE STORIES, puts the issue from the wife's point

of view. Her Mr. Webster is a person very like old Osborne, but he is a rare type now. Mr. Webster will not let his wife decorate her drawing-room according to her own taste; he will not let her friends, least of all her male friends, come to tea with her; and he insists that the dinners shall be ordered according to his severely British taste, which prefers cod and anchovy sauce followed by a joint to any more inventive confections. Mrs. Clifford's conclusion is that the wife does wisely and well to run away from him; and it is quite clear that the average man would be very unwise to try Mr. Webster's methods with the average modern woman. Practically it comes to this. For a long time English novelists, who are representative observers, have commented on the tedium of English home-life; and the progress of ideas has greatly lightened that tedium, not by abolishing the heavy silence or mechanical talk which is apt to fall upon a home circle, but by increasing the facilities for escape. All the tendencies of modern English society are in a sense anti-domestic.

It is the woman not the man who makes a home, and the modern woman if she has a home is surprisingly often out of it. To begin with, the mere problem of locomotion is enormously simplified for her. Our fathers did not encourage their wives to go abroad; they questioned the propriety of cabs, and drew the line absolutely at omnibuses. Fifty years ago it was still something of an affair for a woman to get anywhere, and she thought twice before she went outside her own door. Besides there were not so many reasons for going out. The strongest material link of domesticity is the common table, and in the early days of Her Majesty's reign a woman had to dine either in her own house or with her friends.

Restaurants scarcely existed except for men. Now London is sprinkled with them as from a pepper-pot, and there is scarcely one where a sensible man may not take a sensible woman, and plenty where the sensible woman may go by herself, if she wants to. The added freedom makes for the pleasure of mutual intercourse; it is no longer so essential to a man's happiness that his wife should be a good cook, or at least the cause of good cooking in others. He may reasonably consider whether he will not do well to marry some one whom it is amusing to take to the theatre. There is much more chance than there used to be for a husband and wife to shake off domestic ties altogether, whether for an evening or a month. If they live in a flat the affair becomes simplicity itself: they have only to go away and slam the door behind them; and this suggests rather an amusing point in the international attitude. Flats came in from France, where everybody lives in an *appartement*; and we used to hear that an Englishman's house was his castle, a shrine of British palladiums, which was being ignominiously abandoned for a somewhat improper arrangement borrowed from the undomestic Continent. Yet as a matter of fact the undomestic French live peaceably in their *appartements* and seldom leave them except to dine with their relatives or relations-in-law, a social duty whose tyranny is not felt among us; whereas directly the Englishman has got his flat, he is struck by the convenience it offers for getting away from it. The habit of running out of town at the end of the week increases, and few people are content with only one annual holiday from the routine of home life. That is the real attraction of the flat; if you ask your friends why they prefer to live in a section of a barrack, they will nearly

always answer that it is so much easier to go away. But with the disappearance of the house as a social institution the home tends to disappear also. Servants pass more and more into the condition of club-waiters, impersonal machines; and the old retainer becomes a tradition of the past.

Another singularly anti-domestic factor in modern existence is the advent of the bicycle, which not merely tempts people out of doors when under old conditions they would have stayed at home, but opens a vastly wider range of dissipations, even in the country, by its capacity for covering the ground. People are far less limited to their own resources; the number of tennis and croquet parties which they can easily attend is indefinitely increased, and one has only to read Miss Austen to be reminded how unsettling these gaieties may be.

There seems to me nothing alarming in the prospect, and I have no desire to raise the cry of domesticity in danger. What has long happened in the serious concerns of life extends itself to more trivial matters; our families tend to disperse themselves not merely in pursuit of business but of pleasure, and by so doing they seem to me to show their sense. The Englishwoman in particular of the present day has probably more personal liberty in decent society than any kind of woman that has yet been invented, far more than the contemporary American; and one has no quarrel with the result. She has entirely shaken off the feeling, or the affectation, that it is impossible for her to be happy unless she sees with her own eyes daily that her children eat their pudding and do not get their feet wet. Indeed she is disposed to argue that no one is so much in need of a holiday as the middle-class

mother since her occupation is always with her; no Factory Act comes in to limit her hours of work. I have heard a lady suggest (and it seemed an admirable idea) that one of the ladies' clubs should try the experiment of organising a large *crèche* with a competent staff, where members of the club could deposit their children upon reasonable terms when they wanted to go off for a tour with their husbands. Some of the most devoted and admirable mothers prefer to take their holidays entirely by themselves and vary the routine altogether. As an American lady put it to me the other day, "You get into that state that you'd sooner smell any man's cigar than your husband's." The aspiration is undomestic, but it is a question whether in the end it does not make for happiness that husband and wife should freshen the pleasure in each other's society by occasional spells of absence. Stevenson perhaps stated the case in too extreme a form when he said that the ideal husband was a sailor, but he was only exaggerating a truth. French people have not the restlessness in their blood which makes us wanderers, and they are contentedly domestic; but to be domestic out of a sense of duty and against the grain ends in boredom, and to be bored is not good for the soul or body of any man or woman. English husbands, I believe, are much more to be envied since their wives began to discover that the skies would not fall if they left their households to take care of themselves for a month or six weeks; since the first business of husbands and wives in this world is to be good company for one another, and cheerful parents generally make cheerful children. Let us remember the appalling Mr. Osborne and rejoice in the change.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

IN THE TIME OF THE ENGLISH.

It was a morning such as often broke over St. Malo in those days. A large sunshine spread over a larger sea that dimpled and glittered in the strong light, and stole into the gulf of narrow streets where night almost lingered yet. The stir, the commotion of a town awakened, the sound of many feet and many voices were in the air.

All night long there had been a movement in the city, a noise of men that came and went in the steep alleys and winding stairs; everywhere there had been unrest and difficult sleep, and sentinels that paced and challenged from hour to hour on the horse-shoe donjon by the inner shore, and on the Château-Gaillard that looked out over the northern water. And all night long lights had been burning before the high altar in the cathedral, and in the chapel of St. Aaron, and in the ancient chapel of Notre Dame-de-Grande-Puissance; while in the convent oratories hooded figures in black, white, and grey had knelt on the stone floors in ceaseless prayer. And in all the houses of the crowded town there had been many who in the darkness waked and wept, and the cry that went up from all was the same: *A furore Anglorum libera nos, Domine!* For in the evening, at the last hour of the day, a sail had been seen upon the northern water, and the sail was English.

At the earliest dawn the cathedral bells had begun to toll in the quick breathless pealing that warned of danger; the town had sprung to a livelier alarm that drove the people into the streets, some to crowd the

churches, more to climb the walls and peer out into the mists, behind which—one did not know how close!—the evil lay. And presently the great doors of the cathedral were set open and there came out a long line of altar-boys and singing-men, of chaplains and mace-bearers and servitors, of the canons with the great crucifix, and, amid the flicker of innumerable tapers, St. Aaron's golden shrine. For in the face of danger and the fear of the English St. Malo called to her help her protector and founder, St. Aaron of the Island. Solemnly, splendidly, they passed along the streets and circled the ramparts between ranks of kneeling people, between tall peering houses and the environning sea, where in the clear light to the north there was gathered a little group of sails,—sails which meant to the Malouins battle, murder, and sudden death, war, and the weeping of tears. *A furore Anglorum libera nos, Domine!* For this, as they say in St. Malo even to-day, was in the Time of the English.

We were not popular then in Brittany, and least of all perhaps in this corner of it, the Clos-Poulet, or country of Aleth, which is now St. Servan. On the whole, it was not surprising; we appeared on the coast uninvited, and were apt to stay longer than we were welcome. We were, it may be admitted, questionable guests. We came at our own good pleasure, and it was seldom that we left at theirs; we took what we wanted, and we wanted a good deal. There is perhaps in all the Clos-Poulet no foot of ground that we have not sometime called our own,

save only the little sea-bound city of St. Malo herself, that is virgin of our arms yet. No, we were not loved in Brittany then and the *temps des Anglais* has grown into a legend that is unhistorical history, a tradition mainly true and infinitely more vivid than the mere facts.

It is, for instance, a very different thing to read of the marriage of Geoffrey of England to the heiress of Brittany, and the murder of their son by John Lackland, to hearing the "Complaint of Arthur," the "little beloved," the "flower-faced," who was "so be-wept in all the land"; or the story of Constance the Lady, when secretly and in hiding she fled from castle to castle, escaping from one on a horse shod backward, and carried into another on the shoulder of a man-at-arms, lest she should leave behind her the track of the smallest foot in Brittany. It is something more, if less, than history, to think of her in the shadows of the great Teillay forest, where she hid in the brakes and undergrowth and slept beneath the fallen leaves; to fancy her sitting, veiled by her yellow hair, among the spinning-women in the castle which is now an ivy-covered mass of ruins; or kneeling in the oratory where "she wept the blue out of her eyes" for the death of her little son, and where still the peasants go to pray. And one does not easily forget the song of Constance the Broken-hearted, long-drawn, lugubrious, indescribably plaintive: *My son is dead; God of Brittany, where shall I seek my grave?* These are the things that history outlines and that tradition illuminates,—sometimes in blood.

But it is in St Malo itself, in the Clos-Poulet and on the neighbouring coasts, that the fury of the English was most felt and longest resented. One finds the fear of it so mingled with the legends of the country-side

that one can never forget the constancy of the danger, the sting of its remembrance. In the old almanacks which are hidden here and there, in the recesses and forgotten shelves of public libraries, in the lumber-rooms of old manor-houses, the records are full of the terrors of the *temps des Anglais*. "In this year the English harried the coast by Cancale,"—"On this day the English came into the bay and put many to ransom." Or else it is, with candid triumph, "The English lost a ship and cargo at —" some place, it may be on the other side of the world; or an ancient victory over them, perhaps of Duguesclin, is given in detail and under capitals. It is surely Souvestre, in the *DERNIERS BRETONS*, that says: "The Englishman was not merely a foreigner, nor even an enemy, but an *Englishman*; the living representative of five hundred years of war and oppression and pillage,"—and, he might have added, of fear.

There is, for instance, a corner of St. Malo which to-day is altogether changed, and which yet, for us, is full of strange associations; that part where now stands the Caserne de la Victoire, in what was once a convent, strange of its kind, for it held a community of Malouine widows. But long before either there was built here a fortress of which not one stone perhaps exists recognisably to-day; a fortress, almost forgotten even by this people of long traditions, which had its townward entrance where now is the Cour la Houssage and the House of the Duchess Anne, but turned its strength seaward keeping watch to the north. And the reason of its building was this.

There had come into the town a Norman, sleek of face and voice, a good comrade and full of merry words, with money in his pouch, and on his shoulder the pack of the little mer-

chant, the travelling trader. He sold his velvets and laces to the rich and his ribbons and kerchiefs to the poor; he went from house to house and street to street welcome everywhere, singing, it may be, the ballad of his trade.

It was a little merchant,
And who but he and his love?

But it was not for love that he lingered in the Clos-Poulet. If the cider had not come in from the Dol Marshes strong and sweet and fresh as only the cider of the *marais* can be, the story of St. Malo might have been strangely different and the Château-Gaillard would never have been built; for when the cider was in and the wits were out, papers were found on the little merchant that proved he was to betray the town to the English when they landed by night on that part of the beach which is still called the Grève de Malo. The Norman was hanged before he had time to get sober, and it is said somewhere that the women and children pelted his body with rotten apples, telling him to drink his fill; and the Château-Gaillard was built, with bastions running out to the rocks, to keep watch and ward during two hundred years for the sails that the Malouins knew so well, the sails of the English.

But to-day all that remains of it is a passage that once led from its donjon to the outer forts, and that still exists in part under the ramparts; where it is said that, by listening at a certain spot, there are strange sounds to be heard, like the echo of distant groaning and the clank of chains. And there is a dim uncertain story told by some, that here was once a prison, or a dungeon, or a vague assemblage of dead men. It is a pity to have to add that it is only the rise of the tide in the old

stone passage, which is now,—truth will out!—the main drain of the Victoire barracks.

But if the Grève de Malo recalls the Château-Gaillard it has also another and more wonderful story to tell; though it is only a rough beach where the town children bathe and play, and has never shared the dignity of the fashionable parade beyond. And yet it is beautiful after its fashion; storm-beaten in winter, a sheet of dancing surf when the tide rides up to the very walls, strewn at low water with rocks that are golden with varech. And between the Grand Bey on the one hand, and the Fort-à-la-Reine on the other, there is Gros Malo; and Gros Malo is historical.

It was still in the Time of the English, one can even be precise,—it was in November, 1693, a hundred years or more after the Château-Gaillard, to please the whim of a French king, had been dismantled and destroyed, and three hundred since the little merchant had been hanged on the town gallows, and the English ships had waited in vain for the signal that was to tell them the gates were open, and bid them land and conquer. And again the English lay in the bay, and St. Malo was in danger.

The town, it seems, was wholly unprepared. With the Château-Gaillard had gone also the custom of keeping watch to the northward; there was not a sentinel on the walls, not a gun loaded in the forts. The season of the year and the dreaded north-west winds had made, they thought, the bay so safe,—or, as one takes it, so unsafe—that every vessel in the port was disarmed and laid up for the winter. The Governor, the Constable, the Syndic, the Chief of the Marine, even (it seems incredible but is stated on authority) most of the garrison and nearly all the gunners, were absent and out of reach.

While already bombs were dropping into the streets and setting fire to the houses, messengers galloped forth in search of aid ; one of them reached Dinan in two hours, his horse falling dead under him as he rode in at the gate. But the Malouins, since better could not be, took up the defence of town and liberty,—a liberty which neither Breton duke nor French king had ever been able to wrest from them ; an independence that they had always valued far above life. They fought as men do who are driven to bay. From fort and island, from rampart and bastion, in answer to the attacking vessels, there was such a pothor of smoke and flame that, says one writer, “It seemed as if the mouth of Hell were open.”

The bombardment continued without ceasing. The English took the island of Cézembre, whence the monks fled in small boats to the mainland ; one who stayed behind, being old and infirm (one hopes the historian is prejudiced), was sorely mishandled. The town was spouting flames not only from the mouths of its cannon, but from its burning houses ; there was a reluctant flight of women and children to the safer heights of Aleth (St. Servan), and presently a long procession of priests, carrying their crosses and banners and the ornaments of their sanctuaries, and singing as they went the ancient litany, *A furore Anglorum libera nos, Domine !* And those, it is said, who lingered still in the town,—women to be near their husbands, mothers who would not leave their sons,—stood weeping at the gates, feeling themselves deserted indeed, as the chanting voices died away into the distance and the darkness.

And presently, as night drew to morning, there came a great explosion, so terrific that many who heard it, thought it was the end of the

world. Those in the town saw the houses totter and the cathedral shake and sway ; great rocks dropped from the clouds, and masses of water swept continuously in huge waves over the ramparts. The streets were in places many feet deep with stones, shattered iron and woodwork ; here and there were torn and mangled limbs and horrible fragments of flesh. Near the powder-magazine there was even the body of a man, headless, barely human, with a fuse still in his hand.

The sky hung over the town red as if from a vast conflagration ; seven and eight miles away the ground was felt to shake and quiver, and window-panes were broken. To those who watched, helplessly, hopelessly, from the heights of Aleth, it seemed as if St. Malo had been swallowed up in a huge consuming whirlwind of smoke and flame.

For the English had sent an enormous fireship, an infernal machine as Malouin history calls it, against the town, directing it to strike the powder-magazine and so to work an incalculable destruction. But the wind, rising suddenly, had changed the current and carried it out of its course, in spite of the forty unhappy men who guided it, to founder and blow up on one of the rocks that guard the shore, on Gros Malo. And Gros Malo saved the city, so that the only creature killed within the walls was a cat creeping along the gutter of a roof.

This was how Gros Malo came to be historical ; and this too was the beginning of another story in which he plays a part. For there had been an ancient tradition that in the passing of time the town of St. Malo would be swallowed up by the sea, as had happened to the city of Ys in Low Brittany, and nearer, as all the world knows, to Tommen, and Porz-Pican, Bourgneuf, Sainte-Marie,

Sainte-Anne and many more, in the Bay of Cancale. And it was said that since Gros Malo had saved the town from the English, he would save it also from the assault of the sea, so long as he stood himself above the water; and that this might always be so, the great bell that the corsairs gave to the cathedral was called, after him, Gros Malo, and there, in the topmost chamber of the spire, he hangs to-day. His voice has grown a little plaintive and uncertain in his old age, but still he is the guardian of the town; and Gros Malo above looks down on Gros Malo below, and both keep watch and ward.

A few years later the English came again; and again St. Malo was bombarded, but untaken. Then Cancale had its turn; and now, or earlier, it is written that "The English overran the Clos-Poulet, pillaging and looting, and setting high ransom on every head." And still later (in 1758) the Duke of Marlborough landed at Cancale and his army spread from Paramé and St. Servan inland to Pontorson and Dol; but St. Malo, with her single access, was still unconquered, un-reduced, though not uninjured. For constantly her houses were shattered by falling bombs, and the vessels in her port destroyed by fire; and if Marlborough failed to take the city, he cost her, at least, a sum huge in those days, large even now. And so, throughout the Clos-Poulet and along the coast the hatred of the English was fed, and seethed and gathered till presently it broke forth.

The battle of St. Cast has in some sort become an epic among the people. It has small connection with the actual facts, which are not marvellous enough to satisfy their desires; it is a victory in which they pay back all their defeats, all their fear and panic, all the loss and pillage that their fathers have suffered from our fathers' hands. They

have heaped into it the memory of centuries of rancour and hatred and the sting of defeat. They have even, in their bitterness, forgotten much that they would have done well to remember; there is no word, in their legends, that tells how the English some eight thousand strong, misled by echo and darkness, were held from fording the Arguenon by a bare hundred of half-armed peasants; they have forgotten the name of the brave soldier who led these men to what seemed certain death; and the name of the French traitor who betrayed them. They have forgotten of the fight itself nearly all the truth, and remembered best what never happened; the battle of St. Cast, as it lingers among the people, is not history but legend, the tradition of triumph, the epic of the Clos-Poulet.

Here is one story, for instance, that is told of it. When the tocsin was sounding in all the steeples of the towns and villages and upon the shore, the English guns sang also and sang loud. Suddenly from the ancient well of St. Cast there rose the figure of a white lady, so white that she was like the shining of sun upon snow. And the white lady was none other than the good Virgin herself, the little white statue that had stood for longer than anyone could remember, in the tiny niche within the ancient well. She flew towards the sea, she flew hither and thither along the shore like a white cloud before the wind; she flew so fast that her veil spread out behind her into a silvery vapour, a mysterious shining haze that lay like a curtain along the edge of the land, till the English, dazzled and bewildered, saw the mirage of the coast raised up into the air, and fired too high. And that was why the English guns, though they sang loud at St. Cast, sang vainly. And that is why, also, on all the sea between

St. Cast and Cape Fréhel, there are long white lines of shining froth and foam that are as white as sunshine upon snow; for the Virgin dropped her veil upon the water as she flew back again to her niche within the well, where she still is, and has been for longer than anyone can remember.

It is the folk of St. Cast who tell this story; but there are others who say it was the Virgin of the Temple-en-Pléboulle that saved the land. For it seems that she prayed so hard that the sweat ran from her in streams, and turned the brook beside the chapel into a river that the English could not pass.

It is impossible to quote the innumerable traditions that have grown up about the battle of St. Cast; how, for instance, the English soldiers stove in the cider-barrels, when they had drunk their fill, so that the cider ran knee-deep in the streets; how, though wood was ready to their hands, they heated the ovens with corn, and flung loaves of bread (and little children, if they came across them) into the midst of the flames. It is said that they threatened, if the peasants could not find them meat, to "cut steaks from their women;" that wantonly and with malice (and the feather-bed of the peasant is so precious to him, so infinitely to be respected, that this seems the worst crime of all!) they tore open the mattresses to laugh at the feathers whirled away in the wind; that they roasted the feet, and cut off the ears of those who were suspected of hiding their money. And there are other tales, not less true, to say the least, and certainly more significant of the vengeance of the country when it knew itself triumphant; as when a good woman whose husband had been killed by the English, no sooner heard of the victory than she fell upon a wounded man who had taken shelter

with her, and "cut him into mince-meat;" or when, also, a dying peasant avowed that his one desire was to eat the raw heart of an Englishman; and all that he conceded to his confessor was that he would allow it to be cooked.

But it would not be fair to the Clos-Poulet to let the single victory of St. Cast close what Souvestre calls five hundred years of pillage,—centuries, at least, when the fear of us lay so strongly on the land, that we were looked on as a very scourge of God. We suffered in our turn at the hands of St. Malo; and there are none of her legends more marvellous, and more enthralling, than the true stories of her corsairs. The barest facts about them are hardly credible; a few sentences taken almost at random from one of her gravest writers seem like quotations from a fairy-tale.

Merchants in days of peace, corsairs in time of war, sometimes both at once, according to circumstances they loaded their ships with rich cargoes, or fringed their bulwarks with cannon.

Victory rewarded their extraordinary audacity. Sailing singly or at most in couples, from 1692 to 1697 they captured nearly fourteen hundred well-armed English vessels.

They swept through the South Sea by the almost unknown route round Cape Horn, and came back to their little rock-city, charged with the fabulous wealth of Chili and Peru. . . . St. Malo was to be counted among the richest towns of the world; to Louis the Fourteenth she gave thirty millions of francs, to Louis the Fifteenth twenty-two millions.

From 1744 to 1748, the corsairs armed eighty-five vessels, carrying 2,110 cannons and 14,646 men. . . . From 1778 to 1783, they sent out 130 ships, and manned a camp of 11,000 men.

These are very bare figures; there is not even a name quoted, a name such as Duguay-Trouin, or Mahé de la Bourdonnais, to serve as a centre

for fancy or imagination. It is only a list, or extracts from a list, of ships captured, of money spent, of vessels built and armed and manned and sent out against the English. There are here no stories of Duguay-Trouin's wonderful audacity, of his escape from prison, of his strange campaigns in the South Sea,—and all of these are worth hearing; nothing about Porcon de la Barbinais's return to Algeria, to pay with his head for his King's empty pockets. And yet in the soberness of detail, in the simple and unexaggerated statement of facts, there is something almost impressive. For one is forced to remember that all this came from a single little town cramped by its walls on a small rock, cramped into half the area that, even within its ramparts, it covers to-day,—and yet St. Malo is narrow enough still, as all the world knows. She, all by herself, hampered our commerce, captured and harassed our ships, overran the Channel; she brought home to her rock such wealth as is hardly credible, such wealth as made her a power in France. Her corsairs were richer than princes; they lent their help to kings. We had made ourselves hated in the Clos-Poulet; the time had come when St. Malo was to show her teeth and make reprisals. If the time of the English were disastrous to her, the days of the corsairs were angry ones, and costly, for us.

The facts about them are still too fresh and strong to have been obscured by many legends; a few tales of their wealth, their pride, their rude independence, a sort of rich symbolism in their very name,—this is all, or almost all, that tradition has added to truth. There is one spot within the walls of St. Malo where, indeed, there lingers a quaint memory of them, in which, as it happens, we have a share. In the

Rue Sainte Anne that leads to the postern of Our Lady, there was in the old days a chapel dedicated to Notre-Dame-de-Grande-Puissance, a chapel that can still be distinguished, though it is now no more than a carpenter's workshop. But it was once the chosen sanctuary of the corsairs; here, the marriages of the great Malouine families took place at midnight; here, the captains came, before they set sail, to light a taper before the high altar, and to "receive the Gospels" in honour of the Virgin and Monseigneur St. Malo.¹ It was here, also, that during their absence their wives, mothers, and daughters, came to pray; here, that on their safe return, they hung up in thanks giving a tiny model of the ship in which they had sailed. And before the Revolution swept away all things, the vault of the chapel was full of innumerable little vessels that swung side by side, too many to count; exact miniatures of the frigates that were the wealth, the pride, and the glory of St. Malo. The roof of the little chapel of Notre-Dame-de-Grande-Puissance was, in some sort, a page of history.

But it was a history not for all to read, since in this chapel no Englishman might enter; one who thought to do so, barely escaped with life, so absolutely and without appeal was the door closed to him. It seems as if there were some fineness in the feeling that forbade our intrusion where so many prayers had risen against us; as if the tears of women

¹ *To receive the Gospels* is a ceremony much practised in the Clos-Poulet; it may be roughly described as a form of benediction, where the end of the stole worn by the celebrant is first laid on the head of the person "evangelised" and then given to him to kiss. It is customary to evangelise the children of the parish on Holy Innocents' Day; and if a child be sick or weakly, peasant women often recommend that he be "given the Gospels."

had made a barrier which we might not overstep. But this is sentiment; the reason is said, on good authority, to have been quite other; it was that we should not from the tiny models discover the secrets of their vessels, and learn to overcome them. It is less poetic; but remembering some of their modern restrictions, it is infinitely more French.

And this is but one of the memories haunting the streets of St. Malo in which we also have a part. In the castle the base of the horse-shoe tower is incrustated with bullets fired by an English Duke of Lancaster five hundred years ago; a little further and the Virgin of the Grand' Porte looks down on all who pass beneath with her strange mysterious smile, and one remembers that she, too, it is said, walked the ramparts in the Time of the English, to keep watch and ward over her well-beloved city. And when the English were outside the walls, she was seen, one morning, with her hand outstretched and pointing to the ground, where, following her guidance, they came on a mine and English soldiers working in it; soldiers who found their death, where St. Malo was to have found her destruction. And the Virgin of the Grand' Porte, remembering, looks down to-day upon us with the same strange smile of understanding.

But it is on the ramparts that the memories are strongest and gather about us like ghosts. There was the Château-Gaillard, and there the beach where the little merchant should have met the English with the keys of the city; here, when the fortress had been destroyed, a sentinel was posted night and day who bore the title of the English Watcher. Below, lying

like a black dog in the water, is Gros Malo, who saved the town. Yonder is La Varde and Paramé, where once Marlborough was encamped; floating, as it were, in the splendour of colour and light, are the innumerable islands, La Conchée, where our troops destroyed the fort, Cézembre, where we pillaged the Convent, and how many more? Away to the west is Fréhel with St. Cast somewhere on its bosom, and between us, the recollection of defeat. Towards the inner bay, there is St. Servan, the Rance, the spreading loveliness of the Clos-Poulet, where in the centuries we have so often come and gone; the ports where the corsairs armed and came forth, like bees, to sting us; the docks which once were marshes, where for six hundred years the guard at night was kept by a pack of dogs, lest the English should fall unawares upon the town. Everywhere there is the memory of the Time of the English, when only St. Malo was virgin and unsubdued, and when, upon her ramparts, St. Aaron was carried in state to protect his town.

But down below, as one looks idly into the sunshine, there awakes a sudden frenzy of life, an indescribable bustle, noise, commotion, a crowd that gathers suddenly, spreads, and increases. There is a cracking of whips, and a clatter of clumsy omnibuses, of little yellow chaises, of waggons piled with luggage; it is summer and the season has begun, and St. Malo is ready to welcome the stranger within her gates.

For after all it is still the Time of the English, and she is virgin of us no longer; we are become one of her harvests, and the English are at home in the Clos-Poulet.

MY INDIAN GARDEN.

My garden lies on the borders of the great plains that are known as the North-West Provinces of India. Half a mile off a river makes its way slowly among the sandbanks that rise daily in ever increasing patches above its surface. This river is the Ganges, and it is now fast shrinking from the immense volume of its monsoon flood to the comparatively narrow stream it becomes here in the hot weather. Two months ago its waters, nearly on a level with the bank, washed over the roots of a gigantic *pipal*-tree that marks the riverward limit of my garden. To-day all that is left to show how far the flood extended, is a shallow creek lying directly under the outspread arms of the *pipal*. Here the lazy buffaloes come to crop the juicy grass that grows along its margin, or to spend hours rolling and wallowing in the water. Further out the silence is occasionally broken by the splash of the pied kingfisher making his headlong plunge in pursuit of the *chilwas*, or tiny fish, on which he feeds.

The giant tree is perilously near the edge of the bank and is in danger of being swept away by the river during its seasons of flood. But for the present the tree is safe, and is now a noble sight as it stands with its vast limbs clothed in their mantle of graceful quivering leaves. In the spring the tree presents a most beautiful appearance. Each of the semi-transparent budding leaves is of a delicate copper tint, and glows when seen against the sunlight as if blood ran in its veins. This warm hue gives place gradually to a delicious

tender green, and at last the leaf assumes the glazed opaque colour of the mature foliage. Each leaf is mounted on a long stalk, and at the junction of this stalk with the branch grow two greenish-white figs of a faintly sweet taste. To many Indian birds *pipal*-figs form an irresistible attraction; and when the tree is in fruit, its branches shake all day, as the green pigeons, dog-headed barbets, bulbuls, parrots, mynas, and crows hop and flutter from twig to twig enjoying to the full the feast spread for them by the generous hands of Nature.

Among the birds, but unheeded by them, the little striped palm-squirrels run along the branches destroying ten figs in wanton glee for every one they think of eating. The ground is strewn with the ripe fruit thrown down by the busy company overhead, and the servants' children, tiny brown gnomes, spend hours crouched in the shade picking up the fallen harvest.

At night the great fruit-eating bats sail towards the tree on their noiseless wings, and keep up a hideous carnival until dawn silences the revellers and sends them flapping to some secluded tamarind-trees among whose shady branches they hang in rows to sleep the day away, with occasional bouts of bickering. A line of bamboos carries the boundary of the garden from the *pipal*-tree along the river-bank. As it trends away landwards, these give way to tamarinds, *neems*, and *shishams* with an undergrowth of lime and *karounda* bushes. A square green lawn, secluded from observation by poin-

cianas and a few casuarinas whose needle-like leaves make an endless sighing in the breeze, not unlike the beating of surf on a distant shore, occupies the space between the *pipal* and the *chabutra*, or low masonry platform, lying a few yards from the house.

The front gate is shaded by Millingtonias. Their grey fluted stems rise straight up from the ground like the pillars of an ancient temple, and their branches and leaves intermingle to form a natural archway over the gate. To the left of the Millingtonias is a small grove of mango-trees, while a second lawn in front of the house has its surface pleasantly lighted up by bright leaved crotons and poinsettias, and its borders made rich with verbenas, nasturtiums, pansies, and other annuals that bloom freely here in the delightful cold weather.

There is a drive round the lawn, and along its sides are planted oleanders, both pink and white, the hibiscus and the boxwood-tree with its profusion of orange-like blossoms, while close to the verandah a pucca aloe, or Adam's Needle, raises its magnificent raceme of ivory-white, honey-laden bells to view. On one side of the house there are some fine rose-trees, while the remaining side is flanked by an open space of grass-land which separates the servants' quarters from the house.

Birds are welcome to this garden of mine, and they like it all the better for its being old and somewhat grown to tangle and brushwood in parts. These quiet nooks, where the wild jujube throws its prickly arms round the purple-flowered bavinia, where the ground is white with the heavy scented blossoms of the Harsinghar, and the lentena-bushes form thickets six feet deep, are never touched by the hand of man, being sacred to the little Indian robin and

the *dayal*-bird, and it is among their shadows that the chestnut-winged crow-pheasant creeps away to roost.

Stretched on an easy chair in my verandah I am able, myself unnoticed, to study the ways and manners of the timid inhabitants of the garden. A fine drizzling rain is falling and, with the exception of a flock of Alexandrine parakeets, there is no bird-life to be seen at the moment.

The parrots do not seem to mind the rain. They fly to and fro over the lawn, and hover over a *neem*-tree among whose dripping branches they appear to be enjoying themselves. Hanging by beak or claws they swing from one swaying twig to another amid much fluttering of wings and noise of shrieks and screams. They are handsome birds with large powerful bills, and are very different from the common rose-ringed parakeet. As I watch them one flies past quite close to me, a living gem with a beak of red coral. He turns from side to side as he darts across the lawn, showing now the yellow undercovers of his wings and now the glossy green of his back and the maroon-red patches on his shoulders. In a moment he has alighted upon a casuarina-tree. Another and another bird follow him, and then groups of twos and threes till soon the tree seems to be alive with them. For some time an animated discussion is kept up when, with a premonitory scream and a whirr of wings, the whole party dash across the lawn, wheel at full speed round the *pipal*, and are gone. They are on a marauding expedition, and after a long detour will drop this time silently into the neighbouring guava-tope and work destruction there.

The rain has stopped, and a flood of golden light pours through a break in the grey wall of clouds. Here and there the grass glistens as if set with

diamonds, and each passing gust of wind sends a shower from the dripping leaves. A shadow crosses the lawn; I look up and see the tawny eagle. Poised on broad motionless wings he seems to halt or move by will-power alone. He turns his head from side to side, scanning the wold with his fierce eyes. His yellow claws are tightly closed, but they are ready to open should his keen sight detect an errant duckling or a wandering chicken. My servants hate him and, regarding him as a bad character, urge upon me his immediate destruction. He is known to them as the *laggar-bagga* or hyæna, and they never weary of recounting tales of his boldness, ferocity, and unprincipled conduct in connection with the poultry-yard. But free-lance and marauder though he be, I cannot find it in my heart to slay him. What though his cruel talons are dyed with the blood of many victims, to me he is the monarch of the air. There is that in his bold eye and fierce bearing that wakens thoughts of mailed knights, and the grinding of steel on steel, and the pomp and parade of the old days of chivalry. And how grand his swoop through the air! What hunter among men has experienced such a sensation as his headlong dive through space? No, so far as I am concerned, he shall remain the ruler of his airy kingdom.

Among the dry leaves of the bamboos the babblers are settling a quarrel. The combatants are two in number. They are lying on the ground with yellow claws interlaced and white eyes blazing with fury, as they aim fierce blows at each other. Round them the remainder of the tribe have formed a ring. The interest taken in the fight is almost human. The spectators, with their feathers puffed out until they

look like balls of brown fluff on golden wires, dance about in a state of high excitement. They squeal their approval or displeasure at the varying turns of the conflict; but they do nothing to interfere with the combatants.

Suddenly the bulbul in the lentena-bushes change their twittering discussions to a harsh note of alarm. In a moment the babblers become silent. The combatants unlock their claws and the whole crew flutter away into the bamboo twigs. The red-headed merlin (*turumti*) has glided past on his pointed grey wings. From his stronghold among the acacia thorns he has heard the uproar, and has come to see what booty he can snatch in the midst of it. As he skims over the bushes not a little bird is to be seen and, beyond that first rasping note of alarm, there is not a sound to be heard.

Some distance from the babblers a pair of hoopoes are feeding on the ground, with their slender curved bills busily searching every tiny crevice in which an insect can hide. As they pass each other they often indulge in quaint gestures, ducking and bobbing their heads, raising and depressing their crests as they do so, and uttering a low grating sound quite unlike their usual note. At last one flies away to a neighbouring mango-tree and, hidden among its leaves repeats a plaintive *oop-oop-oop* at intervals. Deaf to its companion's calls the remaining bird continues to feed on the ground and slowly approaches an ominous-looking hole close to where the *mali* (gardener) has stacked some empty flowerpots. There is something moving in this hole, but the bird, busy on a feast of squirming white ants, fails to see it. The creature concealed in the hole is apparently in a state of great excitement, and when the unwitting bird approaches

to within eighteen inches of its hiding-place, it flashes out into the light. The startled hoopoo has barely time to do more than half open its wings and utter a squeak of terror; the next moment a serpent's fangs are buried in its breast and one or two merciless coils are thrown round its helpless body. As the hoopoo flutters in its death-struggles, the silent bushes become once more alive with all the small birds of the garden. They form a crowd round the serpent and his victim, chattering and screaming their detestation of the loathsome reptile, but keeping at a safe distance from him. The snake, heedless of the voice of public opinion, moves his head slowly over the body of his victim and proceeds methodically to make arrangements for swallowing his dinner. At this moment Nemesis, in the shape of myself armed with a thick stick, intervenes. Without doubt the serpent is not to blame in satisfying the cravings of a nature that has been given to him; but there is no knowing when in a fit of vicious rage he might try the temper of his fangs upon my *mali's* bare feet as he crouches hoe in hand among the grass and weeds, making vain attempts to keep their luxuriant growth within bounds. So without further scruples the stick descends, and the snake dies. A truly hideous object is he to look at when laid out for inspection in my verandah. His body is short and thick, and covered with markings like those of a rock-snake or python. His eyes are deep-sunk and dull, his head broad and flat, and his jaws are armed with two rows of fine curved teeth. *Avoid me* seems to be written in the criminal expression of his sullen countenance.

In ten minutes' time the tragedy was over and forgotten, and the flow of bird-life in the garden resumed its usual course. The oriole (*pilak*) clad in black and yellow darted into the

very tree that shaded the spot where the hoopoo had been killed, and made the garden resound to the flute-like tones of his voice.

I turned aside and walked among the rose-bushes listening to the harsh grating notes of the tree-pies that were chasing each other through the mango-grove; sometimes they uttered a curious metallic note not unlike the plash made by a small pebble dropped into a still pool from a great height. The tree-pie is a graceful bird; its wings are short and rounded, and its tail long and graduated; the head and neck are a sooty brown and the back a reddish buff; the wings have each a pale grey bar, and the feathers of the tail are grey tipped with black. He is a graceful bird as I have said, but I regret to add that his character is not in accordance with his appearance. While he frolics with what seems innocent glee among the mango-leaves, his mind is full of plans boding no good to the white eggs that the silly brown dove has left on a small platform of twigs in the *babul*-bush. It is entertaining to watch his cautious movements as he reconnoitres the approaches to your dwelling and enters your verandah. He is partial to small cage-birds, and takes a mischievous delight in pulling their heads off their shoulders. I remember a friend of mine lamenting the diminishing number of some red wax-bills, known in India as *lals*, that she possessed. She had about a dozen of these tiny red-speckled finches, and kept them in a wicker-cage in her bed-room. For some time they lived in security and peace, and gave delight to their kind mistress. But one day an inquisitive tree-pie alighted on the window-sill and peered sideways into the room with his wicked brown eye. What he saw encouraged him to make closer investigations. He entered the room and perched upon the cage.

The little birds were frightened and fluttered about wildly, but he bided his time till at last one of them fluttered into his pincer-like bill and met its fate. He tore off its head and retired noiselessly to devour the dainty at his leisure amidst the fronds of the Poinciana-tree. The lady came in, went to talk to her sweet birds, and found to her astonishment and horror that one of them had died a mysterious death. Little did she think as she heard the note of the tree-pie that this dark deed had been done by him. The pie repeated his stealthy visits day after day. No matter where the cage was hung he succeeded in discovering it, and, taking advantage of moments when the room was empty, he entered and destroyed one or two of the wretched finches. One day, however, the *ayah* was left to watch the cage. The pie looked in as usual at the window. He saw something that appeared to be a bundle of white clothes in the room, but it did not move, and this reassured him. After much peering and craning of his neck in different directions, he apparently came to the conclusion that no danger was to be apprehended from the suspicious-looking bundle. There were only three finches left now, and delay had sharpened the murderer's appetite. With a low *chink* he entered the room and alighted softly upon the cage. The next moment the bundle of white clothes had jumped up and shut the window. There was no escape. The exasperated lady and her husband were called and the pie was shown no mercy; a well-aimed blow with a tennis-racket put an end for ever to the career of this ornithological Jack-the-Ripper.

By this time the pies have fluttered from tree to tree out of sight, and for a moment their harsh voices are still. Up in the Millingtonia over the gate

a crested bird is sitting. Its form is delicate; its head and wings are black; each wing bears a white spot, and the whole undersurface is white. From its throat comes a ringing note, wild, musical, and clear. It is answered from afar off, and the bird spreading its round wings floats into the air. It is soon followed by two or three others, whose cries are shorter and pitched in a lower key, the whole forming a sort of song and chorus. These birds are the crested cuckoo and her lovers. She is fond of admiration, a flirt to her feather-tips, and leads her cavaliers a wild chase from tree to tree and grove to grove before she makes her choice.

The courtship of many Indian birds is a very formal matter, and greatly different from the wild screaming chase of the crested cuckoos. This is well exemplified in the probation the Indian Roller, or jay as he is styled in India, has to undergo before he can find a wife for himself. The jay is a bird of very brilliant plumage when his wings are expanded, though when perched on the stump of a tree, or upon a clod of earth in a newly-ploughed field, his feathers appear to harmonise very closely with the subdued tone of his surroundings. His wings are of a light cerulean blue with a band of darker blue across the quill-feathers; his neck and breast are of a reddish brown, and the under parts a dull greenish blue. His wings are both broad and long, and although he usually proceeds at a leisurely rate, he is capable of darting aside or up or down at lightning speed. He, alone of the birds in my garden, appears to have studied the art of dancing in the air. His antics are seen to perfection in the months of March and April when his "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The young jay, upon whom he has set his affections, takes up her station on the top branch

of some convenient tree and utters an encouraging cluck. Her Romeo responds with an ecstatic chuckle and launches himself into the air. He makes a long sweep, flapping his wings slowly as he goes, and uttering cries that develope gradually from the hoarse subdued notes of love to shrill long-drawn screams of frenzied passion. Higher and higher rise his utterances as he mounts the air until he is poised far above his lady-love, a gleaming speck of lapis-lazuli in the rich sunlight of the Spring morning. His head points straight up to the sky and his wings are half expanded. As for a few moments he remains floating silently in this attitude, the bright colours of his plumage are fully displayed; his eye gleams like a speck of fire and his bill like a streak of silver. But now hope seems to desert him, and with it he appears to lose all strength and animation. His brilliant wings close, and in silence he drops like a plummet from the height to which he has attained. As he approaches the level of the trees he again expands his wings, and with low grating chuckles returns swiftly to his Juliet, who greets him with clucks of admiration and pride. Once alighted close to the female bird he raises his half-expanded wings and ducks his head several times towards her as if making profound bows, accompanying this ceremony with grating screams in which she often joins. Again and again the jay darts forth from the dewy leaves of the *Millingtonia* to perform the mazy dance that at last wins him the reward of his devoted admiration.

From the noisy jay it is a relief to turn the eye towards the orange umbels and purple berries of the *lentena*-bushes, where the bulbuls keep up a constant twittering. Their liquid note is pleasant to hear, and they seem always to have a good deal of

discuss, especially as evening comes on. Among natives the bulbul is often caged and kept for fighting, as these little birds are very pugnacious. It is easily tamed and may sometimes be seen fastened by one leg to a crutch-handled perch which its master carries with him when he goes for an evening walk. There are many varieties of bulbuls, some being birds of gorgeous plumage; but the one found here is a little brown bird known as the red-vented, or common Bengal bulbul.

Another bird that attracts attention from its numbers and vivacity is the *drongo* shrike known familiarly in India as the king-crow. The name is somewhat misleading, for he is not a crow nor does he associate with the members of the crow tribe to whom he bears a mortal hatred. He may often be seen pursuing a crow with great vigour and impetuosity from the vicinity of his perch. The crow, although so much larger and more powerful, invariably yields before the fiery attacks of the little *drongo*, and beats an ignominious retreat. King-crows are naturally pugnacious birds, and this trait in their character becomes developed to an extraordinary degree during the breeding-season, at which period it is not against crows only that they wage war; any intruder on their domains is at once attacked, and generally, be it said, forced to retire, if only to escape from the discordant cries with which the birds accompany the fierce swoops they make at his head and eyes. To judge from their numbers the *drongos* are very successful in the struggle for existence. There is no tree in the garden without one or more of them perched on some bare twigs, watching with keen black eye for the slightest movement that may betray the whereabouts of some unsuspecting insect. Even out in the neighbouring

fields their blue-black bodies may be seen riding on the backs of the cattle and goats. Every now and then one of them takes a short flight from its living perch to snap up a fly or grass-hopper. In the middle of the grass-plot in front of my house there stands a bush with glossy dark-green leaves and beautiful white wax-like flowers not unlike camellias in appearance. It has no English name and its scientific appellation is so long that I fear to write it; however, let the blame rest with the ingenious botanist that composed it; it is *Tabernaemontana coronaria*. Among the shining leaves of this tree sit a mother *drongo* and her two nearly fledged young ones. She is teaching them to kill. They sit and watch her dart across the velvety green grass, as a cabbage-butterfly flickers past on his way from the oleanders to the white clusters of the boxwood-flowers, hailing her return with chirps of delight, and crowding round her with raised trembling wings and gaping red throats. Soon there is nothing left of the beautiful fly but its wings which are discarded and fall fluttering to the ground, mute witnesses of the destruction done by these birds in the ranks of insect-life. The young *drongos* have keen appetites, and their constant appeals urge the poor mother to renewed exertions. She makes flight after flight watched greedily by her hungry brood, and rarely does she return without something for one of them. At last hunger proves too much for even this most loving of mothers, and with another large butterfly in her bill she attempts to gain the cover of the *neem*-tree without being seen by her offspring. But her children take too keen a personal interest in her movements to allow any hope of success. As she alights on the branch she has chosen they tumble up after her, and by dint of squeals, fluttering wings, and gap-

ing mouths,—which are the pleading ways of baby birds—they persuade the poor mother to yield up the morsel to them. The scene is touching, and it also affords food for reflection, for here is evidently a high order of intelligence; a struggle has taken place in the bird's mind between the desire to appease her own pressing wants and love for her young, and the purer impulse has gained the day.

Flying busily from their nest under the eaves to the short grass on the lawn are a pair of common mynas. They are in truth handsome birds, with their golden bills, black heads, and brown bodies, and if they were not so widely distributed they would attract more attention than they do. As it is, few people think of studying the ways and manners of this clever and interesting bird; yet with those who know him the myna is a favourite, ranking deservedly as one of the most intelligent and amusing of feathered pets. It must be admitted that his voice is harsh and grating, a failing common to many Indian birds, and that he has the human frailty of being fond of elevating it; but his cheery friendly ways make up for this, and the specific title of *tristis* must, in his case, be held to apply to the sober colour of his plumage alone. Mynas in a state of nature live very largely upon insects, but as young birds they can be easily brought up on a paste made of parched gram-flour and water; an occasional grass-hopper added to this somewhat insipid fare will be found to keep them in perfect health.

They are a wide-spread family and four separate branches of them live in and around my garden. Just beyond the silent creek underneath the *pipal*-tree some men are engaged in ploughing the *diara*, or river-bed land. At the tail of the plough hurries a mob of slate-grey birds with whitish

patches on their wings, jostling and pushing each other in their eager scramble for the grubs and worms that are turned up every now and then. These are the bank-mynas, so called from their habit of building their nests in the holes of mud-banks. Feeding near them are some black and white pied birds, called by natives *ablak-mynas*. These birds have a sweet trilling note, and are sometimes seen kept in cages. Somewhat apart from them are the Pagoda mynas, small dove-grey birds with ruddy salmon-coloured breasts and long pendent black crests; very handsome they are, and have a faint sweet warble of their own. During the winter months these resident mynas are visited by hordes of starlings that pay particular attention to the grain crops, and also by large numbers of the rose-pastor, one of the most beautiful members of this family. This bird arrives here towards the end of the cold weather and devotes itself to the mulberries and the flowers of the bombax, or great silk cotton-tree. One of these majestic trees, with its white leafless branches thrust out at right angles to its buttressed trunk, its profusion of deep red flowers each measuring nearly three inches across, and its swarms of chattering mynas, forms an impressive picture of tropical life.

From the mynas my attention was drawn once more to the *pipal*-tree by the sound of a peculiar whistling coo; if once heard this can never be forgotten, but it is impossible to give a close description of the sound. It is the call of the green pigeons. A *pipal*-tree in fruit is an irresistible attraction to these birds, and from the way in which the smaller branches are shaking it is plain they are busy at it now. The outer toe of the green pigeon's foot is reversible, and this gives it great power in grasping, so

that it climbs and crawls about the branches and twigs with almost as much ease as the parrots themselves. Every now and again one of them flutters out from the leaves singing in the air as it circles round the tree. The beautiful tints of the green pigeon harmonise perfectly with the foliage of the trees, and unless betrayed by an incautious whistle, or when feeding or moving about, a flock of these birds might be seated within a few feet of one without being detected. The Hindustani name of this bird is *hurrial* or *huriril*, and there is a belief that it never descends to the ground, being supposed to quench its thirst by flying low over the surface of pools or rivers and taking mouthfuls as it goes. This remarkable belief has originated no doubt in the frugivorous habits of the bird which, unlike the blue-rock, does not need to come to the earth to obtain its food. So far as I have been able to ascertain it has never been definitely proved that these birds do descend to the ground.

By this time the sun has come well out, and has enticed the crow-pheasant from his retreat in the jujube bushes to the middle of the lawn. The name by which this bird is commonly known in India is completely misleading. The bird is neither a crow nor a pheasant, nor a cross between a crow and a pheasant, if such a creature were possible. He is a member of the cuckoo family, and belongs to that section of it known as the ground-cuckoos; but unlike many of his connections, his domestic affairs are managed with great decency and propriety. For the last half hour he has been hooting dismally in his thicket, but now appears to be restored to good-humour, and stalks about among the glistening spikes of the grass and tiny wild plants in a very majestic manner, his copper-coloured wings

forming a striking contrast to his coal-black body and tail. He frequently interrupts his stately promenade to make a dart forward at a grass-hopper or beetle, expanding his round wings as he does so to balance himself. His powers of flight are feeble, and when alarmed he takes himself off with great expenditure of energy and a poor return in speed, making as a rule for the nearest tree and alighting all of a heap on one of its lowest boughs. From here he progresses in a succession of vigorous hops until he gains the top of the tree, when he launches himself into the air once more and by dint of desperate flapping contrives to reach the next tree about ten yards off, and so makes his escape. He is a bird adapted by nature to live in brush-wood and tangle, and his powers of locomotion are not to be estimated by his performances on the wing. There are few birds that can rival the ease and speed with which he makes his way through the thickest undergrowth. The crow-pheasant (the name has become sanctified by long usage and is more manageable than chestnut-winged ground-cuckoo) is in his way a benefactor to the human race and ought to be regarded by mankind with feelings of friendly interest. He lives upon scorpions, centipedes, and small snakes, besides beetles and grass-hoppers. This is a bill of fare that does not perhaps recommend the bird as quite suitable for a household-pet, but it marks him out as a creature to be encouraged about the garden; for there is no Indian garden, however well kept it may be, but contains its host of noisome reptiles and insects. If left alone the crow-pheasant becomes very tame, and will frequently show himself in the full glory of his striking plumage stalking across the lawns, or promenading in the shadow of the *mehndi*-hedge.

There is yet another member of the cuckoo family in my garden whose acquaintance it is impossible to avoid making, his claims to attention being enforced by the possession of a powerful voice. During the hot weather the fires of love develope the vocal powers of this little creature to what might fairly be called an alarming extent, and from sunrise to sunset, and often at night, every garden and grove in the North-Western Provinces rings with his amorous complaints. At other seasons of the year, the bird is but rarely heard and seldom seen. One of them has now taken up a position in the *neem*-tree near the gate. It is very difficult to see him; his grey mottled plumage so closely resembles the colour of the bough he has chosen as his resting-place that he is practically indistinguishable from it; his voice also seems to come from everywhere at once, and forms a puzzling factor in the search. To add to this he has a vexatious habit of suddenly falling silent and flitting away, and it is not until his shrill piping is heard at the other end of the garden that we know he has eluded our search. He begins his chant low down in the scale. At first it is a wild laugh *ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha*, each pair of syllables rising in a carefully graduated *crescendo*; this is followed by a refrain, *brain-fever, brain-fever, brain-fever*, from the monotonous repetition of which he has received the well-chosen name of the brain-fever bird.

Looked at from a moral point of view the brain-fever bird is an impostor. His whole life is devoted to hypocrisy. He clothes himself in the garments of a hawk, and when he flits across the garden in his noiseless way there is a hurry and scurry among all the small birds that are out. The babblers scream together and the bulbuls all twitter in alarm;

the *thamnobia* dives into the thicket, and the purple sunbirds dart away from the golden bells of the *alamanda*. But he, the cause of this alarm, is himself filled with dread. He looks neither to the right nor to the left, but with his head tucked into his shoulders hastens on his way to the friendly shelter of the *Millingtonias*. He hopes the crows have not seen him, for they, who know all things, have probed the secret of the mottlings on his soft plumage. To them he is a base cuckoo,—a cowardly feeble thing made to flout at; and so he scuttles along in mortal fear from tree to tree and the crows laugh at him. The brain-fever bird, or, as it is called by ornithologists, the hawk-cuckoo, shows a decided partiality for the nests of the babblers, on whom it fathers its young with unfailing success. It is a pitiful and at the same time ludicrous sight, to watch a pair of babblers devoting their time to feeding a hulking youngster of twice their size. The foster-parents seem quite proud of their giant baby; but what a pang it must be to them when one sunny morning he darts away with that noiseless cuckoo-flight of his and takes no further notice of the kindly, if garrulous, folk among whom he spent the helpless days of his infancy.

The crows are cawing fitfully while they sit on the roof of the cook-house, as if passing remarks in a listless way on things in general. At last the door opens and the old *bawarchi* (cook) appears with a platter. He throws the contents on the ground; immediately the crows descend in a black cloud, and in a few moments not a scrap is left. Crows are not fastidious, and consequently they rarely go hungry. From the scraps thrown to them by the *bawarchi* they will go with equal zest to pillage the guava-tope with the parrots, or feast

with the green pigeons and barbets on the *pipal*-figs, or, assuming the garb of innocence, they will glean among the fields with the blue-rocks and mynas. They will even be found disputing the possession of a rubbish heap with that *chiffonier* among birds the Egyptian vulture, or assisting the Adjutant cranes and black vultures to celebrate the obsequies of a dead Hindu. Hence it is that the crow goes to roost with the firm conviction that the next day will bring him a full meal. Crows are as much at home in the reeking lanes of a bazaar as they are in the more savoury boundaries of Indian gardens. They sit on the eaves of the fat *bunnyah's*, or graindealer's, shop, peering down every now and then till the greasy owner happens to turn away. Seizing their opportunity they swoop down in a moment upon the baskets of *lawā* (popcorn), wheat, barley-flour, and other good things, and swallow big mouthfuls as fast as they can. At length the *bunnyah* turns round to discover the burglarious attempts being made on his supplies. He aims wild blows at the daring robbers, but they dart away untouched and caw jeeringly at him from the housetops. Sometimes the limits of even the patient *bunnyah's* endurance are reached; what with sacred bulls, beggars, and bad debts he feels that, if any profit is to be made out of his business, he must strike a bold stroke. It is, however, against the precepts of his religion to deprive any creature of its life. Yet there is a way out of the difficulty. He persuades a friend to shoot a crow for him, and hangs the dead body by one leg in front of his shop. From this moment he is quit of his tormentors, for as long as a single tail-feather of their martyred brother remains fluttering in their view, so long is the shop *taboo* to the crow-community.

Had the estimable Professor Ger-vinus applied to the life-history of the crow that same powerful mental lens through which he studied the character of the melancholy Dane, he would doubtless have discovered the reason why these birds have held their own so well in the struggle for existence. The crow possesses to a marked degree those two qualifications cynically supposed to be essential to success in life, a good digestion and no conscience. He is suitably clothed in black, and his character, unlike that of the tree-pie, is quite in accordance with his livery.

The dominion of the crows about the cook-house and the stables is disputed by the common, or *pariah*, kite. This bird, fitted by nature for a nobler life, has become to a large extent a parasite on man, and has lost much of its courage and fierceness, while it has gained in cunning and dexterity. The *pariah* kite has become so accustomed to the presence of human beings that it has been noticed hovering over the crowded platforms of large railway-stations, on the watch for the open trays and baskets in which the native vendors of sweets and cooked meats hawk their wares, and often making good its swift dashes at them. When the monsoons burst and the low-lying rice fields are turned into swamps, the kite spends hours circling over these wastes of shallow water watching for frogs, to which he is very partial. I have often seen him flapping heavily away to some tall tree bearing in his claws a wailing frog,

which he proceeds to devour with callous indifference to the fact that it is still alive.

At dusk, when the crows fly in long lines to their roosting-places and the voices of jay and mynah are hushed, the little owl flits from his nest in the chimney top and sits under the white blooms and long green leaves of the *gulachin*. A quaint little bird is he and worthy of notice, as he sits there surveying the fading landscape through his large dreamy eyes, calling to mind in a comical way the globular face and rotund figure of the immortal Mr. Pickwick. He is not a purely nocturnal bird; a cloudy day will tempt him out of his retreat, for it is only the bright sunshine that seems to dazzle him.

There are many more birds in my garden whose appearance and ways the limits of this sketch prevent me from describing. The pond-heron has just swung down from the bamboo tops to his lonely vigil on the oozy margin of the creek. The bee-eaters are flashing golden green in the rays of the setting sun as they dart across the grass in eager pursuit of moths. The daurian swallow skims past the verandah, and the copper-smith sounds his metallic note from the topmost bough of the giant *pipal*. The *sir-keer* gazes inquisitively at me from a gap in the *mehndi* hedge, and as I turn with unwilling step to enter my house, I hear the shrill laugh of the golden-backed woodpecker ringing through the air.

G. A. LEVETT-YEATS.

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THE TREASURY-OFFICER'S WOOING.

By CECIL LOWIS.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was the end of May, the season when the horse-chestnuts at Crookholme were laden to their heaviest with blossom. The tree which decked one corner of the rectory's sloping lawn, near the confines of the orchard, had brodered its robe of soft bright green with a pattern of purest white spikes, and stood bearing more vivid testimony to the power of summer's breath than even the noble beeches, or the limes that fringed the road above the front gate. Ethel was wandering slowly up and down where the shadows cast by the afternoon sun chequered grass and gravel. She held a branch of horse-chestnut in her hand, a half dozen or so of tender wrinkled leaves surmounted by a delicate cone of flowers, but she was not looking at the spoil she had just gathered on tiptoe from the drooping boughs. She was in the rapt ecstasy of a summer day-dream, and had yielded herself entirely to the lulling influence of her surroundings. The warm air, the patches of light and shade carpeting the path on which her eyes were bent, the hum of insect life around, had transported her in imagination to the East, and she was wandering once more in the cool depths of a Burmese forest, and hearing again the clear far-off cry of beast and

bird re-echo through its leafy vaults, while some one paced by her side who in times gone by had with her listened to the sounds which fancy now bore to her ears. The click of the white garden-gate merged for the moment with the voices of the jungle and found a harmonious interpretation in her brain; and it was not till the latch swung back with an answering snap that she raised her eyes to see, approaching her along the drive, a figure that was in a measure in keeping with her inward vision. It was not he who had been stepping with her through the forest of her dream, but one who might and, she instinctively felt, would give her news of him.

Waring's quick eyes had sighted her even before she looked up. He walked past the front-door to where she came slowly forward to meet him.

"Father and Mother are out," she said, after the first words of greeting had been spoken; "but Father will be back in time for tea, I know. You will stop and see him, won't you?"

"I should like to, if I may. Isn't it a grand day?"

"Exquisite; it reminds me of the day we met last."

"Yes, that was a nice day, too, wasn't it? I was half afraid that on such a fine afternoon you would be

out. I've been wanting to come down to see you for some time past, but what with one thing and another it has been impossible till to-day. What a lovely bit of horse-chestnut."

"Isn't it?" and she held it out for examination.

"I've seldom seen such a fine head of blossoms," he exclaimed; "it's perfect. Yes," he resumed, handing the branch back, "I've been meaning to pay you a visit for the last week or more; I've been asked to give you something."

"Indeed," she said; "what is that?"

"A letter," he replied, producing the packet Heriot had made over to him at the Criterion.

She was standing facing him, shading her eyes from the glare with the feathery bunch she held. He looked into her eyes as she reached out her hand for the packet, wondering whether she had any suspicion of the course events had taken since he had last seen her, and, if not, how she would receive the news he would have to give her.

"Why, what a thick letter!" she exclaimed, as she took the packet from his hand and turned it over. "It looks most formidable. It is very good of you, though, to have brought it. Who is it from?"

"From Mr. Heriot."

Her eyes lightened. Her instinct had not failed her; he had come with a message from the person of whom her thoughts had been so full but a minute or two before. "What, he has arrived then!" she exclaimed. "I thought he must have; how long has he been at home?"

"Nearly three weeks now."

"Three weeks!" Her face clouded slowly.

"Yes. He hasn't written to you yet then?"

"No. Isn't this letter——"

"It was given to me some time ago, shortly after he arrived."

The cloud thickened, and Ethel reddened with a sudden access of irritation. "That is a long time ago," she said in a low voice, looking hard at the letter. She was wondering what could have induced Waring to keep the missive back so long. It might perhaps have explained the writer's long unaccountable silence; there might have been an answer required. It was most inconsiderate of the bearer to detain it—more than inconsiderate—cruel! She was about to tear the envelope open, regardless of her visitor's presence, when his voice arrested her.

"It contains papers of your brother's," he said, divining the cause of her discomposure. "I was specially asked to deliver it personally, or of course I should have sent it by post. There is a note for you, but Mr. Heriot said there was no hurry, so I don't think it can have given any news or required any answer. Any news that it gives must be unimportant."

"Why?" she asked. The glow had not yet died away from her cheeks.

"Comparatively unimportant, I should have said. What I mean is that the most important thing that has happened to him lately has happened since he gave me the letter to give to you."

"Happened! What has happened to him?" Her voice was almost fierce. The flush had faded and she fronted him, pale and apprehensive.

"He is married," he replied with deliberation, as a leaden weight settled heavily on his heart at the sight of her anxious look.

She gave a little gasp, but said nothing for a brief space. She picked off one of the chestnut-leaves from the stem, and in the silence that succeeded Waring's words she began to

pull it mechanically to pieces, dragging out the green tissue from between the ribs till it hung, a limp, drooping skeleton in her trembling hand.

"Not to Miss Dudley-Devant?" she murmured, when she had gained partial control over her voice.

"Yes."

"Wasn't the engagement really broken off?"

"Yes."

"Then wasn't she really engaged to the other man?"

"She was, but she thought better of it at the last moment when Mr. Heriot arrived from Burmah."

"How long before the wedding was that? They were to have been married a few days after I saw you last." It was almost as though she believed that there must be some terrible mistake, that she had not heard the news he brought aright.

"She seems to have made up her mind the night before the wedding, for she left town early on the morning of the wedding-day," said Waring, determined that she should hear all he had to say simply and directly. "My sister got a frantic letter from Mrs. Devant the first thing that morning; she thought at first that her daughter had run off with Mr. Heriot."

"Hadn't she?"

"No. She found when she went to Waterloo, (where she met Heriot,) that Miss Devant had only gone down to her father at Ventnor; he followed her by a later train. From there she wrote to her mother to say that she was not going to look at Mr. Hexham under any conditions, and was determined to marry Heriot or nobody, and, as he was close at hand to back her up, and she had got her father to her way of thinking, the mother had to give in. I believe she came round willingly enough in the end, for Heriot has had some money

left him by an uncle and is now moderately well off."

There was a long silence, and then she looked up. "You say he has been in England three weeks," she said.

"About that. He came round to see me the day after you were up in town and told me that he had just arrived. He seems to have got Miss Devant's address from my sister, and to have met her the same day."

"Your sister!" exclaimed Ethel. "So *she* told him, did she? When were they married?"

"The day before yesterday."

"Did you go to the wedding?"

"No," said Waring, missing the object of her question and imagining that she only wished to be definitely assured that the wedding had taken place; "no, but we heard about it yesterday. It was at Ventnor, a very quiet affair; my sister was asked to go, but could not manage it."

"I suppose they were deeply grateful to you and your sister," said Ethel bitterly; "it was most considerate of you bringing them together again."

She broke off and set to work rending another leaf to fragments, while Waring watched her with a dull sense of dismay. He saw now, as clearly as though she had told him in so many words, that Ethel had up to that moment cherished the fond hope that Heriot would in the end show that the devotion of times gone by had not been a semblance only and a hollow mockery. He had journeyed to Crookholme that day with but the dimmest conception of all that Heriot still was to Ethel, and this, not because he had forgotten how puissant the Forest-Officer's sway had been in the past, but because he had overrated Ethel's power of shaking off the spell; and thus he had entered the garden-gate, buoyed up by the hope of better days to come and imagining

that, with Heriot's wedding, he had seen the last barrier between himself and the maiden of his choice swept away. Now, however, he perceived that all that his news had effected was to open a gulf between them which widened at every moment. Ethel's last words brought home to him, with a sting that made him wince, the knowledge that she suspected him of having helped to bring Heriot back to Millicent in the furtherance of his own ends, in the hope that he would, with his rival disposed of, have it all his own way at Crookholme. He longed to repudiate the unspoken charge: twice he opened his mouth to explain, and twice, as he remembered how nearly he had yielded to temptation, the words of vindication stuck in his throat; and in the end he stood on the gravel, dumb and sick at heart, with Ethel shredding leaves remorselessly opposite him.

It was a very perturbed couple that the Rector, returning briskly from a walk, came upon round the corner a minute or two later.

"Ah, Waring!" he exclaimed cheerily as he approached, with hand outstretched in welcome. "I'm very glad to see you. When did you arrive?"

"About five minutes ago."

"Good, then you're not off yet. I'm sorry my wife is not here to receive you, but she'll be in soon, and you must stop and see her. I am going in half an hour or so to fetch her from a friend's, where she is having tea. We shall be back before supper, and I dare say Ethel will be able to amuse you till then. You must stay and have supper with us before you go."

"Thanks, I'm afraid I cannot stop; I must be off again directly," replied Waring, taking his cue from Ethel's face. "There's a train at half-past five I want to catch."

"What! and only arrived five minutes ago! Do you know, my dear sir, that it's half-past four now. It's sheer nonsense. There's a capital train that will get you up to town before nine o'clock. Ethel, can't you persuade Mr. Waring to stay?"

"Won't you stop to supper, Mr. Waring?" said the obedient daughter; but the voice in which the invitation was offered was not such as to lead Waring to alter his determination of leaving the rectory at the first opportunity, and he could only repeat earnestly, "Thanks, I'm afraid I really can't."

The Rector cast a rapid glance, first at one and then at the other of the young people, and his eye-brows went up, as we have seen them go up before, in mute surprise. For the two to have met after a fortnight's absence, and to have succeeded in quarrelling within the short space of five minutes, was a feat which altogether exceeded the reverend gentleman's power of comprehension. "Well, you must come in now and have some tea at any rate," he said, preceding them to the house. "Ethel," he added when they had reached the front door, "will you run and tell them to have the pony-carriage ready at five o'clock? I can drop you close to the station, Waring, if you are set on going by that half-past five train. I shall be driving within a couple of hundred yards of the railway."

Tea was a very solemn function. Neither Waring nor Ethel (the latter of whom lingered over the ordering of the pony-cart as long as she dared) spoke more than was absolutely necessary, and each rigorously avoided the eye of the other. The Rector, whose spirits were not easily damped, did his best to ignore the prevailing sense of depression and to infuse a little cheerfulness into the meal; but all

his attempts to enliven his two companions and make them talk fell flat, and, after a while, he was himself reduced to the briefest of common-places, and in the end to almost total silence. Ethel would eat nothing and Waring merely made a pretence of consuming his bread and butter; and altogether there was a general feeling of tension relaxed when wheels sounded on the gravel outside and word was brought that the pony-carriage was at the door.

"Am I to give you a lift then, Waring?" asked Mr. Smart, finishing his second cup of tea with a gulp and rising with a deep breath of relief. "Remember, you will not be taking me out of my way in the least."

"Thanks, I will come with you if I may," returned Waring. He would have given a good deal to be able to have a few minutes alone with Ethel before he started. He had had time to consider, and felt sure that a word or two would suffice to disabuse her of one at least of the delusions she was labouring under with regard to him; but he did not see how he could well refuse the Rector's offer, nor was he in the least anxious to thrust more of his society on Ethel, if it was to be against her will.

Mr. Smart jumped actively into the little, low pony-carriage, took the reins into his hand, and, while Waring bid good-bye to Ethel, turned his broad back on them both and occupied himself with an obviously unnecessary examination of the whip and harness. He was thinking how much better after all it would have been had he driven off alone.

"Good-bye, Miss Smart," said Waring, holding out his hand. "I am,—I am sorry if what I told you has upset you." Immediately the words were out of his mouth he realised that they had only made matters worse than they were before.

"Oh, I'm not upset; it's nothing," murmured Ethel, barely touching the proffered palm with her fingers. "Good-bye; I hope you will remember me to your mother,—and sister."

"You must come for a longer stay next time," exclaimed the Rector, who had completed his scrutiny of the whip-lash and was now making a last desperate effort to dissipate the gloom. "Mustn't he, Ethel?" he added, turning to his daughter as Waring took his seat by his side.

"Yes,—next time," said Ethel, gazing straight in front of her.

She watched the pony-cart jog with its occupants out through the front gate and round the corner. Then she turned her back on the porch and ran swiftly up the steep stairs, with Heriot's letter, still unopened, clutched tightly in her hand. Arrived in her bedroom at the top of the house, she locked the door behind her, dropped into a chair by the dressing-table, and, resting her head on her hands, sought relief in a flood of bitter tears.

CHAPTER XXII.

GERTRUDE's first impulse, when she saw who it was that was bearing down upon her was to turn and flee, but the handle of the door was abominably stiff, and at the second fruitless effort she realised that it was too late for flight, and that she must resign herself to her fate.

She had sallied forth, alone, and in one of her oldest dresses, to do a little shopping on the day of her brother's second visit to Crookholme, setting her heart at ease with the assurance that at the hour of sun-down she was certain not to meet any of her acquaintances bent on the same errand as herself. And so it came about that the only thing that may invariably be reckoned upon as

certain to happen, to wit, the unexpected, did that evening happen. She had stepped into a jeweller's in Oxford Street in the hope of being able to see something that would do as a present for her mother (whose birthday was near at hand), had found that the amiable individual presiding at her end of the shop could show her nothing that would suit, and was opening the door to go out again, when she observed a young man, who, at the further end of the establishment, had just received a small parcel from the hands of the obsequious manager, move rapidly and with an air of recognition towards her. A sense of vague apprehension thrilled her as she perceived that it was the rejected bridegroom; and a guilty recollection of what she had done to bring about his recent repulse making her, she knew not why, anticipate a scene, she mechanically dropped the door-handle, feeling that, if anything was to happen, it were best that it should happen in the shop and not in the street. She need, however, have had no misgivings. Hexham raised his hat with lamblike meekness when he reached the door, and his countenance betrayed no anger, nothing more than an inordinate sheepishness with which was combined an almost grotesque look of melancholy.

"How do you do, Miss Waring?" he said. "I thought I recognised you. Funny that we should be shopping at the same time and at the same place. Nice shop this, isn't it? How are you?"

"I'm very well, thanks, Mr. Hexham."

"Wish I was. I'm down in my luck, as you may imagine. Are you going?" for he saw that she had raised her hand again to the door.

"Yes, I must be getting home," she answered. "Good-bye."

"May I walk home with you then a little way?" he said.

He spoke so wistfully that she had not the heart to refuse him, though she was still doubtful what might underlie this mild exterior. The door was flung open by the urbane shopman, who seemed clearly of opinion that Hexham was a customer deserving of some attention, and they left the shop together.

They walked for some little distance in silence, till they had got clear of the densest of the foot-traffic and had emerged upon a clearer track of pavement. Then Hexham broke out. "Don't you think it was precious hard lines on me, Miss Waring?"

She did not reply at once. "Perhaps," she said at length, assuming that he referred to Miss Devant's treatment of him; "but don't you think that it was better that she should know her own mind in time, than that she should have married you and repented when too late?"

"I don't know," he replied despondently. He really did seem very sorry for himself; his complexion looked pastier than ever against his red hair, and his round eyes had dark lines under them.

"Your being married to her would probably have made both your lives unhappy. You must remember that," she went on, conscious that the comfort she tried to give him could at best be but slender.

"Oh, I know that well enough," he answered. "And after all, it isn't that so much: I am more or less reconciled to having to do without her; but it's the disgrace that I cannot stand. I was not such a fool, Miss Waring, but what I could see that she never cared for me much, though I always hoped she would get to like me more after we were married, for I did mean to be a

good husband, 'pon my soul, I did. But what bows me over is the beastly ignominy of the thing, and the hopeless kind of feeling I've got that I shall never get anybody to care for me now."

"Don't say that, Mr. Hexham," exclaimed Gertrude, with a twinge almost of compassion for the dejected youth. "I'm sure you must have lots of friends."

"Not one, upon my soul," returned the downcast Hexham. "You're the first person that's given me a kind word these last ten days. It's awfully good of you to let me walk with you. You were her greatest friend, you know, and it comforts me even to look at somebody who was a friend of hers."

"I'm glad I can do something to cheer you up," she murmured, not knowing what else to say and longing for an opportunity of cutting short this embarrassing interview.

"If it weren't for you," he broke out after they had covered a few more yards in silence, "I believe I should commit suicide. You've no idea how lonely I am."

"You mustn't talk nonsense, Mr. Hexham," exclaimed Gertrude with cheery emphasis. She was a little staggered by his last confession—though only so far as it concerned herself; she was not nervous about the young man. "Of course you have got lots of friends,—you can be sure enough of that—friends who are as sorry to see you unhappy as I am. Now, I'm not going to take you out of your way any longer; you see, I turn up here. Please don't bother to see me the rest of the way home; the house is only a step from where we are now."

They had halted near that popular trysting-place of Metropolitan wooers, the Marble Arch, and stood, facing each other, removed a few yards up a

side street from the impetuous stream of pedestrians.

"Oh, don't go in yet," pleaded Hexham eagerly. "I am so precious low, and you're so bright and jolly and cheer a chap up so. Would you, —would you very much mind walking a little with me in the park?"

"I couldn't possibly, Mr. Hexham. Good-bye; I really must be going home."

"I wish you would come with me," persisted the youth with an earnestness that surprised his hearer. "It's a lovely evening; it would be a shame to go in now. Besides, there's something more I want to say. You've come along Oxford Street with me," he added; "why shouldn't you go a few yards into the park with me?"

Gertrude stood irresolute, but for a second only. Hexham's last remark had appealed to her common-sense. It had always been her pride that she could afford, on good occasion, to ignore the ordinary conventions of society; and on this occasion it really seemed as though, by a kind word or two and a little humouring, she could help to cheer up this woebegone young man whose misery, as she reflected, she had in a measure herself brought upon him. It was a duty she owed her conscience. "Very well," she said, "for a few minutes then. But you must say what you want to quick."

Hexham was right when he said that it was a beautiful evening. The day had been as balmy in London as at Crookholme. The sky smiled blue and cloudless above, and the sun was sinking slowly into a sea of dull orange mist over the housetops of Kensington. They entered the iron gates of the park together, differing outwardly but little from the many furtive couples around them, and together paced slowly westward outside the fringes of the crowds that

surrounded the Park orators, past the diverging of the ways, till they penetrated into a region where the sound of impassioned speech sounded faint in their ears.

"If you are so lonely, Mr. Hexham," exclaimed Gertrude when all around them was comparatively still, "why don't you go down to your people in the Isle of Wight?"

"I've got no people down there," he replied; "only an old aunt or two. It would be worse down there than here, I assure you. Besides I shouldn't have you down there to cheer me up," he added.

"Me! I'm sure I'm no great stand-by," returned Gertrude, barely able to restrain a smile at the young man's last words, and they walked onwards in silence till they reached a seat under some trees, one of the seats that line the path running parallel to the Bayswater Road. Here Hexham said, "Let us sit down; I want to show you something."

She sank obedient on to the bench, determined to humour him to the utmost. He seated himself at her side and drawing from his pocket a small parcel began to remove the white tissue paper in which it was enveloped. Gertrude watched his movements with languid interest; she recognised the parcel as the one Hexham had received from the jeweller's hands a few minutes before.

The removal of the tissue paper disclosed a neat dark morocco-leather case, which Hexham opened and handed to Gertrude. "What do you think of it?" he said.

"It is perfect!" she exclaimed, roused out of herself, almost against her will, to undisguised admiration.

There was a diamond star in the case, a twelve-pointed star formed of brilliants of exquisite lustre, a quivering diagram of light on a background of dark blue velvet. As Gertrude

held it up the facets caught the sunset glow and sparkled with minute pin-points of liquid fire. It almost dazzled her.

"It was for her," he explained, taking the case passively back from her hands when she had gazed her fill at its contents. "It was to have been ready the morning of the wedding; but I didn't go and fetch it that morning,—you know why. And now they won't take it back. I went just now to find out if they would, but they wouldn't." He stopped and looked at the ornament critically at arms' length, with his head a little on one side, his red-rimmed eyes blinking in the blaze. Then he turned round on Gertrude. "Two hundred and sixty quid seems a lot to chuck away on a bit of a thing like that, doesn't it?" he exclaimed.

"It does."

"And it's all wasted now,—unless,——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless,—well, what else can I do with it?"

"I suppose you will marry some day, Mr. Hexham. The diamonds won't spoil by keeping."

"You mean I could give them to my wife,—if I ever marry now."

"Exactly."

"And if I don't marry?"

"If you don't marry,—well—if you don't marry, I should give them to somebody else as a wedding-present. Let me have another look at them, please; thanks. Have you got a sister?"

"No; why?"

"Any cousins, girls I mean, that you are very fond of and would like to give a really handsome present to?"

"Only one—and she's forty—and ugly, beastly ugly!—and married, and I'm not very fond of her."

"Well, in that case I really don't know what you can do with them if

they won't take them back. They are exquisite, far, far too good for an ordinary everyday wedding-present. You really must marry, Mr. Hexham, for the sake of the star, if for nothing else," she added with a little laugh.

Hexham looked down and shuffled with his feet uneasily. "Will you take the star, Miss Waring?" he muttered.

"I?" The offer almost took her breath away. The monosyllable was all that she was able to get out.

"Yes, you."

"I couldn't, Mr. Hexham. I'm,— I'm not going to be married."

"But will you take it all the same?"

"It's quite impossible." She suddenly realised what she had brought upon herself,—for there was no mistaking his drift—and spoke with emphasis, for it was necessary that there should be absolutely no misunderstanding. "It's quite impossible. You know I could only take it if,—well, if something happened that—" she closed the case with a snap and held it out to him—"that never will happen."

But Hexham did not take the proffered case. He kicked for a while with the toe of his patent-leather boot at an obdurate stone in the path at his feet. "Why should it never happen, Miss Waring?" he exclaimed presently.

"Don't be foolish, Mr. Hexham," cried the outspoken Gertrude. "You ought to know as well as I do that it is quite out of the question. We are utterly unsuited to each other. Please take the case back."

"Do you really think so?" he persisted.

"Of course I do. Come, Mr. Hexham, take this back, please."

"I know what it is," said Hexham sullenly. "You have taken a prejudice against me because I made an ass of myself the day before the

wedding. Your brother told you, I expect."

"My brother told me nothing," she answered shortly. Even in the midst of her anger at his importunity she was near smiling at the thought that he should imagine that it was one single act of indiscretion that had turned the scale against him.

Her answer non-plussed Hexham for a moment, but he was not long in returning to the charge. "Then why should you think we are unsuited?" he said.

She turned a freezing glance upon him. All pity for the young man's desolate plight had vanished in her amazement at his presumption. She saw that he needed an awakening of the roughest and she determined that he should have one.

"You say we are unsuited, but surely we are as well suited as Miss Devant and I were," he urged.

"No doubt," she retorted, "but I never thought you and Millicent were at all suited. Otherwise I should never have brought her and Mr. Heriot together again."

"You brought—"

"Certainly. I encouraged Mr. Heriot to make it up with Millicent. If it hadn't been for me, probably you would have been married to Millicent at this moment." This was putting it a good deal more strongly than the facts warranted, but she was resolved that, so far as her share in what had happened was concerned, there should be no equivocation.

Hexham sat as one stunned for a moment, then, to Gertrude's amazement, he broke out again plaintively. "I don't care, Miss Waring, if you will only—you said just now you were sorry to see me unhappy——"

"But you ought to care," interposed Gertrude briskly, rising to her feet with a view to putting a stop to all further conversation. "You cannot

possibly think seriously of proposing to any one who has treated you as badly as I have, can you?"

"I suppose not," murmured Hexham, "if it's true; but I can't really believe——"

"I know, but you've got to believe. Good-bye; no, you really mustn't trouble to come with me; I can easily find my way home by myself."

"Oh Miss Waring, if you only knew how miserable,—how damned miserable and lonely I am, you would have pity, I'm sure you would," exclaimed the unfortunate youth. He had risen with her and stood, still kicking at the same stone in the path, and then when she did not reply sank slowly on to the seat again.

"I'm afraid I can do nothing to make you less miserable and lonely," she made answer after some time. A moment later with a more cheerful air she exclaimed: "You must cheer up, Mr. Hexham; you'll soon find that it isn't so bad after all. Good-bye."

And with these words she turned and marched steadily eastwards up the shaded walk, chafing and laughing with alternate breaths, leaving her companion speechless on the bench behind her. She dared not for some time turn and look back to see what he was doing, whether he were following her or not; but as she directed her steps towards a side gate by which to leave the park she cast a fleeting glance in the direction from which she had come. Hexham still sat on the seat, a comically pathetic figure, drooping like a wounded lily on its stalk. He had not moved since she had left him.

There was a telegraph-boy on the door-step as she reached her mother's house, with a telegram for Mrs. Waring and a desire to know whether he was to wait for an answer or not.

"Is Mrs. Waring in?" she asked the maid in the hall, and on learning that her mother was in the drawing-room, she mounted the stairs with the message.

"Mother, here's a telegram for you," she said as she entered, and as Mrs. Waring, who was advanced enough in years to have a wholesome old-world dread of telegrams, put on her spectacles tremblingly, she added in a reassuring voice: "It's most likely from Rupert at Crookholme to say that he is coming up by a later train than he intended."

She was partly right in her conjecture, but only partly. The telegram was from Crookholme, it is true, but it was not from Waring.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ETHEL'S was a strange mixture of sensations. Disappointment and anger strove for the mastery in her mind, and for a moment the fierier, more peremptory feeling prevailed. She was angry, passionately angry with Heriot for having played with her so long and so dexterously, only to toss her aside, like a broken toy, when all need of her had gone; and everything that he had said and done in the past came back to her now in the light of one long, studied insult. But fiercer even than her resentment towards Heriot, because more directly the outcome of what she had just seen and heard, was her wrath at the part Waring had taken in humbling her. It was incredibly mean of him, she thought, to have conspired to draw Heriot away from her, for in her blind indignation she did not doubt that it was he, and not his sister, who had arranged that Millicent should meet her old lover before it was too late; but what roused her passion to the highest pitch was the thought that, in stooping to such a petty

scheme, he had been egged on by the presumptuous hope of himself stepping later into the Forest-Officer's shoes. And as if that were not enough, he must now heap an Ossa of insult on a Pelion of injury; keeping the letter back so as to be able himself to bring the baleful news, gloating over her distress, hugging himself in the complacent belief that, before long, he would be called on to minister to her sorrow and kiss away the tears he had summoned to her eyes! If only his motives had been different, she might have found it possible, some day, to forgive even this wrong that he had done her; but as it was, she knew she could never pardon him. It was so unlike what she had expected of him. She had always believed him to be honest and upright, incapable of a base underhand action; but she saw now that she had been mistaken. He was as unprincipled and self-seeking as the worst of them. It was very hard to bear,—but,—but she would have to bear it.

The first spasms of rebellious grief passed slowly away, and in a few minutes she raised her hot head from her hands with a sense of numbed despair and saw Heriot's letter, still unopened, lying on the dressing-table before her. And as she looked, across the blackness of her misery there struggled a faint flicker of curiosity, a desire to know what he had got to say for himself, why he had chosen to make the missive over to Waring, how it was that he had not written to her before. It occurred to her that the letter itself might explain what had happened, and she yearned to lay hold on something that would throw light on the devastating facts and make them more comprehensible, and therefore easier to bear. Wearily she tore the envelope open and took out the contents. There was a thick bundle of papers inside, tied round

with tape,—bills, old letters, lists of effects, and the like—also a short note written on a separate sheet of paper, which she eagerly seized. It was headed *Charing Cross Hotel*, and ran as follows.

DEAR MISS SMART,

The address above will show you that I am back in England. I dare say by this time you will have learnt now I have been improving the shining hours since my arrival, and I hope you will congratulate me on having exhibited, for once, a moderate amount of zeal. I am sending you a batch of your brother's papers with this. The trusty Waring will, I expect, take it to you. The foolish youth has been making a most misguided attempt to frustrate my little plans for the future; still, for all that, I have come to the conclusion that he is about the truest friend I have. I dare say there is some one else who has made the same discovery. I think this will be the last lot of business-papers that I shall trouble you with, but if there should be any other matter that requires settling, I shall see to it when my leave is up; or if, as is just possible, I do not go out again to Burmah, I feel sure that Mr. Waring will be only too glad to give it his best attention. To his good offices I commend you.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN HERIOT.

Heriot wrote a good hand, but her eyes were blurred with tears, and she had to read the letter through two or three times before she took it all in, and even then it brought no consolation. She had looked for him to give some explanation, some justification for having treated her so cavalierly. Surely all the close intimacy of the past entitled her to some such consideration. But neither explanation nor justification was there, nor the haziest sign of a feeling that either was called for. It was as though he thought that what had happened was the most natural thing in the world. She did not consider, as she would have done in more rational moments, how difficult it would have been for

him to make the blow lighter without humiliating her still more; she could only writhe impotently under the sting of his airy assumption that she could not have ventured to cherish any such hope as would have made this a blow for her or given her a claim to have it softened. And after all, perhaps it was better so; nothing could now avail to undo the past. He did not apparently expect her to want sympathy, and with a hardening of her heart she determined that she would do without it.

She read the letter through again slowly, this time with a steadier pulse and a new feeling in her breast, one of cold defiance. This re-perusal brought a fresh idea into prominence. It was obvious that, whatever Waring had done, he had not brought about or even connived at the reconciliation between Heriot and Miss Devant. The "plans for the future" which he had made "a misguided attempt to frustrate" she felt sure could only be Heriot's intentions with regard to the bride-elect. He must, in some way or the other, have tried to prevent a renewal of the engagement. She saw now that she had accused him unjustly, and following on the full perception of the wrong she had done him, came, with a burning sense of shame, the thought that she might possibly have been crediting him all along with a stronger feeling towards herself than he had actually experienced. After all, when she came to consider, there was nothing, absolutely nothing to show conclusively that he had ever thought of proposing to her. His words on the morning of a notable day at Thonzè might, it is true, have been construed into an indication of such a design; but had she been justified, she asked herself, in putting so extreme a construction on them? Might not her conceit have exaggerated a kindly, brotherly interest

in her welfare into a tender regard. What right had she to assume that she was more to him than any other girl of his acquaintance, and how had she dared, a few minutes before, to think that he hoped to comfort her by his own faithfulness for Heriot's defection? That defection served, now that her wrath had cooled, to remind her, tragically enough, that she was not so indispensable to the happiness of her fellow-mortals as she had fondly imagined. She had been flattering herself that she was something to the man who from the beginning had looked upon her as the sport of an idle hour; was her judgment less likely to be fallible in Waring's case? The latter had probably acted throughout as a friend, and nothing more; if she had not been so blind she would have seen that herself long ago. Others had been more discerning. She understood now what the writer meant by a passage in the letter that up till then had puzzled her. Who could say but what Waring was the truest friend that she too had ever had? And then, with a miserable sense of degradation, she realised that she had let this friend go in the belief that she loathed and mistrusted him,—that he had gone just when she could worst afford to lose him. One bereavement had followed close on another. Heriot's idol lay shattered at her feet, and it seemed as though there were nobody now to mourn with her over the fragments. Just when she most needed sympathy too! Poor girl! The outlook loomed black and solitary. Under the aching pressure of the double loss that she had sustained her sunny head dropped afresh over the dressing-table, and the bitter tears poured down again.

The rumbling of wheels on the drive below roused her. Had it been half an hour later she would have

declared that it was the pony-carriage back again, for the sound the vehicle (whatever it was) made as it turned in at the front gate seemed familiar; but she knew that her father could not have had time to fetch her mother back. Still it might be somebody who would want to see her. She sprang to her feet and hurriedly bathed her tear-stained face. She heard the front door open; a sound of distant voices was wafted up to her from below, and as she turned the lock and stepped on to the landing outside her bedroom she became conscious that one of the voices was her father's. It was the pony-carriage back after all. Why had it returned so soon? She stood on the landing irresolute, anxious not to exhibit the tokens of her grief to the Rector's keen eye, yet at the same time feeling that something had happened that might require her presence below. As she wavered, with her hand on the balustrade, she heard the Rector calling to her to come down. The summons cut short her hesitation. She ran down the stairs.

The little hall seemed full of men,—men whom she knew from the village, six or seven it seemed to her. There was a laboured shuffling of feet and a confused murmur, above which Mr. Smart's voice sounded clear. "Carefully there," he was saying. "Upstairs now. The room to the right at the end of the passage when you get to the top. Keep his head high."

"What's the matter, Father?" she exclaimed, gazing down with startled eyes from where she had halted a few steps up the last flight.

"We've had a spill, and I'm afraid Waring is rather badly hurt, poor chap. I'm having him taken up into the spare room. Open the window there wide will you, dear, and get some water and a sponge ready. They are going to put him on the bed."

Rather badly hurt! She turned quickly and sped up the stairs again to her ministrations with a palpitating heart. The Rector's words, and the momentary glimpse she had had of the body that strong arms were carrying to the foot of the stairs, struck a chill of horror into her. There was neither water nor sponge in the spare-room; she had to dart off to fetch both from her own, to find on her return that the villagers, whose aid the Rector had invoked, had already laid Waring on the bed. He was stretched on the counterpane insensible; his eyes were shut, his face, where it was not obscured by the blood which still dribbled from a gash near the temple, was ashy white; but, in answer to the frightened questioning look his daughter gave him, the Rector was able to say with cheery emphasis, "No, it's all right, he's not dead," and she felt the colour come back to her cheeks.

"How did it happen?" she asked her father in an awestruck voice when the blood had been washed from the senseless man's forehead and the wound temporarily bound up. The villagers had all gone below and only the maid was with them at the bedside.

"Tommy took fright,—shied at something, a shadow or a leaf, I couldn't see what—and upset the cart on to the side of the road. I can't make out how it was, but anyway over we went. I fell on to the grass and did not hurt myself in the least, but Waring was pitched on to a heap of stones; his feet somehow got entangled in the reins as he fell, and that seems to have thrown him with greater force.

"Where was it that it happened?"

"Just beyond the pond, before we had got to the village; just where they have begun mending the road. It was all over in a second. Nothing else suffered, curiously enough; neither

Tommy nor the cart is injured in the least, and Tommy is not even frightened. He came back as steadily as possible."

"Poor man! Have you sent for Dr. Braham?"

"Not yet. After what has happened I couldn't trust any of the men to drive Tommy over and fetch him, but I'm going on now in the cart to call for Mother at the Wells's. Braham may possibly be having tea there; if not we can go on to his house and fetch him back with us; it will save time. Do you think you can look after him while I am gone? Perhaps you had better keep Mary up here."

"No, Father, I'm not afraid. I can ring for Mary in a moment if I want any help; but I suppose we can do nothing much till Dr. Braham comes?"

"No. Let him have plenty of fresh air and keep his head cool; till Braham comes I don't see that anything else can be done. Poor boy, he looks in a bad way."

He left the room, and Ethel heard him creaking briskly down the stairs and through the hall. At the front door he spoke for a moment to the men who had carried Waring up-stairs, and then there was a clatter of heavy boots and the sound of the pony-cart moving away again down the drive. The servant lingered a few minutes to tidy the room; then she too slipped away to report progress in the kitchen, and Ethel was alone with Waring.

He lay motionless on the bed with his wan face turned up to the ceiling. The evening sun slanted in at the window and lighted up the wall immediately above the pillow. She stood and watched him for a short space, then she walked softly to the window and looked out into the garden where the shadows were lengthening lazily away from the west. In the mulberry-tree, below where she

stood, a thrush was piping its lustiest, and from the leafy summits of the elms came the solemn husky caw of a colony of rooks; save for this the evening air was hushed and still, for such of the village-folk as the accident had attracted to the rectory had by this time either dispersed or retired to the back premises. She stood awhile collecting her shattered senses and bathing her burning face in the cool fragrant breeze; then with a deep breath she turned cautiously, as though the man on the bed were asleep and she were afraid of waking him, and stepping with noiseless foot-fall across the carpet, sat down in a chair by his side, with her shadow brooding like a guardian spirit in the centre of the radiant patch of sunlight above his head.

How still he was! She watched him, half fascinated, for a minute or two to see if he gave any outward sign of life, but she could detect none. He was absolutely motionless; he seemed almost to have ceased breathing; it was as though he lay dead before her. For a brief moment a great fear that he was really dead seized hold of her, and in its clutch her heart stood still. A closer look showed a fitful, feeble motion of the chest, and she drew back again reassured; but the transient horror had set in motion a current of ideas, which up till then she had striven hard to keep from her. He was still living, but,—suppose he were to,—yes, she must face the possibility,—suppose he were to die! She covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the sight of that still form on the bed and the memories that the vision would bring in its train, but the black thoughts thronged in unbidden nevertheless. Suppose he were to die—like Jack. How it all reminded her of her feelings at Jack's murder! She saw again the well-remembered

dinner-table in the verandah of the rest-house at Thonzè, and in sharp succession the events of that awful night passed before her; her brother's careless, slighting speech, the sudden angry thought that leapt out in her mind at his words, the fatal rifle-shot, the hard set look on the dead face, full (so it seemed to her) of dumb reproach for the resentment that had flamed within her, no fiercer than the resentment she had felt that day; and then came the memory of the bitter days that had followed, when the burden of her mourning was ever this, "If only he could have lived to know that I was sorry," and, haunted by that grim, inexorable shadow of remorse, she had again and again wished that death would come and put an end to her agonies of self-reproach. They were a ghastly memory, those days that had succeeded her brother's death; she could hardly call them to mind even now without shuddering. And now, despite the thousand penitent resolves that they had wrung from her, it seemed as though exactly the same thing might happen again. Exactly the same! Who could tell but what Waring might not in his turn pass away, with the memory of her unjust anger on his face, never to know how keen, how passionate her repentance had been? Might not his life's sun go down upon her wrath in the same cruel way that Jack's had gone? She pressed her fingers tighter, but, white as the pillow it rested on, Waring's face rose ever before her eyes, recalling the long drawn-out horrors of the past and filling her with the grisliest of forebodings for the future. She could not bear it; it would kill her if the same thing happened again. Oh, if only it were not so like, so terribly like what had happened before!

There was a low groan from the bed. Ethel took it as an indication

of dawning consciousness. She leant anxiously over the prostrate form and sponged the white forehead, waiting for a fresh sound or movement. She was determined that he should live, to hear the outpourings of her contrition, to learn that she was not without gratitude. For a time, however, there was no other sign of animation. To make him more comfortable she loosened the collar at his throat, undid another button or two of his waistcoat, and threw the flaps of his jacket further back.

In doing so, she noticed on the bed a small packet of papers which she remembered having seen her father take out of Waring's pocket in order to relieve his chest of all superfluous weight. She was about to place it on the table by the bed when something familiar in the handwriting on the uppermost of the papers caught her eye, and with a start she examined it closer. It was her own. Before she fully realised what she was doing she had swiftly scanned the five or six other papers in the bundle. Then she folded them together again with a glow, partly of shame for her own vulgar curiosity, partly from another feeling. They were all the same, all old letters of hers to Waring, little trivial notes, enquiries after his injured thumb, invitations to rides, the letter in which she had bid him good-bye before she left for England, those she had sent him from Yorkshire and Crookholme, all arranged in chronological order, with the date, where it was omitted, inserted in pencil. In a flash she recognised them all, though never till this moment had she realised that she had written so many. He seemed to have kept all that she had ever sent him.

If anyone, a few hours earlier, had told Ethel in plain, bald, unvarnished terms that a young man of

her acquaintance had been infatuated enough to treasure up all the letters that he had ever received from her, ephemeral or otherwise, and keep them in a pocket next his heart, the announcement would have struck no tender chord in her. The form that the young man's adoration had taken would have appeared to her as ludicrous and nothing more. But now the sight of those well-thumbed slips of paper, and the knowledge of what they must have meant to him who lay there white and still, hovering, for all she knew, on the fringe of the shadow of death, thrilled her with a strange emotion in which pity seemed ready to merge by mysterious gradations into the higher, nobler passion to which it is eternally akin. She had not cast the memory of Heriot from her heart. The dominion of his personality was too strong to lose its power in a moment; but the fiery trial of the last hour had been slowly purging her disappointment of all that was passionate and unreasoning and the soberer, thoughtfuller residue was for the time swallowed up in her vehement yearning for an opportunity of atoning for the wrong she had done to Waring, and in the great fear lest her repentance should have come too late.

The sunlight slipped up the wall above the bed and died softly away, and the summer twilight stole in through the windows of the room. The thrush in the mulberry-tree had ceased its song, but hard by a nightingale burst out into a sudden flood of melody that filled the air with sound. Ethel had no ears for the liquid notes; her thoughts were overwhelming her. Slowly she slipped from the chair in which she had been sitting watching her patient, and, dropping on her knees, buried her face in the pillow near Waring's head and poured out her soul in a heart-broken prayer that

he who had saved her life, who had loved her so long and so faithfully, might be spared, if for nothing else than to receive some sort of reparation at her hands.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. WARING arrived that same evening at Crookholme in obedience to the summons conveyed in the telegram she had received, and found her son conscious, though much shaken and weakened, for he had lain a long time insensible. He was not, however, so feeble but what he could give her a vivid enough account of the accident, and tell her that the doctor had said, after examining him, that he had sustained no serious injury, and that all he required now was perfect rest and quiet; and she was able to telegraph to Gertrude a reassuring summary of this verdict before bedtime. She slept one night only at the rectory, for the next day found Waring, after a long dreamless night's rest, like a giant refreshed with wine, and she left again for town, on the afternoon of that day, satisfied, from what she had seen, that her son was progressing under a care as tender and systematic as any he could receive at home.

"He won't be back in two or three days, my dear Mother," said Gertrude oracularly as Mrs. Waring, after describing how matters stood at Crookholme, expressed a confident hope that her son would be home within that time. "We shall be lucky if we see him before the end of seven. Trust him to be as long as possible recovering! So you think he said nothing,—nothing,—interesting to her before the accident."

"He would have told me if he had, I feel sure."

"Well, I am surprised. I did really think he meant business; he

was so terribly solemn and self-important before he went down. But he would never have said anything to you if she had not accepted him. You don't think he can have proposed to her and been rejected, now? Did he look limp,—and crushed,—and shattered,—and,—well,—as a man looks who has just been refused? You know how they look."

"Perhaps, though I don't know how *you* can know, dear. He was certainly limp,—very limp, but very happy, poor boy, quite in the seventh heaven, following her about with his eyes everywhere."

"And she was nice to him?"

"As nice as she could be; nothing was too good for him. She slaved for him, I assure you, day and night."

"Was she very much cut up? I wish you were a little more communicative, Mother dear; I have to drag everything out of you."

Mrs. Waring laughed. "She seemed terribly cut up," she said; "so were they all, of course, but she showed it most. I have seldom seen a girl so changed. Do you remember how bright and animated she was the other day when she was here? There she was as white as a sheet, and never smiled except at Rupert. She looked as if she had been crying her eyes out when I arrived."

"That may have been remorse," said the cold-blooded daughter; "but no, I think it's a case. We shall not see him again till his fate is sealed. I will give him a week to make up his mind. That ought to be enough for anybody, but he *is* such a slow old boy!"

"My dear child, what curious ideas you seem to have about that sort of thing. Men always like to consider well before taking such an important step."

"Always! I assure you, Mother, you are wrong there. Some of them

are uncommonly sharp in popping the question, some that you would never expect to have sense enough to make up their minds about anything in less than a fortnight. Now take off your bonnet, and let me carry it up-stairs while you make the tea."

"My dear Gertrude," exclaimed Mrs. Waring, seating herself at the tea-table. "One would imagine by the way you talk that you had been proposed to yourself."

"And how do you know I have not been?" retorted Gertrude. "Wait till I have put your bonnet away, and I will a tale unfold."

Meanwhile Waring was, as his mother had remarked, revelling in a veritable seventh heaven. In his case this state took the form of a kind of Elysium, which, except in so far as it was conducted on strictly temperate principles, might have been the ideal Moslem one, involving a good deal of repose on soft couches in a horizontal position, lapped in soft rural sounds, with a good many roses, red, white, and yellow, to minister to his senses of sight and smell, and a good deal of the company of at least one dark-eyed attendant houri, who, if she did not ply him with the beverage beloved of Omar Khayyam, yet saw that there was no lack at their proper seasons of barley-water and beef-tea. Gertrude had rightly surmised that the wish that was uppermost in his mind was that his injuries could have been (outwardly at least) severer, so that he might have a more valid excuse for lingering on in charge of his two assiduous nurses. And who could have blamed him for wishing to prolong the bliss, as full as it was unexpected, in which he lay and sunned himself? He could at first scarcely credit his senses when, after a long blank interval of darkness, he came to

himself, to find that he had awakened into a new bright world, that the face in which, when last he had seen it, he had read distrust and ill-disguised anger, shone now with radiant peace and a tenderness past belief. He could not understand how this had come about, and the more he thought, the firmer his conviction grew that after all it was better not to understand it. It was a long time before he could recall the events of the half-hour immediately preceding the accident; they did not, in fact, come back to him in all their fullness till the present, with its changed conditions, displayed them in the light of disagreeable facts that had better be forgotten so soon as possible; and it was a satisfaction to discover that for his poor puzzled brain it was infinitely easier to forget than to remember. Wherefore he was content to lie at his ease, to take things as they came unquestioningly, and to bask, so to speak, in the sunlight of his own happiness.

And Ethel? Reparation was all that occupied her mind; a desire to earn forgiveness for the injustice and blindness of the past was uppermost in her thoughts, and with it a hope that, in the active accomplishment of these aims, she would be mercifully enabled to forget her own suffering. And with this object in view she set herself to the task of tending the injured man, wearing herself to a shadow at his bed-side, full of anxious solicitude for his welfare, thrilled with the keenest pleasure if she could anticipate the smallest of his wishes, till the longed-for, passionless calm enveloped her; and when she was roused from it, it was to find herself being drawn in mysterious wise closer and ever closer to the man who had done so much for her, whose love she was from a sense of duty trying to repay, and to learn that it was daily

becoming easier to conceive the possibility of rewarding that love in the only way he could ever really wish to have it rewarded. Truly that packet of old letters was beginning to do its work.

And so the days rolled on. On the fifth morning after the accident the doctor declared that there was no reason why his patient should not return to town, as he was quite fit to be moved, and reluctantly the patient made his preparations for leaving the same afternoon. These consisted merely in packing the bag that his mother had sent down to him from London, and arranging for a fly to take him to the station, (he had had enough of the pony-cart,) and, as the latter duty was performed by Ethel, who also helped him to pack on the ground that it was dangerous for him to stoop much, it cannot be said that his labours were very exhausting. Yet, when everything was ready, he was told that he must have tired himself and ought to have a good rest before he started for the train; and, ever obedient, he elected to take his rest in an easy chair beneath one of the spreading beeches on the rectory lawn. A balmy air was floating through the garden, and a myriad leaves bent and nodded to its caress with a silvery rustling murmur; the shrubbery hard by Waring's seat was all a-twitter with bird-life; the brown bees, humming as they sailed down the breeze, provided a mirthful background of sound, soft enough to lull the wakefullest to sleep; but there was no sleep for Waring, though he lay at his ease in outward conformity with his surroundings. The Rector had gone out to his parish-work in the village and was to be at the station to say good-bye to his visitor; Mrs. Smart was lying with a nervous headache in her darkened bed-room, and Ethel was

attending to her indoors. Waring therefore had a time to himself to lie and ruminate in.

What his thoughts were, as he lay stretched in the easy chair, it is unnecessary to specify here in detail. Suffice it to say that they were merely a repetition of what had been filling his mind for the past five days, and that they were vividly and pleasantly embodied when the front door opened softly, and a vision in a large straw hat paced slowly up the lawn towards the beech-tree.

"Now, Mr. Waring, you are not to get up," she exclaimed, as Waring on her approach dropped his long limbs and attempted to rise. "Keep where you are, please. Look, I am quite comfortable in this chair."

"How is Mrs. Smart?" enquired Waring sinking back into his cushions.

"Sound asleep now, I am glad to say. If once she can get off to sleep, she is all right, for when she wakes up, the headache is gone."

"I hope the noise of my fly won't disturb her. Perhaps it could wait outside the gate."

"I don't think that is necessary, thanks. Her bedroom does not look out on to the front drive; besides, when once she is thoroughly asleep, nothing disturbs her."

"When does the train start exactly?" asked the convalescent.

"At 3:23; it isn't a quarter to three yet. The fly will be round directly, so, you see, you will have lots of time to get down to the station in."

She leant back in her chair and gazed up into the piled wealth of greenery above her head. She was attired in a cool white dress, the very one, if he remembered aright, that she had worn as she sat in the verandah of the rest-house after the morning's snipe-shooting at Thonzè. His eye wandered jealously over the soft curves

outlined against the dark tree-stem, and, stretched at ease as he was, like a lazy lotus-eater, the strong man's heart was filled with an unutterable yearning to clasp the slim white-robed figure to his heart and speak out all that was in his mind. But all he did was to draw his watch from his pocket and remark in the most mundane of tones: "Then I haven't very much more time; I must make the most of it."

And he proceeded to make the most of it by flinging himself more luxuriously back in his chair and, to all appearances, giving himself over with half closed eyes to a full enjoyment of the drowsy summer day.

"Did they give you a letter that came for you by the mid-day post?" asked Ethel, after a pause.

"Yes, thanks," returned Waring; "it was from my sister. She had an idea I was not coming up till to-morrow, so she wrote to me to-day."

"You would have done better to go up to-morrow," observed Ethel. "I don't quite like your going to-day, even though Dr. Braham says there is no danger of your being upset."

"Oh, I am really quite well now," declared Waring stoutly, "thanks to you. I feel I ought to go; I have been nuisance enough as it is."

"Now, Mr. Waring, you know you have been no nuisance at all. I'm sure a better patient never existed. But of course your mother and sister will be pining to see you. I hope they are well?"

"Quite, thanks; Gertrude tells me that she has had a letter from Mrs. Heriot."

From where he lay he could just see her face, and he watched, as he spoke, narrowly, for he was anxious to know what effect the mention of Heriot's name would have upon his hostess. Three days before he would not have dared to utter it in her pre-

sence, but of late he had somehow begun to notice a change in Ethel which encouraged him to venture on the hitherto dangerous ground; and as now he looked he could see no shadow of emotion cross her face and could detect no tremor in her voice as she replied: "Indeed, and how are the happy couple getting on?"

He was quite right. There was a change in Ethel; she realised it herself now plainly enough. Four days before she had dreaded the mention of Heriot's name as she would have dreaded a spear-thrust, as something sharp, pitiless, stabbing. Four days before she had wondered when the memory of Heriot would ever lose its fatal power of wounding. But now, —now it was not so difficult a matter after all to think with unquickened pulse of Millicent as Heriot's wife, to feel an interest in what she did, nay, even to smile and wish her well, with as much sincerity and fervour as when she imagined that she was going to marry Hexham. Much that is astonishing can happen in four days.

"I believe they are getting on capitally," said Waring, cheered by the result of his scrutiny of Ethel's face; "they seem to be enjoying their honeymoon. She gave me another rather interesting piece of news," he went on. "You remember Mr. Hexham, the man Miss Devant was engaged to?"

"I never saw him, but both you and she mentioned him. What of him?"

"He is engaged again."

"What, already! To whom?"

"To a girl in the Isle of Wight. My sister does not mention her name, but says he has known her all his life. Gertrude seems much amused."

"Fancy! he has not been long over it, has he?"

"I should think not. And what makes it more remarkable is that

Gertrude says she knows, as a matter of fact, that he actually proposed to another girl before that. He was evidently determined to be married."

"It seems so," she murmured, almost to herself.

For some time they sat silent near each other, while the breeze laughed a leisurely ceaseless laugh in the tree-tops above them, and the perfect peace of that summer's day crept softly into their hearts and brooded there. At length came a distant rumble on the quiet road outside and the sound of a deliberate measured trot, which approached nearer and nearer and at last stopped in front of the garden-gate.

"Why, there's the fly," exclaimed Ethel. "Already! I didn't expect it for some little time yet. Well, it can wait. Don't hurry, Mr. Waring, you know it's bad for you. Come slowly down the lawn; the servants will be putting your bag in; there is lots of time."

They made a pretty picture as they strolled soberly, side by side, across the flickering lights and shadows of the smooth green sward, and emerged on to the broad belt of sunshine by the carriage-drive. The fly was really unconscionably early, and, even after Waring's bag had been safely bestowed, Ethel declared that it was absurd to think of starting for the station for another quarter of an hour.

"In that case, may I take a turn through the garden?" said Waring. "I don't think I've seen the orchard properly yet. It looks delightfully cool and shady in there under the trees."

"Of course," she made answer. "I couldn't hear of your spending all that time in the waiting-room at the station. Come along; you'll be able to make yourself very comfortable in the shrubbery,—and, ah, that reminds me,—I must get you some flowers to

take up to town with you. It would never do for you to go back empty-handed," and they turned away up the garden again together.

The flyman watched their retreating figures until they were lost to sight, and then shifted into a more comfortable position on his seat, wagging his head profoundly, for he imagined he knew a thing or two. He would have liked to have someone to communicate his ideas to, but the maid had gone back into the house and he had been left alone on the box to his own reflections. He looked in front of him and yawned, not once or twice, but three times. The afternoon seemed to be growing warmer and warmer. The fly-horse, a venerable bay, was basking in the sunshine between the shafts, just sufficiently alive to his surroundings to remember at intervals to switch at the flies with a languid tail. The sight of the steed's reposeful back was sufficient in itself to provoke sleep; before the driver had watched the glossy surface for a minute his eyelids began to droop, and ere long his chin was on his chest and he was dozing peacefully.

A voice aroused him suddenly. He heard his own name uttered, and with a start gathered up the reins. How long he had been asleep he could not say, but he was aware that the young couple were again standing by his side; the same young couple that had walked up the garden together a few minutes back,—and yet, strange to relate, not the same. To his drowsy eyes they were unchanged: it was not given him to perceive the new glad light in their faces; but it was there, that new glad light which for the moment seemed to transfigure them. Something had happened in the garden, while the driver sat dozing on his box, which had altered the whole world for the two who stood looking up at him.

"Barrett, we shall not want the fly this afternoon after all," Ethel was saying in a clear ringing voice. "Mr. Waring is not going back to town till to-morrow, so we want you to come round to take him to the station to-morrow instead of to-day, in time for the same train—you understand?—to-morrow."

She punctuated her remarks by a succession of taps on a bundle of what looked like old letters that she held in her hand.

"Yes, Miss, I understand," he said, and when Waring's bag had been lifted out shook the reins and drove mechanically away, while Ethel turned round and faced her companion.

"That's all right," she said with a deep breath; and then for a space they stood and faced each other while the fly-wheels rumbled away in the distance. They were silent; words had suddenly grown for them almost a superfluity; they had so much in common now. When all was still again, save the bees and the birds and the ever-rippling leaves, they turned and passed up the drive side by side, still without a word.

Under the horse-chestnut-tree they halted while Ethel picked a spray of blossom. She held it out to her companion. "See, it is still in flower," she said.

"So it is, still," he made answer. He had seized hold of it, and of the hand that held it. "What a time it has lasted! How long is it since you showed me that spike of flowers and I admired it so much? You remember, don't you? Four days, is it; five? I can hardly believe it."

"Five days!" she exclaimed. "Impossible! It feels like five months, five years. I have lived a life-time since then."

"Let's look upon it as a life-time then," he said, "and start afresh—from half an hour ago."

"And you are not afraid?" she asked. They had strolled a little further away from the house and had halted again.

"Afraid? Afraid of what?"

"Of taking me on trust like this, before I really know my own mind? It's a great risk. You remember what I said about,—about what I thought five days ago."

"Five days! Five years, you mean," he laughed. "Yes, yes, I know; you have told me everything; but, after all, I risk nothing more than you."

"Than I do!" she exclaimed. "Nonsense! There's no risk for me. Don't I know you by this time? Haven't I had proofs of what you are ever since I first knew you?"

"That's only since November last, —not seven months yet."

"But it's more than enough," she said, "to make me feel perfectly safe in trusting myself to you. But of me you know nothing,—except that I——"

"Except that you are willing to let yourself be taken on trust. Isn't that an honour for me?"

"But it's only on trust, you know."

"Yes; I know. It's a good common-sense understanding to come to, and, after all, we have been through so much together we can afford to look at things from a common-sense point of view, can't we?"

"I suppose so; but it's nothing more than on trust, you know."

"I remember, and I want nothing more now."

"But you will want more later."

"And don't you think it's just possible that I shall get it?" He

had both her hands now and had fixed her with his grey eyes.

Hers dropped for a moment. "I think so," she murmured; "but how can I tell? It is so soon still, so very soon." But presently she raised her head again. "And yet," she said very softly, "it seems so long ago,—I mean what went before—that I'm not sure that it will be so very, very difficult to,—to start afresh."

"You would like to speak to Father directly he comes in, wouldn't you?" she said, after they had made the round of the garden. "But, of course, he won't be back before tea-time. He will wonder why you haven't gone by the train you meant to."

"I suppose he will. And that reminds me, I must send a telegram to my mother to tell her that my plans are altered."

"Will you tell her why?"

"Not in the telegram, I think," he made reply, smiling brightly into her eyes. "I must speak to your father first."

"Yes, I suppose you must," she said. "Will it be a surprise to them?" she asked after a pause, adding, "I mean to your mother and sister."

"A great surprise," he answered gleefully.

"Had they no idea,—none whatever?" she pursued.

"Not the remotest,—I kept my feelings very close; it's a way I have, you know. I am pretty sure that nothing was further from their thoughts. It will be a great surprise, a very great surprise."

And, as in duty bound, she believed him.

WISDOM AND DEMOCRACY.¹

M. GUSTAVE LE BON in his very interesting book upon *THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PEOPLES* developes certain views which seem very suitable for the world to take to heart in these days of much political theorising and many emancipations. It will be best to let him state them himself in broad outline.

It is barely a century and a half ago that certain philosophers, who, it should be remarked, were very ignorant of the primitive history of man, of the variations of his mental constitution and of the laws of heredity, propounded the idea of the equality of individuals and races.

This idea, which would naturally be most attractive to the masses, ended by firmly implanting itself in their mind and speedily bore fruit. It has shaken the foundation of the old societies, given birth to the most formidable of revolutions, and thrown the Western world into a series of convulsions, the end of which it is impossible to foresee.

Doubtless certain of the inequalities among individuals and races were too apparent to be seriously disputed; but people found it easy to persuade themselves that these inequalities were merely the outcome of differences of education, that all men are born equally intelligent and good, and that the sole responsibility for their perversion lies with the institutions they live under. This being the case the remedy was simple in the extreme: all that had to be done was to reform the institutions and to give every man an identical education. It is in this way that institutions and education have ended by becoming the great panaceas of

modern democrats, the means of remedying inequalities which clash with the immortal principles that are the only divinities that survive to-day.

And yet science, as it has progressed, has proved the vanity of the theories of equality and shown that the mental gulf created by the past between individuals and races can only be filled up by the slowly accumulating action of heredity. Modern psychology, together with the stern lessons of experience, has demonstrated that the institutions and the education which suit some individuals and some races are most harmful to others. But when ideas are once in circulation it is not in the power of philosophers to destroy them when they arrive at the conviction that they are erroneous. Like a swollen stream that has overflowed its banks, the idea continues its destructive progress with which nothing can interfere.

M. Le Bon, it may be added, is of opinion that progress in civilisation always makes, not for equality but for inequality; that the differences between individuals in social status, advantages, culture, intelligence, and character are greater in a higher type of society than in a lower; and that it is the presence of a greater or lesser number of exceptional individuals which gives to a community its position in the world. Races, in fact, take rank not in virtue of an average prevailing among the ruck, but in virtue of their chosen few. The highest races are those in which the accumulations of heredity have produced many exceptionally favoured individuals; the final aim of natural selection, as it should be of statesmanship, working in accordance with nature, is to create an aristocracy. This, however, is not the point in M.

¹ 1. *THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PEOPLES*; by Gustave Le Bon. Translated from the French; London, 1898.

2. *REFLECTIONS OF A RUSSIAN STATESMAN*; by K. P. Pobyedonostseff, Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia. Translated from the Russian by R. C. Long; London, 1898.

Le Bon's argument with which we are most concerned, but rather with his more general contention. Every people, he says, has a soul; every racial type, which is physically recognisable, has a spiritual counterpart in the laws and institutions of the race: and if you give to one race the institutions of another you will be flying in the face of nature. "All that can be asked of a government," he writes, "is that it shall be the expression of the sentiments and ideas of the people it is called on to govern, and by the mere fact that it exists it is the image of the people. There are no governments or constitutions of which it can be said that they are absolutely bad. The government of the King of Dahomey was probably an excellent government for the people he was called on to rule over, and the most ingenious European constitution would have been inferior for his people."

The instance may seem paradoxical, and to a certain extent it is so; but it is curiously borne out by an utterance of Sir George Goldie, who is a sufficiently practical statesman. "It is certain," he has said, "that even an imperfect and tyrannical native African administration, if its extreme excesses were controlled by European supervision, would be in the early stages productive of far less discomfort to its subjects than well-intentioned but ill-directed efforts of European magistrates, often young and headstrong and not invariably gifted with sympathy and introspective powers. If the welfare of the native races is to be considered, if dangerous revolts are to be obviated, the general policy of ruling on African principles through native rulers must be followed for the present." It would be easy to show how existing facts bear out, at least, this milder statement of the doctrine. But the political institutions which

interest us most are those which obtain in Europe; and though M. Le Bon is prevented by the scope of his work from illustrating his points fully by definite examples, an excellent exemplification of what he has to say is afforded by the defence of an existing order, which we find in a book entitled REFLECTIONS OF A RUSSIAN STATESMAN. The author is Mr. Pobye-donostseff, who was tutor to the late Czar, and is now Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia; his right to speak with authority may be inferred from the fact that the text of the famous Rescript of August last is attributed to his pen. What he has written may be described as a general indictment of all our modern idols; of parliaments, of representative government, of the press, of education, of free thought. The denunciation in many cases sinks into mere rhetoric, the premises on which arguments are based are often false, the logic is often indefensible; yet there emerges from the whole an impression on our mind that this man knows and loves his country, and sees with a well-grounded horror the effort to force upon its people institutions which, as M. Le Bon would say, do not express the national soul. The volume is rather a disconnected series of discourses than a systematic treatise, but it may be roughly divided for our purposes into two parts; first, a violent attack upon modern theories of government and the State, and, secondly, a defence of the Russian religion and Russian Church. The former, we think, inculcates a point of view which is unduly neglected at present; the second, though without a practical bearing for us, is of great interest for the insight which it gives us into a typically Russian mind.

The object of his political argument is to demonstrate the evils of Democracy with all its consequences and

concomitants. No sane person who has read history will dispute his contention that the rule exercised by a multitude is necessarily unstable, and guided by anything rather than by knowledge. Nor, as a matter of strict logic, is he wrong in stigmatising Democracy as an immoral fiction (though one may of course dispute the justice of the epithet) on the ground that power, nominally exercised by the whole people, really becomes concentrated in a few hands. Democracy, in short, can only exist by virtue of being something else; and that is perhaps the only excuse for its existence. The men who come to the top in a Democracy are often, as he says, limited in intellect, but distinguished by a resolute will: "Thus the most talented persons submit willingly, and gladly entrust to stronger hands the control of affairs and the moral responsibility for their direction." Just so; but that is not necessarily an evil, as indeed Mr. Pobyedonostseff practically admits in another passage, when arguing against the wide diffusion of general study: "By itself, knowledge educates neither the understanding nor the will. Daily we meet clever men, gifted with strong imaginations, cultivated and learned, yet resourceless in the decisive moment when a judgment is required for work, or a firm word in council. . . . In these moments a man of clear conscience and will, capable of apprehending all the relations of the subject, is more valuable for practical work than a multitude of feeble and vacillating minds." In short, that tendency by which the man who knows his own mind, even if he be wrong, comes to the top, is the salvation of communities naturally fitted for self-government, and the word *ambitious*, which the Russian seems habitually to use as a reproach, is in reality the mark of fitness.

These considerations, however, only

apply to a community where the governing instinct is common and traditional, and where the charm of power for its own sake is felt. In countries where men are disposed, as is the case in France, to avoid responsibility and prefer the private life,—in short, where there is an absence of public spirit—it is farcical to talk about the rule of the people, since the people's real aspiration is to be ruled, and under these conditions parliamentary government is apt to become, what Mr. Pobyedonostseff calls it, "The Great Falsehood of our time." In Spain, where there is even less political instinct than in France, representative institutions have become, it would seem, merely the machinery of a gigantic swindle. Who can deny that there is truth in the following passage? "The ambitious man comes before his fellow-citizens and strives by every means to convince them that he, more than any other, is worthy of their confidence. What motives impel him to this quest? It is hard to believe that he is impelled by disinterested zeal for the public good. . . . Were we to attempt a true definition of parliament, we should say that parliament is an institution serving for the satisfaction of the personal ambition, vanity, and self-interest of its members." Yet everybody knows that in this country men pay highly for the privilege of serving their country under the very disagreeable conditions of a parliamentary session; and the real rulers, the people who exercise power, seek it either out of sheer ambition, for its own sake, or out of a negative impulse which may be defined as the dislike of seeing things done in a way that they disapprove. The result may not be ideal, but foreign comments upon our institutions, and the national temper which they represent, are mostly calculated to stimulate our

vanity. The truth is that, as Mr. Pobyedonostseff admits, parliamentary government is a peculiar and natural growth of this country and, like the jury-system, suits us upon the whole very well. But that is no reason why it should suit our neighbours. Imitation, as the copy-books say, is sincerest flattery, but if we look through Europe and survey the parliaments which have all more or less definitely been modelled upon ours, we are certainly not flattered in the likeness. France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Austro-Hungary present diverse caricatures of representative government; and we must say that, on considering them, it is easy to sympathise with Mr. Pobyedonostseff in his desire to avert from Russia a similar blessing; for in Russia the trouble would inevitably assume its acutest form, as he shows in the following statesmanlike passage :

These deplorable results [disintegration of parties, personal struggles, conflict of local interests, and neglect of the State's welfare] are all the more manifest where the population is of heterogeneous composition, comprising nationalities of many different races. The principle of nationality may be considered the touchstone which reveals the falseness and impracticability of parliamentary government. It is worthy of note that nationality first appeared as an active and irritant force in the government of the world when it came into contact with the new forms of Democracy. It is not easy to apprehend the nature of this new force, and the ends which it pursues; but it is unquestionable that it contains the source of a grave and complex struggle, impending in the history of humanity, and it is vain to predict to what issues this struggle will lead. To-day we see the various races of composite States animated by passionate feelings of intolerance to the political institution which unites them in a single body, and by an equally passionate aspiration to independent government with their generally fictitious culture. We see this not only among those races which have had a history and a separate political life and culture, but, to an equal extent,

among races which have never known independence. Autocracy succeeded in evading or conciliating such demands and outbreaks, not alone by means of force, but by the equalisation of rights and relations under the unifying power. But Democracy has failed to settle these questions, and the instinct of nationality serves as a disintegrating element. To the supreme parliament each race sends representatives, not of common political interests but of racial instincts, of racial exasperation, and of racial hatred both to the dominant race, to the sister races, and to the political institution which unites them all. Such is the inharmonious consequence of parliamentary government in composite States, as Austria, in our day, so vividly illustrates. Providence has preserved our Russia, with its heterogeneous racial composition, from like misfortunes. It is terrible to think of our condition if destiny had sent us the fatal gift—an All-Russian Parliament! But that will never be.

This is a corollary strictly in accordance with M. Le Bon's view. Parliamentary government succeeds in England, but, says M. Le Bon, England is the most homogeneous country in Europe. On the other hand, no empire contains a greater variety of institutions than the British, for it is in no sense homogeneous. Political theorists would, it is true, gladly attempt to introduce similarity and simultaneity throughout the whole, and certain steps have been taken in that direction, enough to afford ready instances of the evils which M. Le Bon and Mr. Pobyedonostseff deprecate. In West Africa, where it does not much matter, we play at giving mixed races a common council: in India stern practical necessities keep the control strictly in the hands of a solid governing caste; but at least in one parliament of our Empire, at the Cape, the evils of diverse blood united in one assembly are sufficiently apparent. The Swiss are a curious instance which makes against the general contention, since they live harmoni-

ously under an assembly where three tongues are spoken; but then there is very little doubt that the principle is right. Indeed the evils of racial divergence have made themselves sufficiently felt in the Mother of Parliaments since Mr. Parnell's day; and the hatred of Celt for Saxon has never rivalled in intensity the detestation between Russian and Pole.

Energetic declamation against the Press was naturally to be looked for in a book of this kind. For the most part it follows the familiar lines; the complaint, for instance, that any rascal with money may found a paper and so become a power. But so may the enlightened patriot, and there seems no inevitable reason why a paper, "conducted upon firm moral principles or founded to meet the healthier instincts of the people," should be at a disadvantage in the competition. What is more to the point is the emphatic denial that the Press is representative of public opinion. There is, for one thing, the obvious fact that, if the claim of the newspapers to represent this opinion could be allowed, the number and variety of opinions represented would in ordinary circumstances be so bewildering that it would be impossible to assign to any one of them the distinction of being *public*. No doubt circumstances do occasionally arise in which the general voice of a nation is so clearly expressed that the Press cannot mistake it. During the last month, for instance, the English journals have beyond all question been echoing the voice of the English nation in refusing the right of French interference in the Valley of the Nile. But it is equally beyond question that on more than one important occasion in the year now drawing to a close the Press, not in England alone, has

assumed an authority for which it had no title. Did the American newspapers express the voice of the American nation when advocating a war with Spain as a holy and righteous undertaking which the common cause of humanity made imperative? We know that they did not; and had Mr. Phelps's famous letter never been written, we should have refused to discredit his countrymen's common-sense and integrity by such a supposition. When, during the progress of the war, many English journals were shrieking for an Anglo-American alliance against the world, when one of them proclaimed that only "a muddy and brutish ignorance" could refuse to see a kinsman in every citizen of the United States,—was such hysterical nonsense to be taken as expressing the voice of the English nation? We should be sorry indeed to think that it was, or that any educated American believed it to be. Again if, during the last month one had taken the French newspapers as representing public opinion in France, one must have believed the entire nation to be determined at all hazards to resist the arrogant and humiliating pretensions of England. It is on the contrary perfectly well known that, outside the newspaper-offices, Paris was profoundly indifferent to the whole affair; her mind was too full of the *Ile du Diable* to have any room in it for Fashoda. The truth is that it is as absurd for a newspaper to claim to represent public opinion as it would be for an individual to claim to represent it; and what is a newspaper but an individual of somewhat ampler girth than most? If the Press would consent to realise this truth,—and it may be sure that the realisation is not confined to Mr. Pobyedonostseff—it would not only be very much less mischievous than

it at present too often is, but could also be very much more useful.

But perhaps a more interesting part of the argument blames newspapers, conjointly with public education, because they spread the habit of chopping logic. Here is a defence of prejudices which strikes us as admirable.

Humanity is endowed with another very effective force—*inertia*. As the ballast in the ship, inertia sustains humanity in the crises of its history, and so indispensable has it become that without it all measured progress would be impossible. This force, which the superficial thinkers of the new school confound with ignorance and stupidity, is absolutely essential to the progress of society. Destroy it, and you deprive the world of that stability which serves as the fulcrum of progress. Contempt or ignorance of this force is the great failing of modern progressives. What, let us ask, is a prejudice? A prejudice, we are told, is an opinion without a rational base, an opinion which admits of no logical demonstration. All such opinions must be eradicated. But how? By awakening in every man the faculty of thought and by placing the opinions of every man in dependence upon logical deduction. But in actual life we find that we can seldom trust the operations of the logical faculty in man; that in practical affairs we rely more upon the man who holds, stubbornly and unreservedly, opinions which he has taken directly,—opinions which satisfy the instincts and necessities of his nature—than on him who is ready at a moment's notice to change his opinions at the guidance of logic because it appeals to him as the guidance of reason.

Is this perpetual openness to conviction really the reasonable frame of mind? Is there not a sounder logic in the instinct of the simple man? "The simple man instinctively feels that the change of opinion which is thrust upon him by arguments apparently irrefutable would involve the modification of his whole system of outlook upon life, a system for which perhaps he has no conscious

justification, but which is indissolubly bound up with his being and constitutes his spiritual life." He trusts, in short, the wisdom of his ancestors more than his own, for, as M. Le Bon says, we are governed more by the dead than by the living. This defence of tradition, and of instinct which is tradition in its most potent form, constitutes a line of argument which Burke, we think, would have approved; and it is not novel in this country where logic is less regarded than anywhere in Europe. *C'est logique* is a Frenchman's last word; and an Englishman answers *It won't work*. Indeed nothing could be more hopelessly illogical than our constant saying that a thing may be true in theory but not in practice. Russia, however, would seem to be at present in the heyday of phrase-making, suffering from a green-sickness of ideas, and what Mr. Pobyedonostseff has to say is addressed specially to his countrymen. Still the following remarks are not without their application among us too. "The heads of schools contemptuously refer to pedagogues who insist upon rigorous discipline; the soldier condemns the old-fashioned persons who maintain the necessity of military discipline; the priest condemns the practice of attending mass on festival days; judges and jurists discuss the ignorance of those who require the punishment of thieves or the obedience of servants to their masters." It is indeed an age in revolt against discipline; Mr. Pobyedonostseff has well diagnosed its malady, and it is because we are old-fashioned enough to believe in discipline that we commend the teaching of this reactionary.

The views upon religion expressed in this book are in strict harmony with the author's attitude of mind on politics, a defence of authority and settled custom as against the pro-

jects of theorists, of the wisdom of the race as against the wisdom of the individual. Modern theories favour a separation of the civil and the ecclesiastical, a divorce of the State from the Church. But from this results a division of authority, confusing to the multitude who need guidance; perhaps a conflict, for although the State may willingly resign the domain of religion, the Church cannot abdicate its claim to a control of conduct. It follows of course that, State and Church being one, there must be in the world many Churches; and if Mr. Pobiedonostseff may be taken as representative, nowhere is the principle of Catholicism, the theory of a universal Church, less popular than in Russia. Religion, upon the Russian view, originates directly from the people; when the father ceases to be the spiritual head of his own household you have the separation of Church and State in the family circle. "In the place of the father is introduced into the house a strange priest, in the capacity of a spiritual guide and the guardian of consciences, under aspect of a teacher. For this the priests are without doubt to be blamed, but still more guilty are the citizens for permitting the priest to take their places at the domestic hearth."

The priest has his office merely as a celebrant, not as a spiritual guide. In Russian churches almost the whole service is sung, not by a choir nor by officiating priests, but by the whole body of the people. And this gives a certain logic to the following defence of an ignorant Church.

What a mystery is the religious life of a people such as ours, uncultivated and left to itself! We ask, whence does it come? and strive to reach the source, yet find nothing. Our clergy teach little, and seldom; they celebrate the service in the churches, and direct the administra-

tion of the parishes. To the illiterate the Scriptures are unknown; there remain the Church service and a few prayers, which, transmitted from parents to children, serve as the only link between the Church and its flock. It is known that in some remote districts the congregation understand nothing of the words of the service, or even of the Lord's Prayer, which is repeated often with omissions and additions which deprive it of all meaning.

Nevertheless, in all these untutored minds has been raised, as in Athens, one knows not by whom, an altar to the Unknown God; to all the intervention of Providence in human affairs is a fact so indisputable, so firmly rooted in conscience, that when death arrives, these men, to whom none ever spoke of God, open their doors to Him as a well-known and long-awaited guest. Thus, in the literal sense, they *give their souls to God*.

Through the medium of symbols and images the Church, we read elsewhere, maintains the truth. Her religion may be overlaid thick with superstitions, but at the core of every superstition is a germ of truth; and if you tear away the husk, you are likely to destroy the germ. There is a vigorous passage against the fanaticism of unbelief, the militant or blatant atheism, which only lack of space prevents us from quoting. But more interesting is the comment upon our Protestantism, with its new beatitude, *Happy are the strong and powerful for they shall possess the kingdom*. It is perhaps not wholly reasonable to quote Carlyle and Froude as exemplifying the religious views of English churchmen, yet upon the whole the interpretation of our stern creed is not mistaken. Only with difficulty can we enter into the spirit of a people who, like the Russians, "have from time immemorial called the culprit 'unfortunate.'" The guiding spirit of Protestant Churches is apt to be denunciation; that of the Russian is love. Our clergy seem to them a kind of schoolmasters—"officials placed above the

people as princes above their subjects, in the position of men of society with complex needs and desires while surrounded on every side by privation and simplicity." In the Russian Church the priest's office is merely to lead devotions; from his lips "The simplest, most artless man in the congregation may without exertion repeat the prayers, feeling in communion with the congregation. We feel how faithfully our Church has been adapted to human nature in excluding sermons from its services." Their religion is an appeal to sheer emotion, backed by gorgeous ritual and accessories, and unrestrained by the aristocratic pretensions of a priesthood, such as Rome makes, to interpose between the worshipped and the worshipper an intermediary caste.

The religion that fits Russia would never fit us; Mr. Pobyedonostseff sees that as plainly as would M. Le Bon. But it is profoundly interesting

to learn, as one does here upon indisputable authority, what is the true expression of the soul of those huge masses from which, it may be, will one day pour over Europe the inevitable flood. Their own religion and their own institutions, whether bad or good, pure or corrupt, make for unity; the formulas by which less rudimentary civilisations can govern their life could only introduce division among them. Our peculiar institutions are for ourselves justified of their results; but we are not only an Anglo-Saxon Empire, and those excellent persons who would like to see trial by jury, representative government, and a free press accompany the British flag in its march round the world, might do a worse thing than hear what a Russian thinker and statesman has to say upon a similar policy projected for a people who, to put them at their worst, rank high above Asiatics.

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

THE Duke of Wellington once made an observation in which there lay concealed a large critical remark on the history of war. He was speaking of the Guards, and he said that, while no part of the army gave him so much trouble in peace, they were excellent in the field. There they could not behave badly, because White's window would not allow it. The window of that famous club was the Duke's symbol, or outward and visible sign, for the inward and spiritual things which go to make up the Point of Honour. Now, one hopes that all men may have this needful stimulus to right behaviour, or standard of conduct. There is a point of honour for the engine-driver who holds that, in his terse phraseology, "a man should stick to his stuff," not jump off when he thinks he sees an accident ahead, and for the merchant-skipper who must be the last man to leave the sinking ship. It was on the Point of Honour that the captain of the London refused to leave his vessel, when one boat was safely launched and the men in her offered to take him with them. He shook his head, said nothing, and turned away, prepared to perish with his ship and passengers. All hope was lost, he could do no good by staying, but the Point of Honour was more to him than life. So the Lord of Butrago (of whom there is a late bad ballad translated by Lockhart) told the King that he would not let the women of his lordship of Guadalajara say that he brought his vassals to die in battle and was not himself man enough to

share their fate. There was a distinguished English naval officer of the last century (whom one need not name, for his descendants are still on the Navy List,) who did not share the Quixotism of the skipper of the London. Like the King of Castile at Aljubarrota, he saw that no good could be done by staying. So he jumped into the only boat which got away and escaped after many sufferings. The court-martial acquitted the captain, and no doubt it was right. So common-sense tells us that the King of Castile did well to fly, since his death or capture would have multiplied the disaster ten times to the kingdom. Yet it would have been the higher thing to remain with the sinking seventy-four, and one wonders whether the King could remember the last words of his vassal without tinglings of shame.

One finds oneself wandering at once into the deeds of martial men when the Point of Honour is in question, even though one began with the full intention of showing that it exists in many forms among men. Among men observe, for with women there is a solitary Point of Honour, which is perhaps a proof that Schopenhauer, a snarling old bachelor, had a glimmering of some truth when he said you might accurately speak of men, but not of women, for while there are many men, there is only one woman. The male Point of Honour is best studied among those who follow the profession of arms, which is much concerned with the honourable. Besides it is so diverse and wavering that one must limit

the field, otherwise there would be no end. There is a story of a French noble whose curls were the admiration of the Court. It happened that he was once asked whether they were his own, and promptly answered that they were. "But is that so?" said the King. "No, Sire," was the unabashed answer; "they are only well made perriwig." "Then why did you tell me it was your own hair?" was the instant and natural reproach of his friend. "Why, because I owe the truth to the King, and to you nothing." On this quarrel, on his right, namely, to tell a lie, that gentleman would have fought cheerfully. There was a Point of Honour, and surely a very odd one, which it would take a whole treatise of casuistry to disentangle.

Among fighting men themselves this punctilio has varied from age to age. Marlborough once answered a friend, who expostulated with him for exposing his life so freely on the field of battle, by saying that he did not lead cavalry-charges out of mere vainglory, but because he should think himself unworthy of the kindness which his army had always shown him, if he did not share its perils. Now this was the sentiment of the great captains of the Middle Ages, who were not only generals, but knights,—or rather knights first, and generals afterwards. The modern general may set an example at a crisis. Lord Clyde thought that an occasion for showing himself at the very front arose during the fighting at Lucknow; but when his aide-de-camp expostulated, he allowed that his place was in the rear. Marlborough still thought as Sir John Chandos had done. At the battle of Auray in Brittany, Sir John formed his army in a line with a reserve. It was on the reserve that he relied to win, and he chose Sir Hugh de Calverley to command these

men who were to stand behind. For a modern officer this would have been a signal honour; Sir Hugh heard of it with deep anger, and refused to be anywhere but in the front rank. After many words had failed to overcome his obstinacy, Chandos made the great appeal with tears in his eyes. "Messire Hugh," said he, "either you or I must take the reserve. Which do you think it ought to be?" When it was put to him in these terms, Calverley realised the monstrosity of the notion that his chief could stoop to the less honourable place. He took the reserve, and with it he won the battle by a well-timed flank-attack. Meanwhile Sir John Chandos ceased to be a general from the moment the battle began, and resumed his place as the first knight in the army. Among the French chivalry it is probable,—or more, it is certain—that no Sir Hugh de Calverley could have been found to sacrifice his personal dignity to the good of the cause. Look, for instance, at the overbearing insolence they displayed when serving with the Hungarians against the Turk at Nicopolis, and with the Castilians against the English and Portuguese at Aljubarrota. They would not sacrifice their right to be first; they would rush in regardless of place, circumstance and advice,—which explains all their defeats in the Hundred Years' War. It was always the same story, at Crecy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, or at Verneuil. A mob of unruly gentlemen, who would think of nothing but their own Point of Honour, was pitted against a body of gentlemen who had the same code as themselves, but were not incapable of discipline.

For it must be allowed that, if the Point of Honour is often the feather in the cap, the something picturesque and symbolical of duty, it is at other times a mere form of vanity. Then

its workings are not wholly beautiful. The ruin of all corps of Pretorians has been a perverted Point of Honour. Tales are told of our own Guards and how they refused to supply details for the trenches on the ground that they were exempt from this duty. But this was a small error not persevered in, and more than compensated by that influence of the window at White's, which caused the Guards to be the only corps, except the Light Division, which kept perfect order in the retreat from Burgos. Here self-respect, aided no doubt by an excellent body of non-commissioned officers, did the work of the best military training. The two produced identical results. But the fixed resolution to insist on your rights and your place, regardless of others and of the service, may flow from the same source. Thus the Janissaries came to claim it as a right that they were not to take the field, except when the Sultan himself was there. Even when he was, he had trouble, as the last of the great fighting Sultans, Murad the Fourth, found, when he marched to retake Bagdad from the Persians. From that time forward they grew worse and worse, till Mahmoud exterminated them with his new soldiers and the guns of Kara Gehannim (which is, being interpreted, Black Hell,) the Pasha who commanded his artillery.

We need not go either to the East or to antiquity for examples of the spirit which ended by ruining the Janissaries. It was becoming very visible among the Guards of Napoleon before his short-lived empire was drawing to its close. At Fuentes de Onoro the division of the Guard which was serving with Massena refused to move at a crisis of the battle because the order was not given by their own marshal. Lanfrey calls their action Byzantine, but he might have contented himself with calling it human,

and quoting it as an example of what comes of having privileged corps. The process by which the result is obtained is very simple. You pick a body of men to make a very choice regiment or combination of regiments; you give them praise, pre-eminence, and all kinds of marks of honour to stimulate their personal pride, so that they may always be trusted to answer to the call at a crisis. The object is to develop the martial pride of that *Señor Soldado* who delighted Brantôme, and of whom he speaks in the *Rodomontades Espagnoles*. They asked him how many soldiers the Viceroy had brought to Milan. "Six thousand soldiers," said he, "but there are four thousand Germans, and eight thousand Italians." This calm assumption that the title of *soldado* belonged exclusively to the old Spanish bands, was precisely the *rodomontade* which Brantôme thought became the mouth of the nation which was then pre-eminently the soldier-people. It was really entitled to respect, for behind it was the spirit of the pikemen of Ravenna, the soldiers of Mondragon, the *tercios* of Nordlingen (of whom Defoe's Cavalier thought so nobly) and the heroic old bands of Rocroi. Those men knew they were the Spanish Infantry and that much was expected of them. This is the fine side; but there is another. Such men end by insisting that, as much is required, so much shall be given. They become punctilious, till their insolence grows intolerable, and they are apt to insist on exemptions and favours. But on this line one comes to the consideration of the question of the good and the evil of picked regiments, concerning which there is much to be said not to the present purpose.

Some Points of Honour of the old-time soldiers sound strange, and others look monstrous. It was the, at first sight, queer boast of the old bands of

Rocroi that they made a capitulation on the field of battle. But it was a great achievement, none the less. The bad generalship of Melo had caused the veteran Spanish infantry to be cut off, and exposed to the attack of the whole French army. They fought it out till the majority of them had fallen, having in the process ruined several of the best of the French corps, including that regiment of Hepburn which had been Mackay's Scots Brigade in the army of Gustavus, and is now, after passing through the services of Bernard of Saxe Wiemar, of the King of France, and of the Dutch, the First of the Line in the British Army. According to the custom of the time they had nothing to expect save to be put to the sword. Condé, partly because they were still formidable and his own army tired with a long day's fighting and marching, partly out of admiration for their fine defence, allowed them to capitulate as if they had been a fortified town. The story that they were all killed in their ranks is a romantic embellishment of the truth. Some hundreds survived, and from them descend three of the regiments of the present Spanish army. When explained this looks intelligible enough. What carries us away into a code of honour and morals so alien that it requires no slight effort to grasp it, is the curious meaning given to the words *loyalty to the flag* by the soldiers of the Thirty Years' War. They took it in the literal sense. So long as the flag was flying, and not in the hands of the enemy, the honour of a soldier required him to stand by his side; but when the flag was taken he was free to pass over to the enemy. He in fact followed the flag. To be sure, in all long wars regiments tend to become tribes which have no country except the camp. In the Peninsular War we recruited Spaniards, more especially in the 95th which had from

twelve to twenty of them per company. Costello speaks very well of them, calling them good soldiers and good messmates, whose chief fault was that they would butcher the French wounded. When Wellington reached Bordeaux these men were paid off, and they went reluctantly. During four years of marching and fighting the regiment had become their home, and they would have been well content to remain with the colours, and fight England's battles in America or in India.

It is so natural to man to become subdued to what he works in, that one finds this vanity, or whatever you please to call it, breaking out even in forces which pass for having had least of the character of the mere professional soldier. The New Model Army lives in history, more or less justly, as a body of stern enthusiasts, devoted to a cause, and contemptuous of the tricks and pretensions of soldiers over-sea; but even in this exceptional body, which did in the main deserve its character, we find the soldier's touchiness concerning his dignity. It was the custom in the armies of the seventeenth century that each general had his own regiment in the army commanded by his colonel-lieutenant, and in each regiment the colonel had his own company commanded by his captain-lieutenant. The regiment and the company held that their connection with the commanding officer conferred a certain dignity upon them, and exempted them from merely disagreeable duty. During the operations before Naseby Fairfax had given orders that each regiment in turn was to form the rearguard. When it came to the turn of his own, the men claimed exemption on the ground that they formed the General's guard. They were as ready to fight as others, and no doubt disposed to agree that it was their part to fight better; but

they held, and the military ideas of the time bore them out, that they were not to be expected to do dirty and disagreeable work, such as marching over ground which had been trampled into mud by all the rest of the army and the waggons. Fairfax brought them to order by dismounting and placing himself at their head. They could not refuse to do what their General and Colonel was prepared to do with them. When one remembers what the weight of the riding-boots worn in those times was, and that it must have been heavy marching over the roadless country much cut up by the passage of troops, it must be allowed that the General of the Parliament did not spare himself. From the fact that, like Sir John Chandos at Auray, he appealed to the feelings of his men, and did not merely enforce an order, he would seem to have thought that they had some justification for their claim. On both these occasions a higher Point of Honour was called in to over-ride the lower.

The sea is not without its punctilios. Perhaps the exclusive right of the captain to the starboard of the quarter-deck, or the rule that the senior goes into a boat last and out of it first, ought not to go by the name. They are needful regulations meant to prevent confusion. But the rule that the inferior makes way for the superior when ships cross one another's course is, or rather was, a punctilio. Now when two sailing-vessels are meeting on opposite tacks, that one of them which is on the port passes astern of the other,—except in the racing of Bahama schooners, when both wear and try it again. In the old days the senior expected the junior to give him the precedence. It was on this point that Sir Richard Grenville of the *Revenge* insisted at Flores. He said he would constrain

the Spaniards to make way for him, and thereby do homage to the Queen's flag. If they had consented, he would unquestionably have stood on till he rejoined Lord Thomas Howard. As they would not, his way was stopped, and he fought that thrice famous fight.

The punctilio of punctilios, the most famous of all known Points of Honour, was the claim to the salute made by the kings of England in all the four seas. The history of that demand is not without obscurities. Probably it goes back to the early Angevins, who being not only kings of England but dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine, were masters on both sides of the Narrow Seas, and might not unreasonably claim dominion over them as inland waters. So the kings of Denmark, who were also kings of Norway, claimed to be sovereigns of the Sound. That was, at least we may plausibly suppose it was, the serious political origin of the right to the salute. Yet when Normandy and Aquitaine were gone, the kings of England still insisted on exacting this mark of deference to their imperial flag. Nor was the Commonwealth one whit less punctilious on that point than any Stuart, Tudor, or Plantagenet. It had become a mere symbol of what one might almost call a kind of social superiority. In the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries it was at its height. Monson says that it was only out of his pure good-nature and politeness that Lord Howard of Effingham allowed the Dutchmen, who helped him to take Cadiz, to show their flag at all in his presence. Monson himself, when commanding as vice-admiral in the Narrow Seas, would not allow a Dutch officer, who had duly rendered the salute, to rehoist his flag. This was an exaggeration of the old claim, and it is to be explained in this way. English officers

held that, while their flag was of more dignity than any royal banner, it was incomparably superior to the ensign of a Republic. So, while a salute from the first was enough, the second had no right to appear in the presence of the kingly flag at all, except by gracious and condescending permission. The phlegmatic Dutch would endure not a little when it was not their cue to fight, but this was grievous to them. We must confess that our exacting arrogance towards them ended by losing all grace. While we were demanding that their flag should veil itself before ours, we waived our claim to the salute from France with some meekness, when Lewis the Fourteenth swore stoutly that it should be rendered by no ship of his. In the long run the famous historic claim to the salute sank into an excuse of which an occasional officer took advantage when he wanted to hector a Dutchman. Yet it remained in the KING'S REGULATIONS AND ADMIRALTY INSTRUCTIONS till the revision of 1806. It was, in fact, first explicitly resigned by the Sovereign who gave up the title of King of France and removed the lilies from his shield.

The sea was, on the whole, less favourable to punctilio than the land, being a much rougher place altogether. Then, too, the organised sea-service is in the main later than the military, and has less about it of the Middle Ages and the sixteenth century. Yet it had something. Thus at Beachy Head, Tourville refused to fire first on the challenge of Sir John Ashby, because the Englishman was his inferior in rank. In Rodney's great fight off Dominica, the Count de Grasse, when cut off and overpowered, preferred to surrender to Sir Samuel Hood who only came up when the Ville de Paris was already cut to pieces. It made no practical difference, but his pride found it easier to

lower the flag of France to an admiral than to a plain captain.

The dignity, solemnity, and ceremony of the sea gather round, or rather reside upon the quarter-deck. It would seem, however, that this is rather a modern development than an ancient tradition, and was very largely the work of the Earl of St. Vincent. One of this great officer's strongest qualities was his keen understanding of the importance of working on the imagination of men and their feelings of awe and reverence. During the mutiny year of 1797, when he was in command of the Mediterranean fleet, he set himself resolutely to make authority dignified and conspicuous. Every morning he held a solemn parade of the Marines, when *God save the King* was played, arms presented, and all hats off at the time. The Earl himself was always there in full uniform. "Though," says his biographer, "it was not required of other officers, yet it was noticed that his lordship invariably appeared in full-dress uniform; and as a general warning to all, was remarked the very violent displeasure which he one day manifested, springing from the quarter-deck upon a seaman, a captain of a top, whose head his lordship spied in the distance for an instant covered while the National Anthem sounded."

There is more than a touch of the absurd in the old Admiral's sudden leap from the quarter-deck, and in full uniform, to remove the hat of the captain of the top. Yet the biographer was no doubt right in thinking that "the angry reproof of that thoughtless man" was "the subject of grave reflections to all seamen." The officers might laugh, quietly of course and in moderation, at the "Image of blue and of gold, whose height was about five feet seven inches and the breadth thereof was about twenty inches," which Lord St. Vincent

set up every morning on the quarter-deck of the *Ville de Paris* before Cadiz. The image was in fact the Admiral's own august person, which was made the subject of an irreverent joke by Mr. Pryce Curnby, lieutenant of the *Thalia*, who relieved the tedium of blockade-service by composing a parody on the third chapter of *Daniel*. But who will undertake to say that that image, and the solemn ceremony held round it, did not make many realise the meaning of those spiritual things, authority and loyalty? Where the forms of politeness are neglected the spirit of it goes also, said Goldsmith, and in its own way this is true of discipline. Therefore there is much to be said for the regard which martial men have commonly shown for ceremonies. None ever had it in higher degree than St. Vincent, or made it more useful. He exacted a due regard to forms from officers as well as from men. In May, 1797, in the heat of his struggle with mutiny, he found time to issue an order that lieutenants who presented themselves at the entering port of his flag-ship with round hats and strings in their shoes were not to be allowed to come on board.

Yet St. Vincent, though he had the good sense to refuse to fight a duel with Sir John Orde on a quarrel arising out of a Service-question, could fall into the puerilities of the point of dignity and of honour. It was always thought that an admiral was entitled to sail in a line-of-battle ship. At a later date Nelson weakened his fleet just before Trafalgar by allowing Calder to go home in a liner to face the court-martial which was inflicted on him for not beating Villeneuve sufficiently; Nelson could not impose the indignity of a voyage home in a frigate even on one of the few personal enemies he had. Now it happened

that St. Vincent had been constrained to come out in a frigate. He had submitted to this as a disagreeable necessity, but, as his command wore on and his health began to fail, it rankled in his mind. In a letter written in April, 1799, to Evan Nepean, the Secretary of the Admiralty, his irritation comes out in these tart terms. "You have given no opinion, public or private, or rather no answer to my interrogatory; whether I am to take my passage to England in the *Ville de Paris*, or to go like a convict as I came out. I do not like to stir the question in a public letter, unless you feel yourself incompetent to give the answer, as matters now stand." Plainly St. Vincent was prepared to make a public matter of this contemplated slight on his dignity. How highly he ranked that, he showed a few weeks later. The French fleet under Bruix came into the Mediterranean in great force while our own was scattered and at a disadvantage. Fortunately for us the Frenchman had little enterprise, and little confidence in his command. He avoided a battle, and St. Vincent followed with a smaller force. Near Port Mahon the Admiral's health broke down, and he left the fleet at sea, in his three-decker. Keith, to whom the command now fell, shrank from forcing on an action against a superior enemy with a fleet already considerably outnumbered, and now further weakened by the separation of a vessel of this importance. He turned aside to pick her up again at Port Mahon, and Bruix escaped. White's window would perhaps not have approved of this act of St. Vincent's, and yet one does not feel certain. Nobody at the time condemned him openly for placing his own dignity before the Service.

DAVID HANNAY.

COUNTRY NOTES.

VII.—THE RAILWAY-STATION.

It is five miles from the Village, along a quiet road where the dew of very early morning glistens on the red brambles and the trees, one hundred and twenty miles from London, and in a direct line to nowhere at all. It boasts a wooden ticket-office, where there are very few tickets and no officer, that responsible man of thirteen years being usually engaged in playing marbles on the platform; a wooden shed for a waiting-room, three parts open to the keen and early air, with an absurd blush rose creeping up it and nodding her head softly in the thin breezes at the rickety bench within; an ivy-covered signal-box, and a signalman, who has grown extraordinarily fat and tranquil in the pursuit of his rare, calm duties, generally to be seen seated on the steps in his stout shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe and reading the local newspaper in perfect peacefulness. There are white gates too, (for the line runs across the quiet road,) which seem to have been especially, if not exclusively, erected for the entertainment of the stout signalman's stout infants, who sit on these barriers and cheer the two trains of the day with a stolid country enjoyment and no undue enthusiasm. There is also a heavy porter of seventeen, who, seeing that his home is five miles off in the Village cannot be reasonably expected to be often at the Station; and who, when he is there, is rendered entirely useless in an official capacity by an East Anglian accent so rich that no passenger, other than an East Anglian, can under-

stand him, and by his immovable and inherent objection to carrying anything heavy. As a sort of background to the porter (who, since he is hardly useful, may perhaps be considered in the light of a substantial ornament,) some cynic has suspended a row of flaming railway advertisements, whereon the rustic is assured that he may get to Paris from London in seven hours and a half, and first-class to Madrid for something not very much in excess of his entire annual income. The whole Station would indeed appear to owe its existence to the enterprising ignorance of an exceedingly junior director of the Railway Company, who has fondly imagined that he is going to bring this remote spot into touch with a great world, inspire its rare inhabitants with those town-born instincts called push, advance, and getting on in life, and rouse the villagers for ever, in the course of a month or two, from their present dreadful, sleepy, tranquil, and old-fashioned condition, which some fools still believe means happiness.

This morning, at least, is certainly the busiest morning of the week. It is barely an hour before the arrival of the one up-train (which the stolid porter, now serenely eating a second breakfast at the signal-box, calls the Lunnion Billy), and there is as yet no one on the platform and no sign of the Station being anything except a gay little practical joke on the part of the Railway Company. A lumbering cart, coming very slowly down the dewy road leading from

the Village, is leisurely pulled up by its driver, leisurely relieved by him of a wooden box tied round with cord, and left standing by itself (the old horse being perfectly immovable) a quiet part of the morning landscape. The driver, having called out "George!" (and George, who is the porter, having put his head out of his refuge and, perceiving the corded box, hastily withdrawn it again) sits down on the platform, flicks his legs contemplatively with his whip and looks up and down the line, which is as peaceful as Paradise.

A girl comes into sight in a minute, a country-cheeked Nellie, with her eyelids a little bit red after a parting, says "Thankee for taking my box" laconically to honest James, and sits by him on the rickety bench (with the blush rose nodding at her softly) and sinks into that absent silence which, alike with the simplest and the profoundest persons, means emotion. Nellie indeed is going to a place in London,—her all, being the exact fare for her journey, now clasped very tight in a piece of newspaper in a little hot hand—and will land there this evening, without a penny in the world, and at the mercy (Heaven help her!) of the entirely unknown advertiser in last month's COUNTY CHRONICLE, who required a country girl as housemaid. It is as well perhaps that Nellie's up-bringing, with half a dozen brothers and sisters in a three-roomed cottage on eighteen shillings a week, must already have acquainted her with some of the cruel facts of life, and that she goes to that greater world (James, who has never been there, describes London to her in very comfortable terms) innocent, but not ignorant.

While she is watching, with her simple absent eyes, the signalman's Mollie swinging on her gate, and the

booking-officer at his marbles on the platform, a couple more carts drive up to the Station and honest James gets up to meet a fat farmer, who is going to the cattle-market in the country town and is darned if he can see why any chap need go further afield than that. He stands and talks technically to James with his hands deep in his stout corduroy breeches' pockets, a good old countryman, with a homely tanned face, very white hair, a fiery old temper, and a most honest respect for his God, his Sovereign, and himself. One can fancy him going to his destination taking up a great deal of room in the narrow third-class carriage, with his old hands resting on his stout knees, plenty of talk about the harvest and the farming prospects to the chilly passenger opposite, a kindly help and civility for the old women with baskets and bundles and birdcages, and a fine cheerfulness under a good deal of real discomfort which one takes to be a virtue peculiar to the orders called lower.

George emerges from the signal-box with great leisureliness just as the farmer is discussing farm-yard history with James with that perfect openness of expression which causes the town-bred person to blush, and gives Nellie (who overhears it perhaps vaguely from her seat through other thoughts) no more embarrassment than it would give any other person who had heard plain facts stated plainly all her life. A few more people come on the platform at the moment. The booking-officer, on being called to by James (who is as much in command of the Station as anybody else), "Where are you getting to, Billy?" leaves his marbles reluctantly and slouches up the platform. George condescends to label a very poor box, very tightly corded, without asking its owner (a very old woman) where

she is going to, because in a little country place like this one would be a fool indeed if one didn't know everything about everybody. "And Sam be agoing to meet you in Dister, Missus?" he asks, to which Missus (called otherwise Betty) replies "As they say he tell me so in this," produces a poor letter to show the educated George, and then puts it back, carefully smoothed, in her deep pocket. Betty indeed is not agitated about the journey, although, or perhaps because, in all her seven and seventy years she has never taken its like before, but trusts, with a trust which one likes to think for the credit of poor human nature is not always misplaced, that other people will help her out of her difficulties, put her in the right way, and be all along as good to her as they are here, where George gets her her ticket (while she sits in the little booking-office with her dinner in her white handkerchief on her lap and her old face quite simple and serene), actually promises to see to her box, and then, when the train comes up, finds her a place, hoists her into it and commends her to the care of the other occupants of the carriage with the announcement as they're to see t'old lady don't change nowhere but at the Junction.

In a very modest pony-cart, driven by the volatile Niece, with her box strapped up on the seat in front of her, and the fifteen year old coachman perched up behind excessively lumpy and bucolic, with a red forelock, his mouth open, and a substantial person bursting out of his prim livery, comes Miss Mary from the White House. The porter, having caught sight of the box just in time, strolls away absently to the other end of the platform, while Hodge the coachman wrestles with it (the Niece always calls him Hodge on the principle that if it isn't his name, with an appear-

ance like that it ought to be); and then the young lady takes her own ticket, loses it at once and recovers it again, after causing a small rustic panic in the booking-office, which amuses her enormously because she is at an age when the whole world seems to have been constructed to make one gay. Meanwhile Miss Mary goes and sits down for a minute by Nellie (who looks dreadfully impassive and forlorn), lays her gentle old wrinkled hand on the girl's red fist, and talks just as cheerfully as James did of that great world to which Nellie is going, and of which, (having lived in the Village and believed it the universe all her life, and been always as pious, simple, and narrow as any creature on this earth,) she knows rather less than he does.

A serious thing, eight years old perhaps, with her cottage-bonnet slipping off her curls, comes next to take a penny ticket to the next station (where she is going to see Granny, she says in answer to a question), has the ticket given to her and a piece of toffee put into her grave mouth by the soft-hearted booking-officer (who may be supposed from the sticky nature of the tickets in general to be constantly indulging in this luxury himself), and goes on to the platform where she puts a confiding little paw into the farmer's huge horny hand ("Be this Salter's little gel?" he enquires) and waits thus trustingly upon events. The signal-man on his steps folds up his paper resignedly at this juncture, and then, because it wants not much more than five minutes to the time of the train, looks out of the signal-box window with a nonchalant air as who would say, "Well, there ought to be a train about this time, but if there really will be one, darned if I know or care." Mollie has to vacate her gates for a minute, because Mollie's mother

from a cottage hard by has to open them so that the line is clear for the train, and Mollie is left with her fat cheek pressed against one of the bars and an enormous *hurray* waiting, as it were, in her competent infant mouth.

The Parson hurries on to the platform at this last minute, old, dusty, and unkempt as usual, having walked the five miles from the Village partly to meet a fusty old scientific monthly journal which the train is to bring, and partly ("I begin to think," says the Niece, in her gay voice and laughing delightfully, "that the old creature is positively in love with me") to say good-bye to the girl who reminds him somehow (though how, God knows,) of Christabel who died. A very stolid youth, sixteen years old perhaps, concealing a good deal of real feeling by a perfectly inanimate countenance, and possibly going to London as a stable-boy, walks up the platform carrying his bundle by the side of his mother, of whose weeping, which is quite loud, unrestrained, and heartfelt, he cannot trust himself to take any notice.

By the white gates somebody (who looks like a farmer hoping to be mistaken for a squire) pulls up in his dogcart, talks a little to the signal-man through his window, and quiets the horse, who is much less leisurely and patient than his master and resents the idea of waiting here indefinitely for a tardy train which doesn't appear to be going to hurry itself even for a signal. On the platform Miss Mary looks at a very fat, grave, gold watch, part of a presentation to her effete papa, the late incumbent. Another somebody, who is not himself going by train and who is yet often here at this time, has discarded his smock frock and perhaps the simplicity it covers, watches the expectant little groups

on the platform with an expression which is so far alert and envious as to make one fancy him one of those ambitious persons on whom that junior director was pinning his hopes when he brought the railway into existence, until a girl (who may be his wife very likely, and is pretty only in a very simple fashion) touches him on his arm, says something to him, and they go back homewards to their country work together. Some bold soul steps to the edge of the platform to get the first glimpse of the train coming calmly through the level country. A very unnecessary whistle makes Mollie huzzay. The travellers on the platform collect their bundles. Some one shuts the booking-office door with a bang. And then the train puffs in slowly with George crying "Here she be!" and considering the whole duty of a porter begun and done with this exclamation, with the booking-officer looking out of the window of his sanctum, with Mollie perseveringly cheering from her gate, with the squire-farmer's horse snorting and tossing his impatient head, and with the passengers bustling and hurrying very likely as much as they have ever bustled in their lives, and yet making a delay over their farewells and arrangements and seat-findings long enough to disorganise a Metropolitan railway for a month.

Nellie gets into a carriage with that weight at her simple heart, Salter's little girl on the farmer's kind stout knee opposite her and the autumn rose nodding her farewell from the shed without. Sir John and my Lady drive up rapidly at this last minute in their barouche; they are going to town for a week at my Lady's weary desire, and leaving behind them coverts of the very finest birds positively asking the Squire to shoot them. The signal-

man calls out leisurely to the engine-driver, that he must make 'er (which is the engine) wait a bit. George, foreseeing a tip, condescends to help a large footman with some very large boxes. Betty settles down in her crowded compartment, sitting rather on the edge of her seat, with her old box under her feet, and her wrinkled old hands folded tranquilly on her lap. The Niece kisses Miss Mary in an impulsive farewell (with the Parson watching her from a little distance with his far-off old eyes), can't quite decide whether to laugh or cry, and ends by laughing after all. Sir John helps my Lady into the carriage reserved for them, seats himself by her, cheerily in spite of the birds, and my Lady leans back, and sighs, and wonders if town will be less killing than the country, or if it's one's doom to be bored, restless, and uneasy everywhere and for ever. The engine gets up steam leisurely, moves a little and a little more. George cries out "Stand back there"

in a highly professional manner and to no one in particular. The stolid boy, with a dreadful lump in his poor throat, sees his mother, with eyes which are quite dim and only look stupid, waving to him dully from the platform. Salter's solemn little girl gives a short cry of delight as the train starts. Nellie has begun her new world. Miss Mary gets into the little pony-chaise thoughtfully. The Parson turns away with his old hands clasped behind his back, his old head bent, the scientific paper slipping from under his arm, and his thoughts, too, far away. Mollie gives one last huzzay. The signal-man settles down for eight hours' leisure. George slouches homewards. The booking-officer looks for his marbles; and the train, a curving line, goes through the quiet morning fields, past the white, distant village, the peaceful market-town, and the long stretch of calm and level landscape beyond. And then the country is left behind.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

TRADER ELLISON.

(A STORY OF SIERRA LEONE.)

SOME years ago, when the tide of Moslem influence, which for several centuries has been steadily flowing southwards across a vast tract of Western Africa, first touched the heathen villages behind the colony of Sierra Leone, a white man sat with an anxious face on the verandah of a little factory in a turbulent native town. Even to-day, though it now possesses a resident official and a detachment of armed constabulary who keep such order as they can, while the European traders who occasionally visit there may come and go in safety, Kabunda is not a desirable place. A tangled forest of cotton-woods hems it in like a wall: a breadth of muddy water slides past the gate of the stockade; and between the river and forest there lies a waste of reeking swamp whose exhalations poison the listless air. Then it was a dark place of fetish cruelty, and the first white man who had endeavoured to open trade with its priest-ridden inhabitants bitterly regretted his folly as he sat there on that steamy evening.

Trader Ellison was a broad-shouldered, resolute man, well versed in the native ways, which are always devious and sometimes dangerous. How he came there is a simple story, and the story is also true, for in a region of bloodshed and pestilence like much of Western Africa the grim realities of everyday life are stranger than romance. Ellison first arrived in the colony as assistant in a certain coast-wise factory with an extensive native trade. The agent soon died of fever,

as most of the agents do, and the assistant managed the factory to everybody's satisfaction. His commission on the gross earnings steadily mounted up, and he let it stand to his credit on the books of the firm at home, for he was to return and be married when his contract had expired. Then he made an adventurous journey into a dangerous district on the fringe of the debatable land, and returned, broken down by fever, with the finest canoe-train of merchandise which had ever descended that stream. The venture had been successful, and he trusted that with what he had saved and its proceeds there would be enough to commence business with on his own account at home; but good fortune seldom lasts very long in West Africa.

Thus, when one sweltering morning he reached the factory, he found a stranger in charge, who informed him that the firm had failed through outside speculation, and that he was there to save what he could for the creditors' benefit. Ellison set his teeth as he listened, feeling curiously numb and sick; but he was a man of action, and shaking off the weakness went round the different factories. One result of a good reputation was that he found men willing to trust him with sufficient cloth and gin to make a second venture; after which he sat all night with a haggard face writing and re-writing a letter to the woman who waited at home, in which, as a ruined man, he set her free from the promise she had made. Then, in spite of official warnings he went back

into the bush, and after many days' journey reached Kabunda town. How, far apart from any civilised help and often sick of malaria, he fought a single-handed battle against the fetish priests' hatred and the headman's duplicity has nothing to do with this story; and such things are not uncommon in the fever-land. But his business grew, for the negro is a trader born, until again there was trouble, and Ellison could only foresee disaster as he wondered what the end would be.

A lurid crimson glare still shone behind the palms whose feathery tufts rose against it black as ebony, though the mist, rolling up like steam from the river, hid all the dripping swamp, and lights twinkled among the clustering huts as the tropic night closed down. Beneath his feet, for, as usual, the dwelling was raised on piles, a group of tattooed Krooboys crouched in the hot dust of the compound, whispering apprehensively and fingering their freshly-ground matchets, while a heavy revolver lay near the trader's hand. Ellison felt very thankful that he had brought these Liberians with him into the bush, because there exists a fierce racial hatred between the West African tribes, and he knew that they would fight, to save their skin if not for the factory. Beyond the timber stockade, which he had strengthened with galvanised sheets, a dingy column of scented smoke rolled across the mud-walled huts, and Ellison watched it vacantly while he waited for the outcome of the palaver that was going on in the judgment-square.

Two turbaned merchants, representatives of the Moslem soldier-traders who dwell in a state of at least partial civilisation beyond the fever-belt, had twice already visited him to sell their beautiful leather-work. At last, encouraged by his fetish counsellors and tempted by

avarice, the headman had laid violent hands upon their goods, and that night their fate was to be decided in the palaver-square. Ellison's friendly warning was received with hostility; and the headman had hinted that his people, maddened by tumbo wine, might not be contented with slaying two foreigners or burning a factory. Ellison realised the danger, but that factory was the last hope to which he clung, and he resolved there should at least be a struggle before it was taken from him by half-naked savages.

Presently a roar of voices broke through the sweltering night, and the trader leaned over the balustrade listening eagerly, for he recognised a note of murderous fury in that negro cry. Then he heard the ringing crack of a long Arab gun, the sputtering crash of a flintlock, and a wild howl of anger from the crowd. A crescent moon slowly sinking towards the western palms cast a faint light on the stretch of white sand fringed with acacias that led to the palaver-square. Watching it intently Ellison saw three indistinct figures speeding down the avenue. "The fools," he muttered, clenching his fist, "the besotted imbeciles, to meddle with men like these, and bring a legion of Moslem fanatics to burn this hole to the ground." By their height and the loose folds of cotton that fluttered behind their limbs he recognised that these three were men from the interior, as grim a race of warriors as any in the world. A yelling mob streamed after them, with one or two naked runners shooting ahead of the rest. Presently the last of the fugitives sharply wheeled about, and there was a twinkling gleam in the moonlight as a long-barrelled gun went up. A train of red sparks spat from it, and the foremost runner fell clawing at the sand, while a roar for vengeance drowned the jarring report.

"Good practice!" said Ellison grimly; "Hallo! what has happened now?"

One of the running figures staggered in its stride, then, seized by a comrade who halted, went limping on again, while the gap between them and the mob narrowed rapidly as they neared the factory-gate. For a moment Ellison ground his heels into the planks; then he sprang down the verandah stair-way with a settled purpose in hand. Those men had visited Kabunda at his request to trade, and he could not see them murdered before his eyes.

"Open the gate," he shouted to the excited Krooboys. "Three of you stand behind it, and the rest follow me with the matchet. You needn't be afraid of hurting them; see that none get inside."

The little grizzled leader, Old Man Trouble by name, showed his filed teeth as he said something to the rest, and again Ellison felt glad that he had engaged only wild Cavalry boys, who, when amusement was needed in their distant country, made war on the Liberian Republic and the German factories. Without hesitation they swung back the compound-gate, and the white man stood in the opening with a revolver in his hand, hoping to settle the matter without shooting if he could. He was only just in time. Three men faced round outside the gate as the black wave caught them up, and Ellison spied the glimmer of the finely tempered straight-bladed swords which are made by Arab craftsmen far away in the north. Then a staggering figure reeled past him towards the open gate, and he was in the midst of a confused scuffle, striking furiously with the revolver-butt, while matchets flashed about him and a man in loose blue cotton swept clear a semi-circle with an Arab sword. Next a gun-

stock, or something heavy, came down upon his head, and half-stunned he yet remembered grasping the shoulders of one of the strangers who was also beaten down, and shouting for help to a Krooboy close beside. Panting they dragged him backwards while a snaky sword-blade circled above their heads, and a wedge of yelling Krooboys momentarily checked the crowd. Presently the Krooman fell upon him, cannoned off, and was trampled on; somebody came to help him, and with a gasp of fervent gratitude Ellison and his burden reeled together through the gate. The barrier clanged to in the face of the furious mob, and the white man leaned against it, panting hard for breath, and trying to shut out the sickening sounds that came from the other side.

Lifting the crushed wreck of the sun-helmet from his head, and wiping the sweat from his eyes, he saw that a Krooboy was missing, while of the three fugitives but one had passed the gate. The latter sat in the dust of the compound, a tall man wearing the blue country cloth that is woven in the interior, coolly tying a bandage round his wounded leg.

"Greeting and thanks, but little peace, white man," he said in the semi-Arabic idiom spoken in the north; and Ellison, who understood, smiled as he noted the variation from the Mahomedan salutation, "Greeting and peace." Then the stranger continued calmly, and Ellison listening to his story gathered at least the gist of it. They had fought their way out of the palaver-square, and, while two of his retainers had been murdered outside that gate, a comrade, he trusted, had reached the river safe. Another ruled a Sulima village whose cattle-raiding inhabitants were devout followers of the Prophet, and, if the fugitive reached it, he promised that

there should be a very grim reckoning for the blood that had been spilled. "I am in your hands now, white man," he concluded. "What will you do with me?"

Ellison rubbed his forehead, which commenced to throb painfully, and found a deep gash across it, while his jacket was torn to rags. With a rueful glance at the latter he broke out in English, "Confound you, you ebony nuisance, for dragging me into this;" then, noticing the other's bewildered stare, explained as best he could that they must try to hold the factory until his friends should come. Next, expecting that the crowd, which satisfied with bloodshed had dispersed, would probably return again, he served out to the Krooboys an ample supply of powder and four-foot flintlock guns from the trade-store, and bade the cook, who had done great things with the matchet, prepare the best meal he could.

The big man, whose wound did not appear to affect his appetite, performed some mystic ceremony with a pinch of salt, which Ellison understood to mean that he graciously took that place under his protection, and then ate like a hungry wolf, while the trader, lounging in a monkey-skin chair, with one eye on the village, watched him attentively. His face was not black but swarthy, while something in the features and the angle of the forehead showed that other blood than the negro's flowed in his veins, and that he came of a people far removed from savages. The village was now almost ominously silent, and the twinkling lights had gone, though at irregular intervals a growl of distant voices rose across the huts. But neither of the two strangely assorted companions were to enjoy that meal in peace, for presently a tattooed heathen drew cautiously near the gate, and laying

down the inevitable present, a string of live fowls tied together by the leg, called out that he bore a message from the headman.

"Speak on," was the answer. The negro commenced by setting forth Ellison's ungrateful wickedness, after which he concluded: "So my master sends warning his people will certainly kill you soon. Therefore tie that stranger and put him outside the gate: leave us the factory and Krooboys; and he will see a canoe is ready a little before the dawn, and no one shall watch by the river while you escape down stream."

Ellison laughed at the message, and his answer was very brief. "Go back," he said, "and tell your master, if he desires this factory, to take it,—when he can." Thereupon the other, changing his tactics, depicted with graphic details what the whole party's fate would be. Ellison, considering this was not only exceeding a herald's privilege, but also calculated to weaken his followers' resolution, if they understood, sternly bade the messenger go away. But the negro only waxed the more eloquent, until a deftly-aimed bottle, snatched from the table at hand, smote him full on the forehead, and cut the oration short.

A grim smile twinkled in the stranger's eyes. "That answer," he said, "was given well; therefore, if Allah wills it, we shall hold this place together until my kinsmen come. The white man is surely of a soldier-race, and I fought with Samadu."

"No," was Ellison's answer, in what he knew of the inland Arabic. "I am only a trader, and sell cloth that from the profits I may have bread to eat; but this factory is my living, and I will not give it up."

"Ah," said the other still smiling. "Then it is not strange that the great Emir Samadu should fear the white infidel. I would leave those

fowls outside the gate; we shall see if the bushman's poisons are good for the big red ants." Presently, with the explanation that he had not closed his eyes for several nights, the Moslem stretched himself on a roll of matting, and sank into heavy sleep, while Ellison kept watch upon the verandah.

The village was now apparently wrapped in drunken slumber, for tumbo-wine had freely flowed at the palaver. The palm-fronds rustled mysteriously along the forest's edge: drops of condensed moisture fell splashing from the eaves; and the oily gurgle of the river came softly through the gloom. All these things Ellison noted as he listened revolver in hand while the sweltering hours of the tropic night dragged themselves away, until dawn found him leaning wearily over the balustrade drenched in heavy dew.

The week that followed was a trying one to all in the factory. A second attack was beaten off by the Krooboy's gallantry, for the woolly-haired labourers had no desire to pose as an offering to the fetish gods. But provisions were nearly exhausted, and soon the little garrison were reduced to one yam apiece each day, and through lack of water Ellison, to his great disgust, was compelled to resort to curious effervescent and poisonous Hamburg gin from his stock in trade. The tribesmen now contented themselves with trying to starve them out, though it had already become evident they had other business in hand. Ellison could see messengers coming and going all day, while slaves were piling branches about the stockade. At this as they watched one afternoon the stranger smiled significantly. "My people come," he said. "Do the heathen think them children to be turned aside by these? Soon you will see them driven like a flock of frightened sheep."

"That's if we don't starve beforehand," Ellison answered in English. "I feel nearly half-dead now. Ah! there's the bushman's artillery on the way to the front."

A line of panting naked negroes were hauling along the river-bank one of those honey-combed, cast-iron guns, which, in spite of the Treaty of Brussels, may be found in every West African stronghold. Presently it was lashed to a heavy log, and an individual, gorgeously attired in a crownless silk hat painted with crimson bands, a discarded infantry tunic, and nothing else, strutted some sixty yards ahead of it and set up a wand in the oozy mire. He fastened a screaming parrot upon the wand, and returned to where his subordinates were busy cramming the gun to the muzzle with fragments of gin-bottles and broken iron. Next, mounting a pair of trade-spectacles (which are made of window-glass), he crawled round about the breach shouting vociferous orders, until there was a sudden dispersal of the naked artillerymen; a long bright flash leapt from the muzzle as it tilted aloft, a rolling cloud of yellow smoke closed down across the swamp, and as this drifted away a triumphant howl went up, for there were no traces of the parrot or of the wand it had perched upon.

The bushman having thus ascertained the range set up another wand in its place, and then squatted down among the undergrowth beside his hidden gun until the unsuspecting foe should pass across that mark, which is the usual artillery practice of the West African, and not always ineffectual, as the Alecto's blue-jackets know.

Afterwards, and until long past midnight, the two men of widely different race watched and waited together upon the verandah. Both of them were very hungry, and the one

of swarthy colour had tasted no liquid for nearly two days because the fiery potato-spirit was forbidden to him. He leaned on the worm-eaten balustrade, a silent, statuesque figure, loosely draped in blue, for in him the inherent apathy of the negro was blended with the teaching of Islam that no man may escape his fate. But Ellison's Western energy chafed under the inaction, and with his belt drawn tight about him he paced feverishly to and fro, only halting a moment to fling with a savage gesture a damp cigar over the rail. The little glowing morsel lay a red spark in the dust below, and led his gaze to the few scattered figures fingering their long guns behind the palisade. "It would be better to go out and meet them," he said, turning to his companion, "than starve here like rats in a trap. You don't understand, confound it! I'm always forgetting that." Then in a few broken sentences, he made his meaning clear.

"My friends are surely coming," was the grave reply. "Only wait for daylight, and then, if there is no deliverance, we will go out and make an end."

Ellison did not answer, but vaguely wondered, as he stared out into the night, whether one who had hung upon his arm that English summer evening, which seemed so long ago, had forgotten his existence, or if she still waited in patience for his return, while he was about to perish far away in Africa. Then his thoughts went back to the home-land which he never expected to see again, until a confused pounding of monkey-skin drums recalled him rudely to the present and he saw a long line of naked tribesmen march out through the stockade gate. With a throat dry as a limekiln he paced the creaking verandah until his swarthy companion touched him, and pointed to where

beyond the misty forest a faint greyness streaked the East. Then, haggard and anxious, he cast himself down upon a fibre-mat, and lay there while the stars faded and went out one by one, wondering if that was the last sunrise that he was fated to see.

At last, from somewhere among the cotton-woods, there came a ringing detonation,—the clang of an Arab gun. His comrade cried out triumphantly, and it was evident that the Kabunda men knew what the warning meant. A blowing of horns and a booming of drums rolled along the river, and watcher answered watcher out of the drifting mist. A silence followed that was strangely trying, while the grey changed to crimson, for day comes suddenly in the tropics, and presently a huge coppery red disc swung up above the forest. Then, as the first hot rays fell on the reeking swamp and drove bright lanes of radiance into the forest-shade, the mist, gathering in fantastic wreaths, melted into thin air, and Ellison saw lines of blue and white clad figures swarming among the cotton-woods. Next, from the brushwood by the river and the tall grass of the swamp, there flickered yellow flashes, puffs of pale blue vapour hung in motionless streaks, and a crash of guns shook the dew-drenched palms. But neither shot nor shout brought answer from the straggling line of white and black, which, with a shimmer of spears before, it and a glint of long-barrelled guns, poured doggedly into the swamp. Ellison, watching through his glasses, saw that the most part were fighting men from the north, probably Sofa and Sulima Moslem who were already extending their domination over a heathen land, while by the neatly folded turbans and lighter colour of limb he knew there were among them some of Samadu's Arabs from beyond the peaks of Kong.

A second burst of firing heavier than before broke out along the river ; the running figures massed themselves together, and this time a shrill, piercing yell, which even to-day the West Indian patrols do not care to hear, echoed across the tangled grass, and there followed a mad rattle of gun-shots across the breadth of the swamp. Ellison fixed his glasses on the mass of half-naked tribesmen crouching among the undergrowth where the bulk of the Kabunda people lay behind the gun, which hidden from their assailants commanded the one firm passage leading through the mire. At that moment a whirling crimson flash blazed forth among the grass, and a cloud of vapour drove across the line of leaping objects that seemed suddenly cut in two. A wild shout pealed through the thunder of the over-loaded gun ; a hand grasped his shoulder and a deep voice said in his ear, "Now you shall see how our people fight."

Ellison held his breath as he watched the mad struggle to re-load the gun in time, and the reckless rush of spear-armed warriors straight upon the piece, beginning to understand how it was that those swarthy tribesmen had more than once chased battalions of drilled negroes strengthened by picked white soldiers of France through the forests of Senegal. Even then he could see a fantastic object flinging the priming upon the breach, and in a few moments more he knew the murderous load of ragged iron would blot the foremost out ; but with a glitter of steel above them the men from the fringe of the Soudan charged home upon the gun. Into the grass, and through it, with the flintlocks scorching their faces and the iron shower hurtling broadcast, they drove resistlessly through and over the mass of Kabunda men. When they came forth a terror-stricken crowd of

fugitives fled down the river-bank, flinging flintlock and matchet from them as they ran, while the sword-blades flickered behind them, and pursuer and pursued swept on waist-deep together through the shallow ford. Further down the river, and higher up as well, the same thing happened, while now there was a ringing of long-barrelled guns upon the other side, and Ellison yelled excitedly, "Hurrah, a splendid charge ! They'll wipe out all Kabunda unless the gate is closed in time !"

The barrier swung to in the faces of friends and foes alike, but a mixed mass of blue and white cotton draperies, black limbs, and matchet-blades, rolled up out of the river, and swarmed shoulder to shoulder across the big stockade, while the gun-buts clanged like a foundry as they rang upon the gate. The gate went down before them ; there were yells and cries in the streets, and a confused flashing of fire-arms among the clustering huts, while with a shout of, "Come back there, you lunatics, this isn't our affair !" Ellison dropped from the roof and sprang down the verandah stair.

He was too late. The gate of the factory compound was already open wide, and he saw the last of his woolly-haired followers, fired by the lust of plunder, vanish among the trees, while presently his swarthy friend limped past him with a matchet in his hand, and Ellison struggled fiercely to choke down an almost uncontrollable impulse to join in the fray. In a moment the acacia-fringed avenue was filled with a roaring mob, some standing at bay about the huts, the rest running like frightened sheep, while turbaned men sword in hand drove through them resistlessly. When at last the wild tumult rolled out again through the further gate Ellison, shivering a little at what he saw around, drew back into the

compound, and sat limply in the shade to wait what should happen next.

It was perhaps an hour later when, with a band of sable retainers ranged in loose order about him, a turbaned man in blue Arab cotton entered the compound by his lame companion's side, and Ellison, noting the embroidery upon the tattered robe and the silver-buckled sword-belt of beautiful leather-work, tried to recall a suitable salutation for a person of rank as he rose to his feet.

"Greeting and peace to you, stranger," said the newcomer in the northern tongue. "We thank you for helping our brother; but why, after facing the heathen for many days, did you not join and help us to cut these devil-worshippers down?"

"I am a peaceful trader, and I only held them from burning this factory," Ellison answered as best he could. The other laughed, as speaking very slowly he said: "And we are also traders, but we carry the sword as well, as our fathers did before us when they first came out of the East. Well, again we thank you, and you shall trade in safety so long as I rule this town. By Allah! if such are your peaceful traders, what are the white soldiers like? And now you faint with hunger; there is food in the headman's house."

Ellison, who had dined many times in very curious company since he came to Africa, thankfully agreed, and after the first sufficient meal he had eaten for several days lay down on a roll of matting to sleep for twelve hours on end. The newcomer, who was evidently a man of mark, proved as good as his word, and a few months wrought a radical change in Kabunda town. Instead of the ghastly fetish-house a school was set up, such a one

as may be found in many Moslem villages in the interior. Drastic regulations took the place of chaotic misrule, and a grey-bearded man of yellow skin who had come from the desert's edge replaced the naked fetish-priest as public instructor. Lines of swarthy carriers came down the forest-trails bearing gums and spices, feathers and leather-work, worth much upon the coast; and if Ellison sold but little poisonous gin, his commerce in cloth and hardware increased rapidly. This story of conquest and improvement has been repeated many times before in that region of forest, as the few adventurous traders and the frontier officials know.

So the trade of the factory flourished exceedingly, until Ellison sold the goodwill to a large African firm, and then it came to signal failure, because of a tipsy agent who would not understand that he now had to deal with people who were not savages. Meantime Ellison had gone home with sufficient to start him in England as a junior partner in another West Coast firm; and there he found one who had patiently waited all the trying time. He is married now, and when he last told the story, not so very long ago, he added that his swarthy friends had voluntarily ceded jurisdiction to a resident officer, and had several times helped the Government through troubles in the bush; but at last, through some blunder of the officials over the hated hut-tax, they had marched out of Kabunda and gone back to the north. Ellison also stated that the authorities thus lost faithful friends and allies, and that, if ever the forest-patrols should meet them under arms, it would go hard with our West Indian soldiers unless they played the man.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

THE MADNESS OF MR. KIPLING.

THERE is no gratitude more sincere than that which is paid to the man who can amuse us; and few of us would be slow to admit that Mr. Kipling has made the world more amusing. He is one of the most agreeable luxuries that we possess, and for what should we be grateful if not for luxuries? But there are times when gratitude sees, like Desdemona, a divided duty. Should it blind us to the shortcomings of a favourite author? Or should it make us indignant when he produces work seriously below his best level? There is a case to be made out for either side, and of course no artist can reasonably be expected to produce nothing but masterpieces. But when one sees a writer wilfully making play in a definitely wrong direction, it is surely permissible to remonstrate. There are a dozen stories in Mr. Kipling's new book, *THE DAY'S WORK*; three of them are, as I think it will be generally allowed, in his best manner; half a dozen more are no worse than many good things in his earlier work; but the other three, though in their way clever enough, no doubt, like everything else of their author's, do, I must say, awaken a desire to protest. And some of the protests which must be made against them apply partially to the other stories. But let us analyse the volume.

Over *THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS*, which relates the adventures of Lieutenant John Chinn among the Bhils and his hereditary domination, there will surely be no dispute; nor is there likely, I take it, to be much over *WILLIAM THE CON-*

QUEROR, a love-story set against a background of Indian famine. Here is a passage I should like to quote before turning *Devil's Advocate*. One Scott, of the Irrigation Department in the Punjab, has been ordered down to fight the famine in the Madras Presidency, and, since the rice-eating people will sooner starve than eat unfamiliar grains, he has been forced to give the grain to goats and feed perishing babies on their milk. After a month of milking and baby-feeding he returns to the central camp, where "William," a hard-riding young lady with a preference for men of action, has been busy also.

He had no desire to make any dramatic entry, but an accident of the sunset ordered it that, when he had taken off his helmet to get the evening breeze, the low light should fall across his forehead and he could not see what was before him; while one waiting at the tent door beheld, with new eyes, a young man, beautiful as Paris, a god in a halo of golden dust, walking slowly at the head of his flock, while at his knee ran small naked Cupids.

That is a pretty picture, and tells all the more against the severe realism of its setting.

The other one of the first three is *THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS*, which, for my own part, I should put in a class by itself, ranking it higher than anything of its author's except only *THE MAN THAT WOULD BE KING*. But it is open to certain objections, and not unreasonable ones. Mr. Kipling suffers from a mania, which is really only the perversion of his best quality. His passionate desire for concrete information makes his whole work a

storehouse of curious and sometimes very interesting facts; but with the desire to know all about everything goes a desire to be able to call everything by its right name, and this has bred a kind of collector's mania, a craving for strange words. If Mr. Kipling discovers a new term,—a technical term for choice, but any flower of American slang will do nearly as well—he is as happy as an entomologist with a new beetle, and as anxious to produce it. Now a story which turns upon a triumph of modern engineering gives great scope to this bent of mind, and the consequence is that the first three or four pages of *THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS* are sprinkled thick with words like *spile-pier*, *borrow-pit*, *trusses*, and *revetments*. Tastes differ about the result. To myself it appears to convey the atmosphere which Mr. Kipling wants to attain, and certainly the picture of the bridge rises distinct enough; but to many other people it seems a disagreeable pedantry, and indisposes them to follow with proper attention what comes after. About that also there are two opinions; one fervent admirer said to me that the story broke off just at the interesting part, where the flood came down on the unfinished bridge, and went off into a silly dream. But the peculiar bent of the author's mind, while it gives him the keenest interest in the bridge as a bridge, makes him also see in it not merely a bridge but a symbol. The spanning of the Ganges is not merely an engineering achievement; it stands for a type of the losing battle which the old gods of the East fight against new and spiritual forces. Still, in the use of symbols there always lurks a snare, and though I should defend with enthusiasm the symbolism of this story, which lies a good deal nearer to poetry than to prose, I am constrained to admit that it sins by a

trifle of obscurity; and in the other stories the use of a figurative method leads the author into errors much worse than obscurity. In short, as Devil's Advocate, I should sum up my indictment by accusing Mr. Kipling first of an abuse of technical jargon, secondly, and this is a more serious matter, of an abuse of symbolism.

The two faults are at their worst when they occur together, and indeed they are traceable back to one source. Everybody felt that there was symbolism, or allegory, involved in the two *JUNGLE BOOKS*, but nobody resented it, for the stories were fundamentally interesting. The presence of Mowgli added the human link which is needed to bring us into sympathy, and the animals talked credibly. Animals must, and do, talk, and it seems natural that they should talk as Mr. Kipling makes them. But when it comes to engines discoursing on a railway-siding, or the different parts of a ship holding converse, credibility ceases, and, as Horace observes, *incredulus odi*,—the incredible is a bore. But the reason why Mr. Kipling falls into this error is sufficiently simple. He has a passion for machinery, and very rightly, since the marine engine, even more than Finlayson's bridge, is to this age what the Parthenon was to Athens. Probably his sincerest aspiration expresses itself in McAndrew's phrase,

Oh for another Robbie Burns to sing the
song of steam.

Mr. Kipling may live to sing the song of steam yet, but for the present he trails us somewhat heavily at the heels of his hobby. Machines may be alive to him, but they are not alive to us. Nobody would object to his technicalities when they are used so admirably as in the story *BREAD UPON THE WATERS*, a capital yarn with that touch of something more

in it that puts Mr. Kipling miles above so excellent a spinner of yarns as Mr. Jacobs. Mr. Jacobs would never have realised that McPhee had a Shekinah in "the matter o' fair runnin'." But in that other story of a steamer, *THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA*, I confess that the technicalities overpower me. It was no doubt an admirable thing that Mr. Kipling should have plotted out exactly what would happen in the engine-room if a five-inch shell fractured the bolts that held the connecting-rod to the forward crank; but the description will be worse than Hebrew to the average reader, for it is not merely unintelligible but tantalising. This, however, Mr. Kipling knows well enough, and he takes his chance; for my own part I willingly accept the bewilderment for the subsequent picture of the repairing. I cannot understand what is being done, but I can feel the feverish activity and the sense of amazing resourcefulness. It enlarges one's view of the possibilities in human nature to read of man, stripped to the skin and reduced all but to a state of nature, at grapple desperately and successfully to improvise the most complicated weapons of civilisation.

But what I suspect Mr. Kipling of not knowing is that a symbol has only value when it translates into the concrete something less intelligible in the abstract; and that an allegory is only tolerable when its story is so interesting that one tacitly forgives it for being an allegory. Finlayson's bridge over the Ganges seems to me an excellent symbol, a material incident to show a spiritual conflict; the *JUNGLE-BOOK* stories are admirable allegories because there is very little allegory in them; we are haunted by a sense of some further meaning, not knocked over the head with a moral. But the sketch called *A WALKING DELEGATE*

is an allegory naked and not ashamed. Mr. Kipling has a profound antipathy to Socialism; and a profound belief in "the day's work;" that renders him a valuable prophet, and in one of his cleverest poems, *AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT*, he put the case against an artificial limitation of man's energy more convincingly than could be done by a legion of blue-books. But he has now chosen to represent the contempt of real workers for the idle demagogue in terms of horseflesh, and the result is, to speak plainly, nonsense. These are not the ideas of horses, for the conception of combination for a common end is essentially foreign to them; and if Mr. Kipling wanted to write the dialogue it is hard to see why he should not have written it about men. Very probably he would say that it amused him to write it in this way; and that is an unanswerable argument when what amuses the writer amuses the reader also. This *Walking Delegate* is a caricature of a man, but he is not in the least like a horse. The other horses are like horses, but the situation is not one that could conceivably arise among horses. Swift saw the possibilities long ago, and exhausted the dramatic contrast between a man's conventions and the rules of life among decent animals, in circumstances fabulous, of course, but not inconceivable. And I confess that even the better features of the story,—for instance, the insight into the experiences of a New York tram-horse—are marred to me by the dialect. There may possibly be some fascination about a tongue in which people say *nope* and *yep* for *no* and *yes*, but I do not feel it; and there are surely enough authors already engaged in garnering the rank crop of American vulgarisms. To a certain extent these have infected Mr. Kipling's own style already; we find him talking about *slugging* a guard,

cramping a coupé, and so forth; and before the century is out, he may be writing *vim* and *brainy* with the best of them.

THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF is another allegory, or symbol as you choose. If an organisation,—a State, for instance,—is to be worth its place in the world, all the bits in that organisation have to do their separate work in the best way they can and not mind if their toes are trodden on, because that is inevitable. That is the moral of innumerable tales in Mr. Kipling's work, and a very admirable moral it is. Servants of the State have to realise that they are parts of a machine, the whole of which depends on the loyalty of every part. That is all very well as a metaphor or illustration. But when you come to writing a story to show how all the parts of a ship, the rivets, stringers, garboard-strake, and heaven knows what else, have feelings to be considered and how each learns a common lesson,—why then you are very apt to be a bore. And when you bring in the steam as a kind of guardian angel with a tendency to be facetious, you approach to being intolerable.

And yet I must admit that I have heard an intelligent man speaking of this book describe THE MALTESE CAT as the best story in it, and next to that he placed THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF and '007. There are things to interest one, as well as many to annoy one in the story of the ship; it is doubtless a graphic account of the process of adjustment which actually takes place on a first voyage; but '007 is beyond me. Here all Mr. Kipling's manias break loose at once,—there is the madness of American slang, the madness of technical jargon, and the madness of believing that silly talk, chiefly consisting of moral truisms, is amusing because you put it into the mouths of machines, for

machines in Mr. Kipling have mouths. Here is a sample :

"I've trouble enough in my own division," said a lean, light suburban loco with very shiny brake-shoes. "My commuters wouldn't rest till they got a parlour-car. They've hitched her back of all, and she hauls worse'n a snow-plough. I'll snap her off some day sure, and then they'll blame anyone except their fool-selves. They'll be askin' me to haul a vestibuled next."

Now in this I do not know what *brake-shoes*, *commuters*, or a *vestibuled* may be, and as Mr. Kipling has already surfeited me with strange knowledge and unfamiliar terms, I would not thank him to tell me. It is enough that he should let loose upon us all the unknown possibilities of our own tongue without borrowing abominations from America. But the pith of my objection is to this silly perversion of symbolism. It is no doubt perfectly true that complicated machines have their idiosyncrasies, their personalities even, if you please; a bicycle can be nearly as annoying as a horse. For once in a way it may be good fun to push the fancy a little further and attribute to them sentient life, but Mr. Kipling has overdone the thing. If we take THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF seriously, as I believe he means it to be taken, it is an exaggeration,—what Mr. Ruskin used to call a pathetic fallacy; and the thing is capable of indefinite and appalling extension. If Mr. Kipling fell ill (which heaven forbid) or had any reason to interest himself in the inside of a chemist's shop, we might have the different pills bragging to one another, and tincture of quinine comparing its function in the universe with that of a black draught. Why not? It is all in "the day's work."

In all seriousness, be his faults what they may, Mr. Kipling has some-

thing of nearly every virtue that an author can be credited with. His work is obviously wrought up to the last limit of care; he does not produce too much—indeed, we would welcome more; but he does not seem to have a sure critical instinct. This pedantry of technical terms seems to grow on him, and the craze for symbolism, with the accompanying belief that a thing gains by being said round a corner instead of straight out, might very conceivably mar the work of the one man among us from whom our prose literature has much to expect. And not our prose literature only. Years ago, Mr. Kipling spoilt a poem in which there were almost the best verses he ever wrote, *L'Envoi*, with unnecessary and crabbed nautical terms, all the more annoying because in the same poem he had two or three times over got the real poetry of the thing, whose accidental details he wearied us with cataloguing. Clever as it is, this is not poetry :

See the shaking funnels roar, with the
Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the
tackle hooks the crate,
And the fall rope whines through the
sheave.

But there can be no mistake about this

Then home, get her home, where the
drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and
the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high !

McANDREW'S HYMN makes interesting reading, no doubt, but it also misses being poetry, because Mr. Kipling is too much set on the detail and cannot hide his knowledge; what he wants to celebrate is the power, and he only shows us the machinery. And the other fault, excessive indulgence in symbolism, which, as I have said, makes even *THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS* a trifle obscure, renders many of his verses where he feels he is bound to be lucid, as incomprehensible as the wildest rhapsody of Mr. Swinburne. Enough, however, has been said upon all these matters to explain the objection without further illustration; and enough also, I hope, to convince Mr. Kipling, should he chance to read them, that these are the words of

AN ADMIRER.

WHO SHOT GLENURE?

FOR three summers I have been so fortunate as to pass part of my holidays in the house where, on the afternoon of May 15th, 1752, Allen (or Alan) Breck roused the family with news of the Appin murder. To be more literal, the actual house is gone, but another occupies its site, where the Conan reaches the sea. This autumn, visits to some other places connected with the tragedy, which everyone has read about in *KIDNAPPED* and *CATRIONA*, enabled one to understand the business almost as well as if one had been a contemporary. For, in Glencoe, Lochaber, and Appin one is a contemporary. The scenes are little altered. There runs the burn in which Allen Breck was fishing on the day of the murder, a brawling stream wherein one would not expect much sport, except in a spate. There is the old, low, rambling house wherein Allen slept on the night before Campbell of Glenure was shot, and which he left with no farewell on the morning of the fatal day. There is the ferry-boat, under the very rock where Allen questioned the ferryman as to Glenure's movements. You may still, if you do not mind going wetfoot, walk on the grassy road through Lettermore, where the Red Fox was shot from behind a bush, and you may pursue it to Glenduror, where James Stewart, who was hanged for the deed, lived in a cottage among the glens which gave him his Gaelic name, Shamus na Gleinne. As for the people, they remember the affair as if it were yesterday, and can tell things hidden from Stevenson. But these must also be hidden from

the public; I am under a vow of silence, and, indeed, I do not know whether the legendary tale is literally true; it was unknown to the best antiquarian of the district. I propose, however, to try to elucidate the facts, short of actually blabbing, by aid of the printed Trial of James Stewart (1753), and with the help of local knowledge, of tradition, and of hints in the Cumberland Papers at Windsor Castle. We shall not discover for certain who shot Glenure, but we shall get plenty of information about the free-living simplicity of Highland manners and scarcity of coin.

A little topography is needed by any reader who wishes to understand the affair. The scene is bounded on the north by Fort William and the little town of Maryburgh (as it was then called) in which it was, at that time, next to impossible to raise five pounds sterling. The fort, under Colonel Crauford, was then practically a state prison, into which all suspicious characters, from Fassifern to the poorest hind, were cast without ceremony. Fort William is at the head of the salt Loch Linnhe, which runs almost due north; at right angles to it runs another branch of the sea, Loch Leven. Between Fort William and Loch Leven (a distance which "a well-girdled man" could then travel in four hours) the territory is that of Lochaber, held by Camerons under Lochiel and Cameron of Callart, a place on the north bank of Loch Leven. Exactly opposite Callart, on the south side of the loch is Carnoch, then the home of Macdonald of Glencoe. The ladies of

both houses were sisters of Stewart of Ardsheil, whose forfeiture caused all the tragedy. From Carnoch to Ballachulish and Ballachulish Ferry, by which men cross into Lochaber, is a walk of three miles. Behind the ferry, nearly hidden in woods, is the old house of Stewart of Ballachulish almost or quite unaltered in a century and a half. From the ferry ran a road, still visible but boggy and grass-grown, penetrating the wood of Lettermore. That road leads through the Ardsheil estate to Glenduror, where at a farm named Acharn, a mile from the sea, dwelt the unhappy James Stewart, James of the Glens. On the right, hard by, is Kintaline. The road thence runs on across Appin to Fasnacloich (Stewart) and Glenure, the name of the murdered Campbell. Ardsheil and Appin (Lettershuna), Stewart possessions at that time, are the other principal houses. At Ballachulish the modern road is carried by a bridge over the brawling stream where Allen Breck was fishing on the day of the murder, which descends from the high moor in a steep wooded gorge. At Acharn you still see the thick low walls, now roofed with corrugated iron, of the lowly house of James of the Glens. It was only a stoutly built cottage.

Such is the topography; now for the facts of the case. The Appin Stewarts were out in 1745-46; their chief, Appin, stayed at home, and the clan was led by Ardsheil, who was attainted, skulked, was loyally attended by Allen Breck, and escaped to France. His family was supported by his tenantry, the contributions being collected by his bastard brother James Stewart, whom he had at one time evicted from his holding in Glenduror. In 1747, however, James squatted again on his old farm, and did his best as factor for the family of his kinsman. The estates were

forfeited, and, in 1749, Campbell of Glenure (a Whig of course) became factor under Government. His early relations with James were friendly (as was proved by letters printed with the Trial) till early in 1751, when Glenure, in consequence, or rather in anticipation of orders from the Barons of the Exchequer, dispossessed him of Duror in the interests of Campbell of Ballieveolan. The Hanoverian policy was to uproot kinsmen of the attainted, and this policy Campbell was also to pursue in Lochaber, and among the holders in Callart and Mamore. They were chiefly Lochiel's tenants, and what James Stewart was in Appin, Fassifern, Lochiel's brother, was in Lochaber. He too, was a victim of political injustice. James, for his part, yielded up Duror peaceably in 1751 by concert with Glenure, and apparently in hopes of a compromise with Ballieveolan; but he continued to live on at Acharn. He was unfriendly-minded when Glenure proposed to evict certain Ardsheil tenants at Whitsunday, 1752, these tenants having been inducted by James himself and by Lady Ardsheil. Lochiel's tenants in Mamore and those in Callart were now also threatened. James, therefore, in April, 1752, took legal measures. He carried memorials from the tenants, (who were ready with their rents and prepared to take the oaths,) to Edinburgh, and, as a quorum of the Barons of the Exchequer could not then be got together, he put his case before Baron Kennedy. As this gentleman was the adviser of Young Glengarry and well known to Pickle, he was probably in sentiment a Jacobite. The Baron gave it as his private opinion that the tenants could "sit their possessions" for that year, and thought they should "take a protest against Glenure's proceedings in a body."

James then obtained a bill of suspension, which, in ignorance of legal forms, he carried back to Acharn. Glenure, in his turn, went to Edinburgh and put in answers, and, the bill not being in court, gained his case. This was on May 5th, 1752; he came home to Glenure on May 9th, and it was known that he would go to Lochaber on May 11th.

So far James was within his right. Unluckily, on his journey to Edinburgh in April, he had drunk a good deal at change-houses, and in his cups had spoken angrily about all Campbells, especially Glenure. He had vowed to carry the case to the British Parliament, and if he failed there, take the only other remedy that remained. Several of James's servants, Mac Colls (a great sept in the country still) also attested that he had murmured over a dram about having once known commoners in Appin who would not put up with Glenure's proceedings. These witnesses, like all local witnesses, had been imprisoned in Fort William after the murder, and we know that they were both bullied and cajoled; one of their assertions was demonstrably false. On the whole, James's words were no more than the petulancies of a man angry and not very sober.

On May 9th Glenure came home, as we saw, from Edinburgh, and it was known that he meant to execute the evictions on May 15th. Now Allen Breck comes into view. Allen, we all know, had been left to James in childhood as a ward; he had been extravagant, had enlisted, changed sides after Preston Pans, fought for the Prince, escaped and took service in France, came to Scotland yearly, and went about from house to house, now in blue and red French clothes, now in dark garments which he borrowed here and there. Though of no social rank (his cousin was a

strolling pedlar) he was very welcome, and Sir Walter Scott's friend, Stewart of Invernahyle, "quarrelled" the "tall black lad," for neglecting to pay him a visit.¹

Allen had also talked indiscreetly about "making a black cock" of Glenure, the Red Fox, because, he said, he suspected Glenure of telling Colonel Crauford about his return home. On May 8th Allen was staying with Fasnacloich, only a mile from the house of Glenure. On Monday, May 11th (knowing of Glenure's return and intended journey to Lochaber) Allen walked off to Acharn, and it was shown that he and James had there no opportunity, so far as could be discovered, for any private colloquy or conspiracy. At most they may have had five minutes in private together, but that is doubtful. Allen now put on a dark suit of James's and helped "to cover potatoes." He left Acharn very early on the 12th (Tuesday), and went to the house of Stewart of Ballachulish, still wearing the dark clothes. Now on that same Tuesday, May 12th, James Stewart sent a letter to a writer, a very old man, Alexander Stewart, at Banavie near Fort William, bidding him come and act as a notary at a protest to be taken against Glenure's proceedings. He also invited young Ballachulish and young Fasnacloich to appear as witnesses. It is hardly within Highland cunning that these measures should have been a blind, that young Fasnacloich, young Ballachulish, James, and Allen should really have been conspiring to murder Glenure, while James was summoning old Alexander merely to throw dust in the eyes of a jury. In fact, even the counsel for the prosecution made no such suggestion. Very early on

¹ They show, at Ardsheil House, the flat-topped mound where Invernahyle fought Rob Roy.

Thursday, May 14th, James learned that the old writer could not be found, having gone out to fish. He instantly sent a servant, Mac Coll, by the shortest route (by way of Onich), to summon another writer, Charles Stewart, Fassifern's agent, at Fort William, and incidentally to try to extract a debt of £8 from William Stewart in Maryport. The money was owed for four cows, not yet taken away from Acharn by William Stewart the purchaser. The adventures of Mac Coll on his journey will be narrated later.

James's declared purpose was to protest, with a notary to lend formality, and also to resist Glenure (who was bringing no armed force as he does in *KIDNAPPED*) till the case of the tenants could be argued before the Barons of the Exchequer. Now, unless this second summons of James's to an attorney was again a blind, it is absurd to suppose that James had already conspired with Allen Breck to murder Glenure.

As for Allen Breck, he went, as we saw, to Ballachulish House on May 12th. Thence he paid a short visit to Macdonald at Carnoch, whose mother was Ardsheil's sister, and afterwards paddled across the narrow sea-strait to Cameron of Callart, the home of another sister of Ardsheil's (there is a good portrait in the house of the gentle Lochiel), returning to Ballachulish House on the night of the 13th. Till noon, on the fatal 14th, he fished the burn, but "was not seen to catch anything," a failure which the present deponent thinks very probable. His friends at Ballachulish saw him disappear, fishing up the burn, but the ferryman at Ballachulish Ferry hard by deposed that he later came down to the boat and asked whether Glenure had crossed. This, if true, looks bad for Allen, but James Stewart, in his

dying speech, said that the ferryman lied. Meanwhile Glenure himself was coming back from his journey to Fort William, through Lochiel's country, making for Kintaline, where he had announced his intention to stay at the inn close to Acharn. Local tradition says that he had received a warning from the innkeeper, whose descendant is still in the land. It is also said that, on reaching Ballachulish ferry, he remarked, "Now I am safe, for I am out of my mother's country," she being a Cameron. He therefore moved with less precaution. In fact, the people of Lochiel's country had precisely the same grudge against him as those at Appin, and two local recreants, later, accused Lochiel's brother, Fassifern, of suborning Glenure's murder. Traditional opinion is that several guns were aimed, but not fired, at Glenure, that day on both sides of the ferry. On the other hand, he certainly "rode all unarmed," and had no convoy, but a Writer to the Signet (his nephew), Mackenzie (a servant), and a sheriff's officer; a pretty clear proof that no forcible eviction was intended by him.

On his journey from Fort William Glenure met Mac Coll, James Stewart's servant, who was returning at a great pace, without Charles Stewart the attorney (who declined to come for fear of disobliging Glenure), and without the £8, which William Stewart could not raise. "Sir, you travel better than I," said Glenure to the hurrying Mac Coll. Glenure crossed the ferry, walking slowly to the wood of Lettermore, and discoursing as he went with old Ballachulish, whose house is within half a mile. Mac Coll now passed them, and went home to Acharn. At the wood old Ballachulish left Glenure, who with his nephew went leisurely on his way, when a shot from a bush sent two bullets through

his body. His nephew ran up the hill, and caught a glimpse of a man in a short dark-coloured coat (such as Allen Breck was wearing) with a gun in his hand. He did not see the man's face, and was too far off to recognise him if he had.

It looks bad for Allen ! But it was said at the time that two men were there, and tradition avers that Allen did not fire the shot. James Stewart had two guns, and the evidence given makes it practically impossible that the shot came from either of them. Local tradition knows where "the slim gun" is that did the deed, and who the other man was, and why he did not give himself up to save poor James. I also know these things, in varying traditional shapes and with romantic details never to be mentioned ; without believing the story, I think that the whereabouts of a certain person, or persons, on May 14th, 1752, ought to have been enquired into minutely. Still it looks bad against Allen, with his fishing-rod ; art and part he must have been, one fears. When Glenure fell, his nephew sent the servant, Mackenzie, on horseback in hot haste to find Campbell of Balliveolan, who was at the inn at Kintaline. At that time James Stewart was in the fields (in his house, the evidence says,) near the road, in company with the great-great-grandfather and great-grandfather (then a boy) of my friend the Reverend Mr. Mac Innes of Glencoe. James saw the furious rider and exclaimed, "That man is not on his own horse !" The rider stopped and told his awful news. "Whoever did it, it is I that shall hang for it," said James of the Glens, according to the story in the family of the Mac Innes, a family peculiarly tenacious of tradition. According to Mackenzie's own evidence, James expressed sorrow and apprehension. He did not go to the scene of the

murder (which was made a charge against him) for the excellent reason that his would-be supplanter, Campbell of Balliveolan, was to be there with armed clansmen and in no good humour. Glenure's body was taken home by sea, and so ends that act in the tragedy.

Up to this point, I think that there is no evidence on which a jury (not being Campbells) could dream of convicting James of the Glens. He was obviously inclined to push legal resistance to the uttermost. There is no evidence to any secret colloquy of his with Allen Breck, whom it was proved that he scarcely saw alone for a moment on May 11th. He had nothing to gain by Glenure's death, and, from his legal resistance and imprudent words and relationship to Ardsheil, was certain to incur suspicion if anything untoward befel. Allen had merely stayed at his house for a night as at Ballachulish, Fasna-cloich, Callart, and Carnoch, and had made use of his clothes, his custom among his friends. James would assuredly not lend his own coat knowingly, to have a murder done in that disguise. One is not so innocent at James's age, who, if he was really out in 1719, as was said, must have been nearly fifty. No attempt was made to asperse his private character for honour and humanity.

James's conduct, then, before the murder is certainly not proved to be incompatible with innocence. The one thing suspicious after the event was that he supplied Allen Breck with £5 and sent him back his gaudy French clothes. His excuse was that Allen, as a deserter, would be in great danger if captured at such a moment of irritation. In *KIDNAPPED* Allen and David Balfour (a purely fictitious person) double back to Acharn after the crime ; in reality Allen did nothing of the sort. The evidence is that, on the

evening of the fatal day, he met Katherine Mac Innes, a servant of Ballachulish, at a goat-house on the moor above the house. He asked what the stir was, and, on being told, inquired "Who shot Glenure?" He then requested the maid to bid Donald Stewart, a son-in-law of Ballachulish, to send him some money. This Donald Stewart deposed that he went out and met Allen, and avowed his suspicions of that hero. He also gave evidence that, at the meeting on the evening of the day of the murder, Allen said that he needed money, and asked Donald to get James Stewart to send the funds to him in Koaliscoan, a desolate place high in the hills at the head of Loch Leven. Donald gave this message to James on the morning of the 15th, and James announced his suspicion that Sergeant More Cameron (afterwards hanged, nominally for theft,) was the guilty man.

On this evidence, James knew of Allen's secret hiding-place, not as part of a plan already contrived between them, but merely from Allen's message carried by Donald. The prosecution, however, insisted that all had been planned, and that James had tried to get £8 for his cows on the morning of the 14th that he might send Allen supplies. This is absurd. If the plot was laid on the night of the 11th (as was alleged), James would have sought for money when he sent to the old attorney, Alexander Stewart, early on the morning of the 12th; otherwise the cash would come too late for use in Allen's escape. It was perfectly natural that James should wish to have a few pounds in the house, the money being owed to him, but perfectly unnatural that, if he wanted it instantly for an ill purpose, he should not think of it till much too late, and at a time when, even if he got it, the coins could only with difficulty be conveyed to Allen. That hero, at three in the

morning of the 15th, went by Carnoch, wakened Macdonald and his mother (who, as Ardsheil's sister, was interested) and told them about the killing. Mrs. Macdonald characteristically asked no questions as to the criminal, and invited Allen to come in and drink. He declined, and made for his retreat in the hills. Donald Stewart gave Allen's message to James early on the 15th. At noon on the same day James met Alexander Stewart, a travelling pedlar, cousin of Allen Breck, and bade him go to William Stewart at Fort William, and tell him to get money, "if he borrowed it from twenty purses," and also give a credit of £5 to John Breck MacColl, bouman (tenant on the "steel-bow" system) to Appin in Koaliscoan, where Allen lay. He gave as a reason that Allen, being a deserter, might be suspected, and must fly. The pedlar could only get three guineas from William Stewart, and so returned to Acharn on the 16th, where James had been hiding a few swords and two ramshackle old guns. James was then arrested, but was not carried to Fort William before he had given the pedlar two guineas to add to the three. In the evening Mrs. Stewart gave the pedlar Allen's French clothes, to be carried with the money to Koaliscoan. In the afternoon of the same day a whistle from a wood drew the bouman at Koaliscoan to the place where Allen was waiting. They spoke of the murder; the bouman did not conceal his suspicions but, as the tale had reached him, two men were seen going from the spot, while Allen said he had only heard of one. The rest of the conversation was, as reported, of course mere hearsay evidence as to what Allen said about the dangerous babbling propensities of a son of James Stewart. Allen then, with ink made out of powder and a pen from a

wood-pigeon's feather, wrote a letter and asked the bouman to carry it to William Stewart the merchant at Fort William, bidding him be sure to swallow it if he was arrested. The bouman did not like the errand, but gave a half assent. On the following morning the pedlar met the bouman, and left the money and clothes with him. Late on Sunday night Allen wakened the bouman, got the money, changed his clothes, and marched off through Rannoch into Atholl, and so, no doubt, to the coast and off to France.

In all these proceedings James was certainly abetting Allen's escape, but that (being a Highlander and an old friend) he would have done whether himself guilty or innocent of conspiracy to murder. If there was no compact between the pair, Allen would still know that William Stewart was the most probable source of supplies from James, to whom, after the murder, he had dispatched a message asking for money to be sent to Koalis-coan. Thus there is no valid evidence of a plan between him and James, while James's neglect of an opportunity to get money from Fort William, on the day after the alleged conspiracy, speaks strongly in favour of his innocence. "It is impossible to believe," urged Mr. Brown, one of the counsel for the defence, "that the money would not have been more early provided," especially as a messenger was actually being sent by James to a solicitor who might be good for five pounds. Moreover James had a little money of his own at Acharn, and would rather have given that than run so great a risk.

Taking the evidence as we have it, it is suspicious on both sides. The bouman was proved, out of his own mouth, not to be a truthful man. Many of the witnesses had been in durance at Fort William where

(according to Charles Stewart, the attorney, speaking from his own experience,) they were bullied and threatened in a shameful way by Colonel Crauford. On the other hand, if the message carried by Donald Stewart to James from Allen, on the morning of the 15th, be suspected, there is at least independent evidence to prove a visit from Donald to James at that moment. Evidence was given by two Camerons that Sergeant More Cameron, a year before, had been heard by them threatening Glenure in Rannoch. It is very improbable indeed, however, that the sergeant was the criminal, though I have found that opinion in living tradition.

It is needless to dwell on James's trial, which was a mere judicial farce. He and the witnesses were imprisoned, and examined in the French manner frequently. He was cut off from legal advice as long as possible; he was tried at Inveraray, with the Duke on the bench and eleven Campbells on the jury. Of course he ought to have been tried at Edinburgh, like the men afterwards accused of slaying Sergeant Davies, who were acquitted, the jury strongly resenting the military modes of collecting evidence. The Lord Advocate, contrary to precedent, went on circuit to prosecute James, and Simon Lovat, not in the best taste, spoke for the family of Glenure against his late companion in arms. James was tried as an accessory, in the absence of the alleged principal, for a crime which the principal was not proved to have committed. His counsel made an admirable defence, but the case was judged before it was heard. James was a martyr to Whig political necessities and clan-hatred. He may have been guilty, but guilty he was certainly not proved to be; the circumstantial evidence, said one of his counsel, was

perfectly inadequate. James, however, was hanged in chains on a spot not far from the scene of the murder, and there no grass will ever grow. The soldiers who had guarded him wept. He took the Sacrament on his statement of innocence, and especially denied the evidence of James More Macgregor that he had asked him to incite Robin Oig to the deed. Macgregor, of course, was the very father of lies.

The impression left on my own mind is that James was honestly bent on exhausting all the resource of the law, and that the deed was contrived without his knowledge, and very ill contrived, by young and hot-headed men, two or more. It is absolutely certain that the gun used was not one of James's pieces, with the lock tied on by a piece of string and certain to miss fire; both of these valuable weapons were assuredly reposing on James's own premises. A better gun was used (Allen Breck had none), and *whose was the gun?* That is the question. Many years later, an old woman (I could guess her name) was said to have revealed the gun, hidden in a hollow tree. It does not follow that the owner of the gun himself employed it, or even lent it knowingly; but he must have had a shrewd guess as to the real facts. Probably the sisters of Ardsheil, at Callart and Carnoch, were not in the secret beforehand. Allen might have scraped together his travelling-expenses at Fasnacloich, Ballachulish, Callart, and Carnoch, borrowing a pound or two at each house, but he had not the forethought. If he did not fire the deadly shot, it is impossible to doubt that Allen was art and part and was with the other man, if another man there was, as tradition declares. I doubt whether that man's name is among those mentioned in the Trial.

He may even have been a mere boy, like Robin Oig, when he shot Mac-laren at the plough-tail.

It is much to the credit of the Highland character that this cowardly crime of shooting in the back from under cover should have been so isolated, so unique, at a moment when politics, agrarian motives, and clan-feuds all combined to supply temptation. The futility of it, the blunder, must have been apparent to an elderly and experienced man like poor James Stewart. Clearly it was the act either of one hot-headed "tall black lad," Allen Breck, or of that lad and another, with the aid and connivance of the person who supplied "the slim gun" of tradition. The gun was the real clue, but not a word was said of it by any of the witnesses.

The simplicity and poverty of contemporary Highland life are apparent. Every clansman was a kinsman, and all were welcome everywhere. Allen Breck, whether a bastard or not, was a guest at all the houses of the gentry, of which the low-roofed rambling mansion of Ballachulish alone remains almost exactly as it was. Carnoch has yielded place to a modern house, not out of keeping with the charming pool where the Conan reaches the sea. There are Southern strangers everywhere almost, except at Callart, itself no longer the old house, but containing old claymores, and portraits of Fassifern (who had an escape from James Stewart's fate), and the gentle, honest, puzzled-looking Lochiel. The lairds no longer distill their own whiskey, like poor James, no longer get "concerned in drink" with "the miller, the old piper, and the young piper," nor do the young men habitually sleep, like Allen Breck and the other lads, in the barn. But the cottages are just what they always were, and

the excellent people, little altered, remember many "unhappy far-off things," and perhaps are almost as amenable to stories of "bogles," as when such a tale of hauntings was told to keep the women away from Allen Breck's retreat on the height of Koaliscoan. A year or two ago the bones of a pedlar, worn with rain, gnawed by foxes and eagles, were found under the Chancellor Rock in a corrie of Glencoe. Nothing was known of the date of the accident to this successor of the cousin of Allen Breck. One change there is; money is not so scarce in Lochaber as when £5 needed to be borrowed out of twenty purses. The presence of £30,000 of French gold in that impecunious region naturally produced the sorrows and strifes of 1750-54, though an offer of the same sum could not buy the head of Prince Charles.

I trust that I have not revealed

the mystery of the other man; indeed one opinion seems to prevail in Appin and another in Glencoe, while neither may be right. The circumstance of the gun (taken from evidence in the trial) convinces me that Allen had at least one accomplice (probably more than one), while that accomplice was not poor James Stewart. But James, as Fassifern afterwards, was the man whom Government wanted to hang, solely because he represented the exiled laird and Jacobite principles. To hang Allen, or the supposed accomplice, would not have rooted out the interests of the absent chiefs, and to do that (as Colonel Crauford confessed later in Fassifern's case) was what the Whigs had chiefly in view.¹

A. LANG.

¹ The case of Fassifern reposes in the Cumberland MSS. and is curiously parallel, in legal iniquity, to that of James of the Glens.

THE JUBILEE OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR.

IN one of those pathetic passages to which the *Iliad* owes so much of its charm, Achilles, in his interview with Priam, dwells sadly on a kind of primitive philosophy of life. Zeus has, he says, two urns upon his threshold, into which the good and evil lots of mortal existence are severally cast; and according as the god gives to each man at his birth from one vessel or the other, so will the future course of life be destined to good or evil fortune. To carry on the simile, the lots reserved for the Emperor Francis Joseph would seem by some grim irony of purpose to have been very strangely mingled. Called while yet a youth of eighteen to fill one of the most ancient and splendid of thrones, he was early placed in one of the highest positions to which the most inordinate ambition could aspire. Yet if the public disasters of his reign and the private sorrows of his life be fully counted up, the sentiment aroused by the contemplation of them would be rather that of pity than of envy. To crown all, in the very year in which he hoped to celebrate his Jubilee, he has been stricken by the cruellest blow of all. The House of Hapsburg seems in recent years to have been almost blighted by a curse, a fit subject for the pen of an *Æschylus* or a *Shakespeare*. Yet the fact remains that the Emperor Francis Joseph has ruled for fifty years; that he has ruled too, as I hope to show, with some success; that he is still loved and respected by his people, and that in all probability he is as firmly seated on his throne as he has ever been before. From some inherent source

of strength he has survived every blow and surmounted every difficulty. So that putting all personal feeling for the Emperor aside, the consummation of his fifty years' reign, a period pregnant with great issues, is a notable event.

There are special reasons why the Austrian Emperor should be an object of interest to the world; for the unique character of the Austria-Hungarian Monarchy, as it is officially described, or the Dual Monarchy, as it is more succinctly termed, makes the Hapsburgs beyond all others the dynasty of the greatest political importance in Europe. That Monarchy it is almost impossible to define. It is certainly not a nation; it is perhaps a State; it is at any rate a government. Prince Metternich used to speak scoffingly of Italy as being only a geographical expression; but it might have been retorted that Austria-Hungary herself was nothing more. Yet this congeries of races, this polyglot patchwork, forms one of the great political entities of Europe. Germans, Magyars, Czechs, Poles, Croats, and Roumanians, to mention but a few, contrive to live together beneath a common rule, while no less than eleven different languages are spoken by important sections of the people. Of these miscellaneous fragments the House of Hapsburg is the binding mortar or cement; without it these ill-assorted groups would long ago have fallen asunder. It is hard therefore to over-estimate its importance; for with its fall an Empire would dissolve, and the map of Europe would thereafter wear a very different

face. The fate of the Hapsburgs can never, therefore, be contemplated with indifference. This is a fact which at the present moment is borne upon the mind with more than usual force; for scarcely ever have the affairs of the Monarchy been in so grave a crisis.

When the present century of European history is considered as a whole, the most impressive fact about it, and the one that strikes the imagination most, is the resistless manner in which national sentiment has been gradually developed, and the desire for national independence satisfied. The making of nationalities conterminous with States, the harmonising of ethnography and politics, has been the main line along which that history has developed. In a progressive age there has been a widespread desire to revive and to cherish old languages, customs, and traditions. The fact is a curious one, because the spirit of nationalism is essentially conservative. There is no race that deems itself too small or insignificant to dwell proudly upon its past. Almost everywhere unity has supplanted separation, and self-government the dominion of the foreigner. The uprising of the Italian Kingdom, of the German Empire, and the rescue of Greece and the Danubian Principalities from the oppression of the Turk are the most conspicuous instances. It is in relation to this process of national evolution that the last fifty years of Austrian history presents the most interesting features; and it is also in relation to it that the Emperor's reign must, in its broadest aspects and in the long run, be judged to have failed or to have succeeded.

The causes of the present condition of things in Austria-Hungary must be sought for in the history of the past. From the very beginning of her history, since the time when in

the tenth century the Emperor Otho the Third created the Countship of the East-Mark, the Austrian reigning House kept acquiring province after province. By a series of fortunate marriages *felix Austria*, as she was called, became enormously extended. The dignity and titles of her rulers were correspondingly enhanced. The Counts, Dukes, and Grand Dukes, became in time, by reason of a curious and long persistent fiction, the hereditary representatives of the Holy Roman Empire. The *Romanorum Imperator Electus* was a dignified, if unsubstantial, title; and when in 1804 this unreality was finally abandoned, the name of Hereditary Emperor of Austria was adopted in its place. When an upstart Napoleon declared himself Emperor of France, the representative of the ancient House of Hapsburg was constrained in some way to assert his position in the world. Little by little, here a bit and there a bit, the Austrian dominion had been gradually built up by the acquisitive descendants of the founder of the dynasty. No attempt was ever made to consolidate a State out of a single nationality; the natural boundary-lines of language and of race were entirely disregarded; for national sentiment was faint, and inhabitants were formerly transferred from one State to another with very little thought for their feelings or their interests. In this cynical contempt for national aspirations the Hapsburgs were neither better nor worse than other monarchs who partitioned out the map of Europe by congresses and treaties. It happened, however, that the different races in the south-east of Europe had been strangely broken up and intermingled; and so it came about that the Emperor Francis Joseph was summoned to preside over the destinies of one of the most

heterogeneous States that the world has ever seen.

When the Emperor ascended the throne, upon the abdication of his uncle on December 2nd, 1848, he found almost the whole of Europe in a state of revolution. The disturbance took many different forms, and one of these was an outburst of national and patriotic feeling. In the Austrian Empire, as might have been expected, the spirit of nationalism was very strongly moved; and from that day, fifty years ago, until the present the racial struggle in the dominions of the Hapsburgs has continued. Over all has sat the Emperor supreme, like Æolus controlling the winds within the confines of his cavern. That is the dominant fact in the politics of Austria-Hungary, the master-key that gives a rational meaning to what would otherwise appear an unintelligible welter of innumerable parties. It is this conflict too that makes the history of the Dual Monarchy of no ordinary interest when contemplated from the stand-point of the grand evolution of mankind; for in the great drama of history the Emperor's fifty years of rule is but a single episode or scene.

Whether regarded from the external or internal point of view the present conditions of Austria-Hungary are very different from what they were in 1848. Externally the period would seem, superficially at least, to have been one of great disasters. It may be useful briefly to recall the facts. She has suffered two great defeats in war, at the hands of France and Italy in 1859, and of Prussia in 1866. By the loss of Lombardy and Venice the boundaries of the State have been seriously curtailed; while from the great Teutonic Empire the German-speaking Austrians have been excluded.

Internally, there has been a fundamental change, for by the Compromise (*Ausgleich*) of 1867 Hungary has been raised to the position of a semi-independent kingdom. The army, the customs-union, the common foreign policy, the Delegations,—the political deaf and dumb institute, as it has been wittily described—form, besides the tie of personal allegiance to the Emperor, the sole connecting links between the two portions of the Monarchy. Such in merest outline are the most notable events in the last fifty years of Austria. To gauge their true significance it will be necessary to consider the composition of the Hapsburg domains more in detail, and to remember that the fundamental underlying facts are ethnographical in character.

The inhabitants of the Austrian Crown-Lands, or Cisleithan section of the Monarchy, are extraordinarily diverse. Out of a total population of 23,470,000 persons the Germans number about 8,500,000 only. The remainder is made up almost wholly of Czechs, Moravians, Poles, Slovaks, Ruthenians, and Slovenians, who all belong to the great Slavonic family of nations; this predominant fact, therefore, emerges that in the Austrian section of the Monarchy there are about 8,500,000 Germans confronted by about 14,000,000 Slavs. Austria cannot, therefore, in any sense be styled a German State. The German population is, however, more compact, and they form the largest number of any single race. In Upper and Lower Austria, the Tyrol, and Carinthia their position is supreme and their majority absolute. In Bohemia and Moravia, on the other hand, they are in a large minority, while in Galicia, which is equally divided between the Ruthenians and the Poles, they are practically a negligible quantity. In Styria

and Carniola in the south there is a considerable Slovenian population of about a million persons. The Germans therefore are, as it were, wedged in between a large Slav population on the north, and a comparatively small number of the same race upon the south, a geographical fact of great political importance, upon which depends the racial conflict which has so long been carried on in a spirit of fierce determination by both contending factions. The present serious crisis is nothing but a phase in the struggle between the Teuton and the Slav.

The German-speaking Austrians are the spoiled children of the Empire. For centuries past they have occupied a privileged position, and it is this position that they are striving to maintain. The dynasty is German, the court is German, the aristocracy is German; nor can it be denied that the vast majority of the intelligent and educated classes were until lately German also. They formerly monopolised the liberal professions and all official positions in the State; their language was the recognised official language of the country. They have too the great natural advantage, to which reference has been already made, of presenting a solid and united front against a motley crowd of discordant and variegated races. Moreover the capital city of Vienna is planted in their midst; and last, though this advantage is certainly not the least, they speak what the Germans call a *Weltsprache*, a language, that is to say, which is known wherever civilisation goes, and is the embodiment of a literature that is one of the glories of mankind. They are, in a word, if not politically, at least in blood, partakers in the heritage of the *Deutschthum* or great Teutonic race.

It cannot, therefore, be a matter

of surprise that the German Austrians should have dwelt with some pride upon their privileged position, that they should have cherished it with care, and have endeavoured not merely to preserve it but to strengthen it. To Germanise Austria, to make the German tongue the common language of all the different races, and to imbue the whole population with Teutonic sympathies and sentiments, has long been their aspiration. So early as the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa (the Golden Age of Austria) the notion was conceived. She decreed that the German language should be taught in every school; and her successor, the reforming Joseph the Second, made it the official language of the Empire. It is little wonder that the memories of these two monarchs are dear to every German in the dominion of the Hapsburgs. To Germanise the State was no ignoble aim, but the power of will has not equalled the strength of the desire. A brief consideration of the facts will make it clear that such has been the case.

It is, in the first place, an indisputable fact that the German population in the Austrian half of the Monarchy is slowly but surely losing ground. Compared with the Slavonic peoples their numbers are becoming relatively fewer. It is true that the Czechs and Slovaks have also fallen back, though not in the same degree; but the Ruthenians, the Slovenians, the Servians, and Croats have all increased, and the Poles especially so in an extraordinary degree. The Germans are less fertile than the Slavs, from whatever cause the fact arises. They marry later, and their progeny are fewer; or to look at the question from another point of view, where the German population is the densest, there the excess of births over deaths is the lowest. In Upper

and Lower Austria, for example, that excess is only five in every thousand persons, whereas in Bohemia it is ten and in Galicia nine. The same inference may be deduced from a consideration of the population of Vienna. That city is predominantly German; but there is a steady immigration into Vienna from the provinces, and in the year 1890 it was discovered that out of a total population of 1,500,000, less than a moiety was native to the city. Now as the stream of immigration is mainly from Bohemia, it may fairly be supposed that even in Vienna the Czechs seem destined to encroach upon the Germans.

This rising tide of Slavism is for the German Austrians a very serious fact. When a race expands no dam can be constructed to arrest its onward march; its flow is irresistible. Even in Bohemia, where in a population of 5,800,000 persons the Czechs are in a majority of 1,500,000, the Germans can barely hold their own; and if it were not for a small German immigration of labourers who come in search of work, they would relatively diminish. In the large Bohemian towns they are being utterly displaced. In Prague, for instance, whereas in 1880 out of every thousand persons in that city the Germans numbered 206, there were only 164 in 1890. And to-day out of a population of 180,000 inhabitants there are only 30,000 Germans. In Moravia they are in a still more unfavourable plight, numbering 664,000 as against 1,600,000 Slavs; while in Galicia they are the merest handful. Nor from the German point of view is this to put the statement at its worst. In the struggle for life the Slavs are a formidable people; they multiply fast, and their fecundity is only equalled by their power of labour and their patriotic zeal. They have shown the Germans that if there

is such a thing as Germanisation, there can be Slavisation also. They have tried it, and not without success. Their most powerful instrument has been the Church; the bishops place Czech priests in parishes where many Germans live; the priests bring Czech teachers to the schools, and encourage intermarriage between the Germans and the Slavs. The German priests, indeed, grow fewer every year, and the clerical seminaries are becoming predominantly Slavonic in their character. Even the civil administration does the little that it can by appointing Czech officials. In this manner the Slavs are attempting to absorb the German population.

It is evident that from the German point of view the outlook is unpleasant. They feel themselves in danger of being gradually submerged, of being ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of the Slavs. Or if nothing worse were threatened, the Germans perceive plainly that they are in imminent danger of losing their privileged position; and to maintain it they are fighting with their backs against the wall. For if there is one dogma that the Teuton holds with more intensity of conviction than another it is his innate superiority to the Slavonic human-kind. A German in a Slav country is apt to regard himself as an emissary of civilisation, to use a phrase which has become lately familiar. The *furor Teutonicus* has, therefore, been terribly aroused. "We would sooner die Germans than rot away as Czechs (*lieber deutsch sterben als teteschisch verderben*)", said a German Deputy in the Diet of Bohemia. The language was coarse, but it was a graphic illustration of a deep and long-abiding hatred, and the words must have found an echo in many a German heart.

Whether the Germans are to sustain their assumed superiority is in Austria

the supreme question of the hour. That they will be able to do so seems improbable, as I have already tried to show; they have against them an array of adamant facts. In the next place there are reasons why, upon grounds of simple justice, the pretensions of the Germans should no longer be allowed. The Slavs themselves in Austria have made a real advance; in industry, in wealth, in all the arts of civilised life they are steadily progressing; in a word, they bid fair to come level with the Germans. They are proud, the Czechs especially, of their national language and their literature; and they have some reason for their pride. They, therefore, no longer claim their rights as formerly,

in bondsman's key
With bated breath and whispering
humbleness.

The policy of Germanisation has on the other hand proved itself a failure. The Germans also have on their side made some serious efforts. The German Union (*Deutsche Verein*) and the German School-Association (*Deutsche Schulverein*) were in 1888 established in alarm, and they have at least stood on the defensive against the Slav aggression. The School Association, for example, had by the year 1890 created 1,029 local centres, had established sixty-five schools, and had assisted many others by providing German masters, by sending German priests to give religious teaching, and by disseminating books to exalt the Teutonic pride of race. But all these efforts have been to very little purpose. The German Austrians are in many respects an admirable people; they are distinguished by their culture and the graces of their lives. In their genius for music they cannot be surpassed. It is impossible for a stranger to linger

in Vienna, so redolent with the memories of Schubert and Mozart, without becoming conscious that he is among a people with music in their souls. But they are a somewhat easy-going and pleasure-loving race; what the French would call *bons enfants*. In the arts of statesmanship and government they have moreover proved themselves exceedingly inapt. Their aristocracy and middle classes have been illiberal and narrow. From the death of the Emperor Joseph the Second, a reformer born out of due time, until 1848, a state of things was persistently maintained which an English historian has described as "the most sordid and ungenial of modern despotisms." The French Revolution, with all its faults, at least breathed a fresh spirit and new impulses into the world; but under the rule of Metternich and Radetsky, the counterparts in some respects of Bismarck and Moltke, it was deemed the supreme aim of Austrian statesmanship to shut out all liberalising agencies. It was vainly hoped to put Austria into a kind of moral quarantine by a sanitary cordon. "Me, and after me the deluge," was one of Metternich's favourite sayings, and in 1848 the waters actually rushed out. In fact, the government of Austria had long been carried on upon antiquated lines. Even now, though of course there have been many changes, Austria is by no means a democratic State; the newspaper-stamp, the abolition of which has only lately been proposed, and the complex franchise which is purposely intended to favour certain classes, bear witness to the fact. The spirit of Feudalism is still actively at work. The Germans in Austria, indeed, have been much more anxious to maintain their privileged position

than to govern for the advantage of all the different races of the Empire as a whole. If to-day they are reaping the whirlwind, they have but themselves to blame. In their claim, indeed, to equality of treatment by the State the Slavs appear to have right upon their side.

Of the condition of affairs in the Hungarian portion of the Monarchy but little need be said, for although the relationship of the two halves of Austria-Hungary is strained, the fact does not arise from the state of things in Hungary herself. But it is worthy of remark that in both sections of the Monarchy a racial conflict has been contemporaneously in progress upon nearly parallel lines. The scene is in both cases much the same; only the characters differ. In Hungary the Magyars are at war with the Roumanians, the Servians, and the Croats. The Magyars may be said to occupy the same position that the Germans do in Austria. Out of a total population of 17,000,000 they number about 7,500,000, but like the Germans they form the largest single group and a compact and solid body. Here the likeness ends. For whereas Germanisation in Austria has proved abortive, Magyarisation in Hungary has steadily progressed. Of all the varied races in the broad acres of the Hapsburgs, the Magyars are perhaps the most virile, the most energetic, and the ablest; and there are none, the Germans not excepted, who are prouder of their race. Their very name they interpret to mean *indigenous inhabitant*, and they claim to have been planted on the soil for at least a thousand years. Their literature is already one of some distinction and bids fair to challenge the attention of the intellect of Europe. They are also a progressive people, and their legislation compared with that of Austria is in some things

liberality itself. Like the Germans they hate and fear the Slavs, but with a good sense, at once magnanimous and politic, they have allowed them a measure of home-rule. Nevertheless from the very beginning of their kingdom in 1867 the Magyars have adopted and relentlessly pursued the policy of absorbing the alien population subjected to their rule. Unhasting but unrelenting, they have already attained some measure of success. In the first place they are an expanding people, and are steadily out-stripping all other races especially in the towns. Secondly, they are beyond question first in learning and intelligence, as is evident from the fact that they number seventy per cent. of all the persons engaged in the liberal professions. The whole force of their intellect and exuberant vitality is directed towards the fulfilment of what they deem to be their apostolic mission. Not a stone is left unturned. In the schools the teaching of the Magyar language is steadily enforced, and out of 20,000 teachers there is not a twentieth part that is not acquainted with it; in the Church again the Magyar priests are in a very large majority. It may be imagined it is not easy to withstand this militant Magyarisation, yet it is worthy of remark that it is the German population in Hungary that makes the least resistance; it is the most malleable, the most readily absorbed, and in two generations all traces of the Teuton are apt to disappear.

Such in broad outline is the character of the two portions of the Dual Monarchy, when considered from the ethnographical and the political point of view. During his fifty years of rule the dominions of the Emperor have been torn by a triple racial conflict. There has been first the old dispute between Austria

and Hungary, which has, however, been allayed by the Settlement of 1867. In Hungary there has been the conflict between the Magyar and the various other races; while in Austria there has been the bitter and unceasing struggle between the German and the Slav. During the whole of the Emperor's long reign this last has been continued with varying success upon one side or the other. Premier after Premier has diligently sought to arrange some satisfactory terms of peace; but whether they called themselves Liberals or Conservatives, Autonomists or Centralists, they were always doomed to failure. Count Taaffe, that tactful politician who by dint of clever trimming and a conciliatory manner contrived to hold the reins of office for fourteen years, was the only one who even partially succeeded. Since his retirement in 1893 things have gone from bad to worse, until they have reached their present seeming state of chaos. Austrian political parties (said to number twenty-five at the present moment) have been likened to a geological formation, in which the strata run in two directions, horizontal as well as perpendicular. The different groups are separated by distinctions of race as well as by differences of real political principles, with the result of cross-divisions and inextricable confusion. In the face of such a state of things parliamentary government in Austria has well nigh broken down.

We are now in a position to fairly consider the general result of the Emperor's reign, and to ask ourselves if his position is stronger or weaker than he found it fifty years ago. At the first glance indeed the record seems disastrous. The Italian provinces have been lost: Austria has been excluded from the German Em-

pire; and Hungary has wrung from his distresses a position of semi-independence. Lastly, he is face to face with a grave internal crisis. There are some, indeed, who think that they already see in the Dual Monarchy the seeds of dissolution; they fancy that the cracks in the edifice are widening into chasms. But it may well be doubted whether that gloomy outlook has really any warrant to support it. For when comprehensively considered, it will be seen that the great political changes in Austria-Hungary have harmonised with the spirit of the age; that is to say, they have tended to satisfy the needs of racial development and national aspirations. The defeats of Austria have made the Italian Kingdom and the German Empire possible, while the loss of Lombardy and Venice and the Settlement with Hungary have been to herself not a source of weakness but of strength. Like the Algidian oak, of which Horace sings, the Dual Monarchy may be said to have drawn strength from the very blows that it has suffered:

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

The satisfaction of national aspirations in the long run makes for peace, and the results of the changes that have occurred during the last fifty years of Austrian history are therefore likely to endure.

Nor is this really less the case in the Austrian half of the Monarchy when considered by itself, though the present state of things looks sinister indeed. Passions are strewn upon the ground like grains on the floor of a powder-magazine. There is no occasion to recall the various incidents that have made the Austrian Reichsrath an open shame: they must be

fresh in the memory of every reader ; but a brief reference to the famous Languages Decree of Count Badeni, which was the origin of all the trouble, may not be superfluous. Hitherto the German language had occupied a privileged official position ; but by this Decree it was directed that all government officials (appointed after 1907) should make use of both the Czech and German tongues. Both races, in short, were in this respect to be placed on a footing of equality ; yet by this simple act of justice the German pride of blood has been lashed into a fury. It is certain, however, that the Teuton will have to abate his arrogant pretensions. The decree will in the long run, by removing a rankling sense of injustice in Bohemia, tend to heal the divisions of the people. The Germans will be angry for a time, but they will be eventually converted to the right, the more so because their grievance is mainly sentimental. Out of the present evil good, therefore, will probably emerge. In the achievement of this happy consummation the personality of the Emperor will doubtless be a most important factor. By his industry and tact, his conscientious sense of justice and his rare impartiality, he has already surmounted difficulties which seemed beyond the wit of man to overcome. With courage and discernment he has summoned to his councils the ablest men wherever he could find them. Hungarians, Bohemians, and Poles,—men like Counts Andrassy and Goluchowski for example—he has not hesitated to place in the highest positions in the State. It is by this scrupulous fairness that he has been able to keep the machinery of government working, and it is this which has made him the trusted arbiter to whom every party has been accustomed to appeal. Unlike the Kaiser William, it is only now and then that he gives the world

some unobtrusive revelations of himself ; but then it is we see how it happens that he rules less by divine right than by the love and gratitude of his people. Their affection, to use an expression of that brilliant genius the first Lord Halifax, continually ascends to him like never-failing incense. He has his great reward.

The threats of the extreme German section to secede and join the German Empire can hardly be seriously considered, for it is certain that the North Germans would never consent to their admission. The settled policy of the German Empire is still what Bismarck declared it to be. "But do you think," he is reported to have said, "we should meanwhile be such utter fools as to annex Austria and thus encumber ourselves with 14,000,000 Slavs, a clerical Austro-German party, and a powerful ultramontane aristocracy?" It was indeed an essential part of his policy to maintain her as a powerful, an indivisible and consolidated State. "Prussia has a great interest," he said, "in seeing the power of the Hapsburg Monarchy maintained. In the interest of Germanism both Prussia and Austria have their separate missions to fulfil. It is the duty of Prussia to achieve German unity, while on the other hand Austria, as the ally of Prussia, will have to look after the interests of Germanism in the East, and acting as the connecting link between this and Slavism, prevent their coming into collision." And again : "Germany could never stand idly by and behold Austria receive a deadly or even a dangerous wound. The maintenance of this State is an absolute necessity for the balance of power in Europe, and in no circumstances could Germany afford to let its integrity be impaired. The German provinces are the corner-stone of the

Dual Monarchy." These words are as true now as when they were uttered. The different races of Austria-Hungary would upon its dissolution lose more than they would gain, for none of them is strong enough to stand alone as an independent State. The extreme German party blame the Emperor for putting, as they say, the interests of his dynasty before the interests of his purely German population; and there is some ground for the assertion. But the Hapsburg idea of the *Grossösterreich*, or Great Austrian State, no doubt affords the most tolerable form of government for the many tribes that now find shelter in it. Moreover the German Austrians will always hold a strong position by reason of the absolute disunion of the Slavs. These latter have, to use an apt term we have

borrowed from the French, no solidarity; it actually happened that at the Slavonic Congress at Prague in 1848 the only language which the majority could understand was German; and one must consider too their numerous subdivisions, Old and Young Czechs, Old and Young Ruthenians, and the like. It is evident that the only alternative for them would be absorption into Russia, a fate they would abhor. Political prophecy is always rash; yet it seems not unreasonable to believe that Germans, Slavs, and Magyars alike will continue to prefer to live beneath the sheltering ægis of the Hapsburgs, and demonstrate the truth of the saying that if the Dual Monarchy did not exist, it would be necessary to invent it.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

WITHERED LAURELS.

(A REVERIE AMONG THE TOMBS.)

THERE is no stranger by-path in the history of Literature than that which leads through the burial-place of dead reputations. Here, under their dusty garlands, are carved the names of men who set the world astir for an hour, and have never moved anyone since ; to whom Fame in a moment of caprice flung wide the doors of her temple, only to thrust them out again, denying them sometimes so much as a niche in the porch. They laid them down exulting in the promise of undying renown, and a generation or two later the curious way-farer deciphers " with difficulty the moss-grown inscription which is all that remains of their claims to eternal remembrance. As he ponders these dim records, he is touched by that whimsical pity which the obscure living feel for the obscure dead. Do they know over yonder how vain was their hope ? Do they care ? The dread of oblivion is one of the commonest and most unreasoning of human terrors.

And when I am forgotten as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble where no
 mention

Of me more must be heard of,—

the words drop hollow and heavy, like earth on a coffin. Perhaps it is well for those who fall asleep, their heads softly pillowed on a kindlier assurance.

There is room even within the limits of the Christian faith for a good many theories of a future life ; but Conditional Immortality is un-

doubtedly the law of Literature. They live who deserve to live. But when we proceed to enquire what constitutes desert, we get no very clear response ; where Religion speaks most certainly, the utterance of Literature is ambiguous and evasive. The candidates for literary immortality present themselves, in fact, for examination without being acquainted with the examiners' conditions ; the lookers-on (under the impression that they occupy a much more important position) analyse their work, and decide confidently that this one or that has certainly qualified ; and all the while an invisible, irresponsible Power, of us and yet beyond us, is gently but irresistibly correcting our estimates, reversing our verdicts, and proving to us how pitifully ignorant we are of the rules of the competition.

Consider, for example, the sad case of Du Bartas. His epic, *THE WEEK, OR THE CREATION OF THE WORLD*, was published in 1578 ; in six years it passed through thirty editions and was translated into half a dozen languages,—an honour which has not been awarded to any masterpiece of French poetry. Tasso condescended to borrow from him, and so perhaps did Milton ; De Thou reckoned him one of the most illustrious authors of the day ; Ronsard, on reading his first pages, is said to have cried, " O, that I had written them ! " In one edition he is described as the Prince of French poets. Gascon though he was, Du Bartas was in private life a very modest young man, but he

gently corrects those who accused him of having done nothing but turn the Bible into verse, in this way. "I have," he says, "not so much followed the text of the Bible, as tried, though without departing from the truth of the story, to imitate Homer in his *ILIAD*, Virgil in his *ÆNEID*, and others who have left us works of similar material." What has become of Du Bartas and his thirty editions now? When that band of cheerful pilgrims, who called themselves the Cadets of Gascony, went wandering last summer through the south of France, erecting tablets and busts wherever they could find the smallest excuse, they accorded Du Bartas the usual recognition; but the French newspapers had to remind their readers who he was. The portentous performance which delighted his own age is dead; no one but the writer of a manual of French literature will ever read it again, and perhaps we are overrating the perseverance of the manual-writer. What soul there was in it has transmigrated into Sylvester's delightful translation. Goethe says severely that there are lines in *THE WEEK* worthy of a place in every collection of French poetical models, and that we do very wrong to forget its author. We listen with respect, but we know in our hearts that Goethe, for once, is wrong, and that Dryden is right when he declares that Du Bartas

Impertinently and without delight,
Described the Israelites' triumphant
flight,
And following Moses o'er the sandy
plain
Perished with Pharaoh in th' Arabian
main.

One rose from Ronsard's garden has outlived his rival's whole Creation. It is of course easy to dismiss the subject by saying that Ronsard was

a poet and Du Bartas was not; what we really should like to know is, why the fact was not sooner discovered.

Those who hold that the characteristic of genius is to reach all hearts, and that what reaches all hearts must therefore be genius, may object that Du Bartas lived in the sixteenth century, and that we have had time since then to forget a great many persons and things deserving of a better fate. Let us turn then, to a modern instance and recall the history of Mr. Martin Tupper and his *PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY*. This work went into its fiftieth edition; over two hundred thousand copies were sold in England and half a million in America. "The author of this book," wrote the American N. P. Willis, "will rank with the very first spirits of the British world; it will live as long as the English language;" and when he tried to select a few passages for quotation, the genial critic had to relinquish the attempt, because the work was "one solid, sparkling, priceless gem," and of course you cannot cut a gem into samples. *THE DAILY NEWS* was content with a simpler assertion: "Mr. Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Browning, Mr. Rossetti,—all these writers have a wider audience in America than in England. So too has Mr. Tupper." And *THE SPECTATOR* (never niggardly in its praise) declared that he had "won for himself the vacant throne waiting for him among the Immortals and . . . has been adopted by the suffrage of mankind, and the final decree of publishers, into the same rank with Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning."¹ How serenely the Immortals must have smiled! It is

¹These passages are quoted from Mr. Tupper's *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*; he gives no dates, and we have not been able to verify them.

barely forty years since Charles Reade pronounced ADAM BEDE "the finest thing since Shakespeare"; and within the last fifteen years in the Common-Room of a certain college in Cambridge the fact (which no one present dreamed of disputing) was gravely discussed as a literary curiosity, that the great Twin Stars of English Literature should both have risen in Warwickshire! Alas,

Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Among the innocent impostors who somehow contrived to win the hearts and confuse the judgment of their contemporaries until they have deluded a whole generation into believing them quite other than what they were, is Joanna Baillie. Scott and Miss Mitford were both extremely temperate and sagacious minds, but what are we to think when we find the latter gravely assuring the world that "Tragedy must now fly from her superb arena and take shelter in the pages of Shakespeare and the bosom of Miss Baillie;" while Scott describes the writer of the PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS as sweeping her harp

Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again.

It is pitiful to contrast with these enthusiastic expressions a passage from an article in THE LONDON MAGAZINE written soon after Gray's death, in which the writer, after commenting admiringly upon the poet's erudition, suggests that some may enquire, "What signifies so much knowledge when it produces so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial

but a few poems? But let it be considered that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently employed, to himself beneficially." No one will consider this exaggerated praise for the ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Sometimes, as we have seen, the candidate for immortality is congratulated too soon; others have won, if we may say so, by a fluke. Miss Mitford rested her hopes upon her tragedies, FOSCARI, JULIAN, CHARLES I., and RIENZI; we remember her by OUR VILLAGE. It would puzzle ninety-nine people out of a hundred to name the author of GREENLAND, THE PELICAN ISLAND, and THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD; but it will be long before his hymn, *For ever with the Lord*, ceases to hold an honoured place in our hymnals.

As nothing reveals to us the essential unity of our race, its solidarity, to use an ugly but expressive word, more powerfully than the knowledge that one man can speak to and for all in a voice undulled by time or space, so nothing gives us a more uneasy sense of the shifting, inconsequent nature of all things, including ourselves, than to observe the differences of taste which divide us even from our own grandfathers, to go no further back. When Walpole's CASTLE OF OTRANTO was published, Gray wrote to him from Cambridge, "It made some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed." The school-girl of to-day would not find anything to trouble her nerves in that "enormous helmet, a hundred times more large than any casque ever made for a human being, and shaded with a proportionable quantity of black feathers," which was plumped down so suddenly in the courtyard of the castle; nor even in the spectre which Manfred volunteered to follow "to the gulf of perdition," but which merely "marched,

sedately but dejected," to a chamber at the end of the gallery. She would probably harbour a scornful sentiment towards the noble heroine who pauses at a critical moment to enquire of the "generous Unknown" who was rescuing her, "Is it fitting that I should accompany you alone into these perplexed retreats? Should we be found together, what would a censorious world think of my conduct?" And when the hero replies, "I respect your virtuous delicacy, but though my wishes are not guiltless of aspiring, know, my soul is dedicated to Another," she will not be sorry that "a sudden noise prevented Theodore from proceeding."

Or turn the leaves of an old book of drawing-room airs and read aloud Bayley's once popular verses, *We met; 'twas in a crowd* :

We met, 'twas in a crowd, and I
thought he would shun me,
He came, I could not breathe, for his
eye was upon me;
He spoke, his words were cold, and his
smile was unaltered,
I knew how much he *felt*, for his deep-
toned voice faltered.

The world may think me gay, for my
feelings I smother,—
O *thou* hast been the cause of this
anguish, my mother!

The song once drew tears from those who heard it; to-day it only provokes irreverent laughter.

The moral which attaches itself to these reflections is evident; it points directly to a cautious use of the superlative in criticism. Is the reviewer who five years ago was certain that THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY was an epoch-making play, the finest drama of our time, still of the same mind? And the other reviewer (in THE DAILY CHRONICLE) who proclaimed BRAND "the greatest world-poem of the century next to FAUST," and "in the

same set with AGAMEMNON and with LEAR, with the literature that we now instinctively regard as high and holy,"—has he never been sorry that he spoke? The sincere admirers of Mr. Stephen Phillips (among whom we humbly venture to rank ourselves) must have pondered in some astonishment over the paragraph (in the same generous journal) which assured them that CHRIST IN HADES "has the Sophoclean simplicity so full of subtle suggestion, and the Lucretian solemnity so full of sudden loveliness," and that "the result is Virgilian." The man who would wish to belittle Mr. Kipling's achievements in prose or verse is unworthy of the name of an Englishman, or a critic; but one cannot help wondering what had happened to that writer in BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE to whom THE RE-CENSIONAL seemed "to concentrate in itself the glowing patriotism of a Shakespeare, the solemn piety of a Milton, and the measured stateliness of a Dryden." We must however cross the Atlantic if we would learn what the really enthusiastic critic can do when he has a good piece of material to work upon. A Kansas City paper, reviewing a new novel by Colonel George W. Warder, written with the purpose of teaching "the horror of crime and suicide," describes it as "a unique masterpiece of *aurora borealis* with wrought rosettes of fascinating English." Whether this account is accurate or not we cannot judge, as unfortunately Colonel Warder's works are unknown to us; but compared with such appreciative words as these, even THE DAILY CHRONICLE'S praise seems somewhat cold.

The quality which penetrates the changeful surface of life and produces a durable impression of horror, or pathos, or beauty, has never been very perfectly defined. Some say it

is style, and others that it is the idea ; one holds that it may be acquired, another that it is the free gift of the unequal Gods. Most of those who possessed it seem to have lighted on it haphazard, when they were seeking something else,—wealth, or distraction, or the good of their generation ; and some have held it unconscious of their treasure. There is a stone in a Roman graveyard on which is carved the line *Here lies one whose name is writ in water* ; we all know who lies beneath it. But we can see, for the process goes on daily under our eyes, what is the fate of those who have it not. They are sentenced to a slow and gentle extinction ; they fade gradually out of the memory of man ; the pedant or the expert recalls them to us on occasion, but they have no longer any place in the warm life of Humanity.

It is not for anyone on this crowded earth to quarrel with this beneficent law. Like Balzac's curé who fell heir to his friend's library, we grieve for the dead but we would not resuscitate them,—no, not on any account. Now and then we deplore the loss of a name which we would not willingly have let die, but for the most part we acquiesce gratefully in the decision of the unseen judges. They, after all, are wiser than we : they know what they are doing, which is more than we can always say of ourselves ; and if they could carry their interference a little further,—if, turning into the Abbey some morning, we were to discover that a considerable number of the largest and ugliest monuments had crumbled into dust at the touch of an invisible finger, should we not be as much pleased as surprised ? In one of the Canary Islands, where space is extremely limited in the cemetery as elsewhere, you can only hire your grave for a year or so ; for that

period a man may lie in consecrated soil, but at the end of it he must turn out to make room for another, to find, no doubt, that he can sleep as well without the churchyard wall as within it. This is the kind of arrangement that is made for us ; it certainly has its convenience.

There are few of us who do not sometimes realise the consoling nature of this doctrine. To the critic, for example, who is not quite confident of his conclusions (if there be any such), there must be great repose in the reflection that what he thinks and says about the work of his contemporaries is not, after all, of vital importance. It may be as wicked, as Milton suggests, to kill a good book as to kill a man, but it is evidently much harder. The critic must do his best to direct his readers right, but he exerts himself rather in their interests than in those of the writer ; for he knows that, so far as the latter is concerned, his mistakes will ultimately be overruled in a Higher Court. The only drawback is that life is short and the Higher Court cannot be hurried.

And the author who wrote a book because he had nothing better to do, or because he was forced by stress of circumstances to try that way of earning money, or because his friends told him they were sure he could, or they were sure he couldn't,—who never sees his name on a title-page without mentally apologising to the world for having brought one more superfluous volume into it ; and the publisher, his accomplice, who is often the guiltier of the two,—how could they sleep in their beds at night if it were not for the thought of that dim space where the books of the season,—the book of the season too sometimes !—are comfortably buried away out of our sight under plenty of earth ? Otherwise they would lie awake and wonder how many people they have

prevented from reading PARADISE
Lost.

There are those also who are neither authors nor critics, who feel the need of some such source of strength and consolation as the year draws to its close, and we sit down, as custom rules we should, to consider its literary gains and losses. We know beforehand the general character of the balance-sheet which will be presented to us by the various journals which save us the trouble of doing our own book-keeping. We shall learn that the usual amount of remarkable work has been produced, the usual number of new poets and novelists,—or at least of writers who bid fair to become poets and novelists if they live long enough—has appeared; the yearly total of books has increased and so have the sums paid to successful men of letters; and if any arithmetician were to draw

up a comparative table of the number of authors to the square yard, our country would occupy a high place on the list. In some minds these statements create a sense of profound depression. Mediocre ourselves, we are yet inconsistent enough to crave for something more than mediocrity (however bulky) in Literature; but we are not so unreasonable as to suppose that a genius can be discovered regularly every spring and autumn as the publishing seasons come round, nor are we ignorant of the fact that every man would be a genius if he could. It is the indiscriminating shower of epithets that dejects us; we are vexed when we see people engaged in attaching the wrong label to mediocrity, and in pressing us to accept it as something else because of its label. We can only recover our gaiety by reflecting how insecurely all our labels are tied.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1899.

PUBLIC OPINION IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

A FEW weeks ago, precisely at the time when the Government was enjoying redemption from the responsibilities of a great war by the good sense and courage of the country, complaint was raised against the meddling of the country with the duties of the Government. To make the complaint more remarkable, it was particularly directed against interference with the Government's foreign diplomacy; whereas, at that moment, the country, by a display of determination which no one out of England believed the Government capable of, was saving it from the consequences of destroying its diplomacy. This has been already explained. Diplomacy is a tool and a weapon which will not work automatically. Everything depends upon the hand that uses it; and not only on the skill of the hand, but even more on the strength and resolution behind the hand. Skill and strength combined are insufficient for its effective use by one Government against another, unless they are known to be backed by courage and resolution. The diplomacy which is believed to have no such support is unattended to, or only receives such attention as may be conveniently given. When experience seems to show that this neglectful way of treating it is safe on all occasions, even

the most grave, there is an end of it for all purposes of consequence. For a diplomacy that is not listened to might as well be dumb; and a dumb diplomacy is as dead as it can possibly be, having neither breath nor body.

Now to this condition England's diplomacy was pretty nearly reduced before the beginning of 1898. In that year its state became manifestly worse; for again and again was it seen that when our Ministers protested nobody cared, and that when they threatened nobody was afraid. In one affair direct menace of war was quite unheeded by Russia, in another affair it had no visible effect on France. Evidently there remained but one way of regaining consideration for England's spoken word, which was to repeat it by the cannon's mouth; and it seems likely that the Government would have been driven to that costly means of reviving its defunct diplomacy and enforcing respect for it, but for the saving intervention of the country. The whole nation rose, and by word and look made known that on this occasion the British Government would certainly stick to its point, would on no account be allowed to retreat from it, in fact. Quite peacefully, the desired result ensued; and with it the further consequence that the Government was equipped anew and at once with an

effective diplomacy. How glad it must have been to get it!

According to this tale, then, the truth is that when the country was accused of damaging the foreign diplomacy of the Government by meddling, there was really no such thing to damage. In effect, it had perished. It is now completely re-established; but if so, thanks above all to the intervention of the country.

But what is this that I hear? That I make a mistake? That not the country but the newspaper-press was accused of crippling diplomacy by untimely meddling? It was so, I know; but let us see what is to be said on that point.

It is understood on all hands that the governmental system of the country is democratic. It is democratic not because we agreed to make it so as a matter of preference (though of course by many it is preferred) but as a consequence of developments as natural as growth to trees, and as inevitable as their decay. For a long time past, and under different modes of government, public policy has been subject at bottom to the popular will. In England this has long been the only *force* in public affairs. Working by the machinery of an elective parliament, a press not all devoted to newspapers, by public meeting, and, behind all, by "the sacred right of insurrection" to whatever degree may be required, it is not now for the first time the ultimate determining force. But the same process of development and supercession which brought it into existence has made it a more independent, more immediate, more self-conscious and acknowledged force than ever it was before.

When the country, as distinguished from the Government, was more ignorant than it is now, it was sensible enough to confess its ignorance in the

most sensible way. Of course it had its views on all matters of general concern, and sometimes expressed them not only vigorously but violently. It did so in foreign affairs, of which it knew least; but though its interest in these affairs has always been great, the country has hitherto shown a sagacious and altogether worthy inclination to leave them to Parliament and the Government of the day. That is what I mean by being sensible enough to confess ignorance in the most sensible manner; and it is the common practice still. The judgment of the country is better informed in the matter of our business abroad than it used to be, is more competent to interfere in such business, and must be conscious of the change; yet, in ordinary times, the strongest feeling in by far the greater number of Englishmen is that interference is unsafe. Much must be known to the Government, they think, that cannot be communicated to the country; without such knowledge a confident opinion is impossible, and therefore trust in those who do know is the only wise course.

Thus it was in ordinary times, and till now. But times of earthquake are not ordinary times; and much has lately happened to modify the relations between Government and people, and the position of both in regard to the conduct of foreign affairs. I say foreign affairs because that is the subject in debate, and because they are of infinitely greater moment nowadays than anything in domestic polity. In past times not far remote a strong, authoritative, august House of Commons stood between the people (the "depositories of power") and the Government of the day. The depositaries of power, unblest by any deposit of sure information to direct its use, had in that House an efficient agency; an agency which could be trusted to

watch the management of foreign affairs with the keenness natural to a vigorous system of party government, which possessed as large a fund of political instinct as could elsewhere be found in the world, and was moreover strengthened with the special knowledge which some of its members had drawn from official experience. At that day the dealings of the Government with the country were almost entirely through this capable, formidable assembly; an intermediary institution, which stood for the people, interpreted its spirit and spoke its will.

Now all that is changed. Party government is destroyed. It may possibly revive, but meanwhile it has no existence in fact and barely exists in form. As for the House of Commons, it is transformed, dis-spirited, effete; conscious of its changed condition, it drops into the apathy of the shelved. The lost authority of the once-famous House, the surrender of self-assertion, the resignation of responsibility in which it is sunk, is an old story now. To all intents and purposes the intermediary institution has ceased to be; at any rate it is no longer an institution of *that* kind. Progress has taken another step toward whatever goal it is bound for, with this result; that there is nothing now between the Government and its apparatus on the one hand, and the Sovereign People, with whatever aids and agencies can be contrived for it, on the other. Thus it has become a more immediate and acknowledged force; in sign whereof the Queen's ministers are falling more and more into habits of direct communication with the country.

This altered state of things would be well enough in easy-going times, when only domestic concerns demanded attention. In all such affairs the country is well instructed; and

the Government has no reason against sharing with the Sovereign People whatever information it may have special store of. Opinion may differ upon the facts, but all that are ascertainable may be known, from the least to the greatest. Here are no secrets which must needs be kept dark, however necessary to sound and safe judgment acquaintance with them may be. Here is no bewilderment, no paralysis of opinion by fear of imperfect knowledge at one time, or by intimation of vast, perilous, incommunicable mysteries at another. But when we come to the management of foreign affairs, which for years past has been, and for years to come will be of unspeakably greater importance, the case is altered.

No sensible man has ever doubted that there is much in the transaction of Foreign Office business that cannot be disclosed as a matter of possibility, and a good deal which should be concealed on grounds of discretion. That has always been understood, and understood without impatience. But the most understanding and the least impatient person could not mark without misgiving that for years past there has been a manifest disposition, a constant endeavour, to withdraw the whole business of the Foreign Office from public observation. Whether as a matter of principle or calculation, the country has been left to make out, by any dim uncertain light of which it could avail itself, what to expect from the rising hostility of other nations, and by what ideas and beliefs its own Government would probably be guided. If darkness upon all such points was not desired, it was at any rate never dispelled; or when the country fancied, as once or twice has happened, that it really had got on the track of definite intentions, a word to cut down the assumption was never long wanting.

In such a case, what is a Sovereign People to do if it does not wish to remain blind, or blinded, where its whole prosperity or even its existence is concerned? It must learn what it can by the best means at command, put together the information so gleaned, and draw from it what rational inference it will yield. Perhaps it may be argued that the country does wrong in doing this. Intelligence so obtained must be imperfect; the rational inference from it is therefore likely to be wide of the mark; but if so, it is impossible that the Foreign Office should correct it, because the correction might set up other, accurate, and therefore revealing inferences. And yet, if the erroneous assumption is allowed to prevail, a state of feeling gravely embarrassing to Government diplomacy may engender in the popular mind and break out in popular opinion; wherefore, to be politic, the country should study to be quite ignorant. It is really not at all a bad argument; but were it even better it would fail to dissuade a Sovereign People from learning what it can about its own endangered affairs. That it *will* do; and it will endeavour also to form an independent judgment from whatever information the news-agencies and newspaper correspondents are able to pick up in foreign lands.

In saying that, however, I by no means intend admission that the newspaper writers do the harm that has been imputed to them, or that their readers, the public, are so much misled. Let us try them by comparison of their errors and misconceptions with those of their loftiest superiors during the last ten years; or perhaps we should take the last fifteen, which make a pretty complete period. Here on the one side are Her Majesty's ministers, the chief of them (I do not speak of one Administration only)

long practised in the actual control of affairs, always behind the scenes, and familiar not only with the machinery but also with the *personnel* of foreign diplomacy. The most sacred archives of the Foreign Office are open to them, and they are themselves the recipients and depositaries of those pregnant secrets in ignorance of which no man can judge rightly. On the other hand you have a certain number of newspaper editors who depend for guidance on these things mainly: actual events (of which some that are small foretell greater ones); gathering or dissolving portents, mostly open to the general view; confidences meant to inform, or intended to bias; others of which the purpose is to play the informant's game; and a discerning and discriminating eye for these things. They have also an immediate view of the road between cause and effect, some insight into character and its determining impulses, and (no very rare quality but most valuable) the sympathetic gift of those who without moving a mile from home, or talking with a dozen men, or any ravening study of private letters and public journals, feel in themselves every change and portent of change in the current of common thought. This may seem a pretty good equipment, and one that should put journalist and statesman on a near equality. But stay; it is an equipment which every statesman should possess in addition to the vast accidental advantages of his position, and one which nearly all of them do possess.

From this, or from any comparison of the statesman's and the journalist's means of judging in great affairs, it seems impossible that the one should prove inferior to the other. But he can be, and sufficient evidence that he can may be found in the history of the last six months. Is it the question of

national defence, the need of mighty fleets if the nation is to live in peace? There he was right in his forecasting apprehensions when two or three all-knowing Governments, one after another, would not listen to a word of them. The last six months supplied plentiful reason to believe that, barely created in time upon firm insistence, these great fleets have saved England from disaster. Is it the long series of questions,—questions of honour, questions of policy—that rise to view at the words “Gordon,” “Khartoum,” “Soudan”? Then whose prevoyance, whose calculations and instincts were the more prompt and true? Is it the grand question of policies of graceful concession? When did the newspapers approve of that sort of thing? When did they preach the wisdom of meeting aggression not by keeping a stiff upper lip but by dropping the lower one? Never! And if it is abandoned now, amidst general confession that it never answered, it was not till after many a warning in an “irresponsible” Press that it must cease.

If I am asked whether this account is without flaw, whether the greater authority but the inferior judgment did not find support even among the most influential newspapers, I must admit the question. Such mistakes were made, but in most cases not in acceptance of the judgment but in obedience to the authority. Partisan journals commonly do themselves the very great injustice of centering their loyalty upon the party leaders instead of on the party itself. The partisan journalist is as much in place as the partisan minister; but he should never consent to become a portion of the party machinery, to be worked like the rest of it by party leaders and managers. He has his own distinct place in the body politic, and the more of an honest party man

he is the more he will stand by his party “in the country,” the mass of its doctrine and sentiment. His own idea most often is, however, that he must stand by his leaders. But his leaders are subject to strange perversions. Even then, however, the partisan journalist feels constrained to follow so long and so far as prudence allows and conscience will endure. There is, besides, the good-hearted, hot-headed, desperately sincere sentimentalist who maintains that the better way of keeping out of your house the strong man armed is to send him an olive-branch with your best compliments, and permission to occupy the stables. But again glancing back over the last fifteen years, it will be seen that the errors which the statesmanship of the country is now finding out and gloriously repairing were all its own; that they were always suspected and never shared by the Press-instructed nation itself; and that whenever the newspapers were wrong, they were wrong less by judgment than through a mistaken sense of obligation to leadership and deference to its superior information. But even that was only for a while. The superior information being obviously no sufficient make-weight, British statesmanship was driven to wiser courses by general revolt. Significant is the fact that adoption of these courses has brought opinion,—the opinion of the Press, all opinion—into greater harmony and content than was ever known before in our time.

Apparently, therefore, if “journalism continually undoes the work of diplomacy,” as was said the other day, its worst way of doing it has been hitherto unsuspected. The work of British diplomacy for many years before 1898, though not its aim, of course, was to bring its own august self to decay and the country to the condition of the negligible. To *undo*

this work it would have been necessary to thwart the whole course and intent of Government policy,—the Gladstonian recedent, the Salisbury concessional. Not to undo but to prosper these foreign policies, journalism should have tolerated, excused, supported them unceasingly. Inasmuch as it did so it did the right thing, according to what we now hear, but, alas and alack, in aiding the work it helped to destroy the aim. How much better, then, had it “constantly undone the work,” instead of combining to put a stop to it at the last moment, and after so much mischief!

It should be a long-lasting lesson to journalists, reminding them that in dealings with England foreign Governments understand the sovereignty of its people to be no fiction. When they listen to the diplomacies of its Government, it is only with one ear; the other is employed in making out the thought and temper of the depositaries of power, which has so very much to do with the matter. If the sounds heard by both ears harmonise, it is one thing: if not, it is another; and the foreign Government acts accordingly. To see by example what that means, ask when it was that, for the first time for many decades, the complaint, and even the menace of a solid, well-entrenched British Government was treated with indifference? It was not when a peace-at-any-price Gladstonianism reigned in Downing Street, for during that time the other ear was aware of a living spirit in the country which might be expected to break out, as of old, upon reasonable provocation. The time for taking no notice of English despatches, for making fun to-day of covenants made yesterday,—this time came in with the experiment of a concessional policy begun upon authority that

struck the aforesaid spirit dumb. It revived, however, after long grief and pain; and now what is the lesson exactly? This, I think. That whatever its Governments may do, the country and its journalistic spokesmen should strictly abide by and make known its “continuity of foreign policy.” It is a phrase of large meaning, but we all know its contents, and see how the whole country comes to agreement under its significations. Also we see how it brings us to our own again in the long-lost respect of foreign Governments and peoples.

Perhaps it may be said that I do not touch upon the particular evil in view when the newspapers are arraigned for thwarting the best efforts of diplomacy. The more specific complaint is that the engineering of our diplomatic agents abroad is baffled by the newspaper enterprise which deprives it of secrecy. Clever correspondents in this and that foreign capital learn what is going on, and make no scruple of telegraphing to England some striking detail of delicate negotiations while they are incomplete. Thereupon, despoiled of secrecy, the negotiations wither. To hasten their ruin these telegrams are made the text of editorial comments which would not be what they are if the writer knew all, or as much as the Foreign Secretary knows.

This grievance is a very conceivable one, and it might be extremely serious. It has been described in a distinguished journal as constant, as continual; on what authority does not appear, neither does the ruin of negotiations which, at this rate, must strew all the paths of diplomacy leading out of London. And if they be so many, these trippings-up of diplomatic effort, some must have become notorious

from their consequence, one would think. At the moment I cannot myself remember any; but of course there may have been more of such than either the writer or the reader of these pages happens to recollect. If so it would be useful to recall them as a warning; for newspaper enterprise certainly does not become less reckless and inconsiderate as it grows older. But till these examples are supplied, I shall draw conclusions from the circumstance that the only case that is ever mentioned is the case of a certain telegram despatched by the Pekin correspondent of *THE TIMES* a few months ago.

"Well, *that* is a case in point!" But I do not think so. It is in point of a great deal that is closely relevant to the subject, but that the Pekin telegram did all the damage to a prospering negotiation that some accuse it of is no certain matter of belief. No British negotiation with the Chinese Government was prospering. One attempt after another broke down or was brought to naught by a rival diplomacy formidable in all the resources of the craft, and not by them alone. More than once or twice our own diplomacy had advanced to the protection of British interests in a bold, challenging way, and on every occasion had been thrown back. All that it had accomplished was to feed with opportunity the diplomatic plan of campaign against England herself, the Russian plan of holding her before the world as a declining Power. It is past, we may hope; but in that unlovely state of things, some good friends of the Government, knowing how much damage it was suffering from successive reports of repeated failures, seem to have put it about that an entirely redeeming negotiation was upset by the disclosures of *THE TIMES* correspondent. If this meant that, at

Pekin there was none to tell the Russian ambassador what was told to a correspondent of *THE TIMES*, who should believe it? But it also seems to be believed that whatever authentic news comes to the knowledge of a newspaper editor he prints, if only it is important and interesting enough. Were that his habit, he would be a mischievous creature indeed; but it is not. Much as if he were an Under-Secretary itself, he tests all such news as is imparted to him by the question, would publication be injurious to the public interest or the public service? And the answer (which wide knowledge and the aptitude acquired by use and wont seldom leave in doubt), decides between printing and suppression. This is a part of his daily business, his common practice, and speaking at any rate for the older journalism, I venture to say that it is a duty faithfully observed. True it is, no doubt, that the question of suppression or publication is not always placed for settlement upon grounds which the Under-Secretary feels bound to import. The good editor's range of inquiry is narrower than the Secretary's. His function allows him, perhaps requires him, to look to the public interest alone. In addition to such considerations, the Secretary finds ample reason for secrecy in the convenience of the office, its character for watchfulness and wisdom, and the necessity for concealing bad mistakes from an avid and unscrupulous Opposition. Inquire into the journalistic grievances of the departments, and it will be found that they arise far more from a want of sympathy with these reasons for reticence than from any damage to public business by indiscreet revelation. Such a thing may happen now and then. Ministers, with all their superior knowledge and their strong personal inducements to caution, fall into

similar error. But wherever it is said that the newspapers are constantly thwarting diplomatic effort by betraying its secrets, one of two things may be suspected; either the accuser is badly informed and loves exaggeration, or else his purpose is to suggest excuse for mistakes and failures indecently above the average. In either case he ought to be asked whether he knows how often the journalist aids diplomacy, by understanding with the diplomat. It is done.

Of course there is much in diplomacy, in the relations of Government with Government and their confidential intercourse, which cannot be divulged without general mischief. From time to time states of mind exist in this and that Cabinet which gravely menace peace, and would menace it still more if the facts were publicly known. It is with cases like these as with the beginnings of fire; to smother them is the best hope of putting them out, the worst, exposure to ventilation. Let it be granted; but this is only an occasional, not a perpetual condition of things. Both the frequency and the gravity of these crises has been exaggerated by (and to) the popular imagination; if not, modern history books would be strewn with breathless records of them, while in fact they are few. Yet except the very small number of persons who know all that goes on everywhere, no one can say that there is not at this moment some subtle or desperate complot which confuses our policy and confounds all previous calculation. If European crises are not constant, the possibility of their existence is, and wherever the government of a country is divided between responsible ministers and a Sovereign People, it is a possibility which the one never allows the other to forget. Diplomacy is an

art which Governments exercise at home as well as abroad. Its operations are not confined to foreign countries by law, probably not by morality, certainly not by custom; and so it is that, by a touch of its quality at moments called psychological, Governments will plunge the country in doubt as to whether it ought ever to harbour an independent opinion on foreign affairs at all. As it is again reminded, it is not in the secrets of the Foreign Office; it cannot be admitted to them; how is it possible to say, then, what are these master-secrets, or how false and foolish popular opinion might look in the light of them?

Supposing it advantageous to both Government and country that the one should work in darkness and the other go by guessing, here is excellent provision for such an arrangement. But is it advantageous to both, or even for either? Late events suggest that there are strong reasons for seeking an answer, which no doubt lies somewhere between Yes and No. Therefore it is a difficult thing to hit upon, but yet with one clear light, I think, to help us to its whereabouts. For some years up to the autumn of 1898, the veil between the Foreign Office and the country thickened; and as the one worked more in darkness and the other had more to do by guessing, our diplomacy became weaker and less effective. The fact is unquestionable; the universal explanation of it is (for we are all agreed upon that), weak action; and the question then follows whether the weak action would have been quite as weak had it been less shrouded. Most likely it would not, either by venture or allowance. From which it appears that the secrecy on the one side, the ignorance on the other, were too great for the good of either party.

This gives us something to go by. For many generations the English people were never in such ignorance of their standing in relation to other powers, nor of what to expect from the cogitations and the plans of their rulers, as they have been of late years. By degrees, all communication of idea and sentiment between the governed and their Government dwindled, stopped, was cut off, one might almost say, in obedience to some theory of managing foreign affairs which positively has not answered. In humdrum times this would be no great matter. But, unhappily, we have been living in times of grave uncertainty ever since the new *régime* was established; and these are the days when England is permitted to know less of its own most important affairs than any other nation in Europe. Well, if this system, which is autocratic with an odd sacerdotal cast, proved really serviceable to the Government, enabling it to make a better fight for the country with greater care and convenience to itself, we could put up with its autocratic character, though of course it is not the expected thing in a democratic community. But experience seems to prove that the new way is *not* serviceable to the Government, does not enable it to make so good a fight for the country as the country has been accustomed to, and perhaps, in the long run, fails to purvey so much ease to itself as was counted on. That being so, it is a system that should be changed.

And considering the gallant and effective manner in which the country rallied to the help of the Government the other day, what better occasion for the change could there be than the present? Having already given proof of patience under very provoking failures and humiliations, the

nation has shown that it loses none of its old political instinct, intelligence, courage, that it is altogether a nation worthy to be "taken into the confidence" of its Government a little, to use the humble language of its solicitation. "To be taken into the secrets of the Government?" No; and the world would be clearer of cant if all this solemn tattle about State secrets were dropped. Most of it is imposture, imposture of the sacerdotal kind precisely, inner mysteries, guardianship of sacred deposits in consecrated pigeon-holes, and so forth. What is not imposture is willingly respected. Confidences are not sought, but confidence,—permission to know the outlines of what the Government is aiming to achieve or resolved to avoid; as much as every German knew of Bismarck's bent, or every Italian of Cavour's, or every intelligent Russian peasant of what the Czar means to make of Russia. As for detail, or anything more than a broad, general understanding, the country looks not for it; but for as much as that, why not? Were the Government launched upon a dark policy of aggression, or were some bold intrigue hatching under the cowl, its extreme reticence would have good reasons. But well we know that it is incapable of anything so unwise and so hazardous. The whole foreign policy of England is defensive; and though that also may involve secret operations, in the main it might lie open, and should do so. No Government in Europe could so safely expose the whole body of its hopes and aims as could the English Government, if they signify (as no doubt they do) strenuous and determined defence of its interests at all points; the danger would lie in betrayals of the concessional mood. Why, then, should not the Foreign Office consent to hoist the veil,

drop the mystic, quit the cloister, and come forth and be human, and take the magnificent reward that awaits the Foreign Minister who throws himself upon the country?

Is he, then, to be a passionate pilgrim to jingo shrines, to beat the drum in town-halls, kindling enthusiasm for war at any price? Nothing of the kind; he is to make himself acquainted with a people that well understands peace to be its first interest, but does not find peace interesting when paid for with hat, with shoes, with coat, with breeches, successively demanded as the price thereof. He is to make them acquainted, this people, with a statesman not too military but too much of a philosopher to recommend any such purchase. He is to find out, as he easily may, that it is a people that can be instructed without fear of panic in whatever danger may threaten, can be uplifted by the lesson and not cast down, keeping their hearts high and their heads cool; that he can earn for himself in the process of instruction respect and more than respect, trust and more than trust; and that after a little traffic of this sort, he can make himself perfectly comfortable about

any little bit of defensive diplomacy that he may have on hand. Of course he will have the backing of his fleet, but he will also have another backing such as has not been seen in England since the days of Cromwell.

A dream, of course; but a dream that might easily come true were dangers to thicken and the right man appear. Meanwhile, and as it is, it seems probable that the forces of popular enthusiasm will be used in a different way. According to a favourite conception of the patriotic sentiment, it is a secretion of considerable value to the statesman in certain crises, but capable of causing him great annoyance at other times and in other circumstances. It should therefore be brought under regulation by every possible means; the idea to be kept in view being its confinement in a sort of tank or gasometer, whence it may be made to gush in volume appropriate to the statesman's uses, and turned off again as soon his need of it is satisfied. I do not like the idea myself, thinking it, indeed, detestable; and I very much hope that it will never be reduced to practice.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

AN EGYPTIAN PROTECTORATE.

It may seem little short of an impertinence for the political *dilettante* to criticise the Egyptian policy of a Government which contains so able and experienced a Foreign Secretary as Lord Salisbury. Still, every adult male in a civilised community believes himself to be specially endowed by Nature with the instinct for statesmanship, and I will therefore venture to express a doubt as to whether the Government has acted wisely in refusing the present opportunity for declaring a Protectorate over Egypt. One must admit the force of Mr. Chamberlain's argument that a course of conduct in a particular matter, which might be the best if the matter was isolated, may be inexpedient when it becomes necessary to take a wider view and consider the question merely as part of a policy, the arms of which extend in a hundred different directions and embrace a thousand distinct interests. Nor can one forget that, as PUNCH recently pointed out, the Foreign Office may have information not available to the man in the street, which may change the complexion of affairs and reveal to the diplomatist hidden rocks, where to the private citizen all seems plain sailing. It is natural for the individual to notice most what most affects his private interests; that is the instinct of self-preservation, and is therefore desirable for the welfare of the community. But each individual interest, if permitted, is apt to loom so large in the view of its supporters, as to dwarf and obscure other interests of equal value to the entire social body, and it is

the duty of statesmen so to combine and modify conflicting interests that in the aggregate they may be fairly balanced. It is, in short, the part of each individual and every national section so to cry up his or its own affairs that they may not be overlooked when grouped with those of every other individual and section; it is the part of the Government to draw the various interests to scale, and to extend to each a due measure of protection. Nevertheless, statesmen, being but human, may err as well as more ordinary mortals, and therefore, however strong a Government may be, criticism of its policy is desirable and useful.

As regards Egypt, few persons would venture to deny that Great Britain has virtually established a Protectorate on the banks of the Nile already. The money and lives that she has spent in defending Egypt against the Dervish hordes, who otherwise would long ago have overrun the entire country, give her a claim which cannot in fairness be disregarded or denied; and any sudden withdrawal of British control, probably even the suggestion of such a possibility, would be sufficient to plunge the Egyptian finances into the state of disorganisation which existed under the rule of Ismail and Tewfik Pashas, and from which Lord Cromer's skill and firmness have rescued them. The Egyptians make a fair fighting force under British officers and with the support of British troops; but they have not the love of fighting for its own sake which characterises the Soudanese, and to deprive the Egyptian army

of its British military element would in all likelihood be to reduce it again to the rabble that suffered annihilation under Generals Hicks and Baker. It may be questioned whether Mahdism is as dead as Englishmen generally conceive, and whether the revival of the old-time weakness in Upper Egypt would not resuscitate Dervish rule in the Soudan. British influence in Egypt is in fact at least as essential to the prosperity of Egypt as to that of Great Britain, and Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean War, was right when he prophesied more than sixty years ago that, in the days to come, "the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful." He prophesied the inevitable, and the inevitable has come to pass; the British foot is firmly planted in Egypt, and Britain is the "fixtured" of PUNCH's recent cartoon.

Is it, then, wise to shut our eyes any longer to the fact? There are, undoubtedly, Continental statesmen who remain wilfully blind to the state of the case, and would hold us to a promise made in a moment of rashness and irresolution some sixteen years ago. Was it a dangerous tendency to expansiveness, the outflow of a morality that was beyond political wisdom, or an erring intellectual subtlety, which led the Ministry of that day to add the promise that Great Britain would retire from Egypt when Egypt was strong enough to govern herself, to the statement that in the meantime she would govern the country for the benefit of the Egyptians? Whatever it was, circumstances have vastly altered since that date, and altered circumstances, as we know, change the cases that depend upon them.

The fiction of our eventual retire-

ment obtains also in some circles in regard to India, and solaces the consciences of the well-intentioned, but perhaps not very perspicacious, persons who see in the present intellectual evolution of the erudite Hindoo a rising capacity for self-government which history has never shown him to possess, and therewith a compensation for the brutality of British rule in India. The time has not yet come to test the strength of its foundation in the case of India, and one may surmise that her progress will not be such in the coming century as to cause the fiction to be rudely broken; while if the regeneration of Egypt is as long delayed as that of India promises to be, it will not, perhaps, be Great Britain who will see any strong reason for disagreeing with the present situation. She will continue to govern Egypt, as she has governed and does govern India, in the interest of the respective peoples, since she recognises that this is also for her own interest. Her methods of government may not always ultimately prove to have been the best that could possibly have been adopted; but they are always honest in intention and usually beneficent, and, at any rate since the loss of her American colonies, she has never sought to govern her dependencies for her own sole benefit. The lesson then read to her is graven upon her heart, and she recognises that her duty to her colonies is in truth identical with her duty to herself; to do all that lies in her power to ensure their health and prosperity, that they may increasingly become markets for her merchandise and outlets for her surplus population. That is a lesson which some of the nations of Europe have yet to learn, and even now are learning at a vast expenditure of life and treasure and chagrin.

But there are elements underlying

the case of Egypt which are altogether absent in the case of India. As to the duration of our stay in India, the only two parties who have any moral justification for expressing an opinion are the Indians and ourselves. In Egypt, on the other hand, we are confessedly merely in the position of trustees until the Egyptians are administratively of age; and there being no set time in the life of a people when that event takes place, the matter necessarily resolves itself into a question of fact. Now questions of fact often afford scope for as much difference of opinion as do questions of law, and when one of two parties, whose interests are opposed, is concerned in fixing the date of a given fact as early as possible, and the other party in fixing it as late as possible, the result is likely to be chronic friction. The experience of our daily lives inculcates the lesson that it is easier to bear the misfortune which has actually occurred than that which is for ever threatening to fall. "One can," said a French politician recently, "quarrel with more advantage about an avowed intention than about an accomplished fact." Time, as a rule, heals past sores; but time is no medicament for the sore which imagination and expectation keep constantly open. Such a sore is the British position in Egypt to French susceptibilities. The very fact that it is the fault of France that Great Britain alone is in control of Egypt is an additional vexation to the political element in the country; while the constant dread that the virtual Protectorate will be converted into a declared Protectorate, mingled with the hope that such a consummation of British policy may yet be averted, prevents the French from directing their imperial aims into more legitimate and fruitful channels. The possibility, meagre though it be,

of regaining the position that they once held upon the banks of the Nile, and of thereby wiping out what they regard as past humiliations, encourages false hopes; and the inward but inadmissible recognition that those hopes are false induces a consistent and irritating anti-British policy in all quarters of the globe, the consequence being that we are no sooner out of a Niger business than we are into a Fashoda affair, and no sooner are we quit of that than, if report speaks truly, we shall find our interests clashing in Southern China.

This is not, it will be granted, a very desirable state of things, and yet to a continuation of that state we are condemned by the Government's policy as expressed in Lord Salisbury's speech at the Mansion House. "If," he said, "we are forced by others into a position which we do not now occupy I do not venture to prophesy what would take place; but we are quite sufficiently satisfied with the state of things as it exists at present, and we do not think that any cause has arisen for any effort at present to modify it on our part. I do not say that it is entirely comfortable. I do not say that occasionally friction will not arise; but I say that, looking at the matter all round and considering the feelings of other people as well as our own,—I say that we think that we can very reasonably rest for the present with the state of things as it now exists." In other words, Great Britain is *for the present*,—notice how frequently these words occur!—satisfied with her virtual Protectorate over Egypt, but if any foreign Power were to seek to take advantage of the irregularity of her position the probable consequence would be that a Protectorate would be forthwith declared. In fact, the paragraph contains a sop

to wounded feelings and a threat against possible aggression combined, and the somewhat indefinite limitation ("positively Sibylline" is the description of the speech given by a French statesman to M. de Blowitz) of Great Britain's ultimate aims in Egypt does not appear to have acted as a soporific to ruffled feelings in France to any considerable extent.

Not only is the militant Press of Paris devoting such energies as it can spare from mangling the character and reputations of the Dreyfusards to the misrepresentation of this country's intentions,—a course by no means uncommon even at ordinary times—but even among serious and distinguished students of politics the inevitable course pursued by the British Government in relation to Fashoda has aroused great acerbity of feeling. "The question thus held in reserve," says an eminent French politician, "is the entire question of Egypt, and that concerns the rest of Europe as well as France. We shall bide our time for re-opening it, and we shall not re-open it until we are in a position no longer to be reduced to a monologue." M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, in the *DÉBATS*, regrets that France was not in a position to support Major Marchand's expedition at Fashoda, and his suggestion is, that she should commence to store up her strength for an attack upon the British possessions in Africa. For this purpose he proposes the construction of a strategical railway from Biskra in Southern Algeria to Lake Chad, the real objective being the British position at Sokoto and on the Niger,— "to lay hands on Sokoto, on all the rich region of the Central Soudan, comprising Sokoto, Gando, Kano, and so forth." Probably the next six months will witness a considerable diminution of the present acute stage of French feeling, since, when all is

said and done, it would require a large tract of land in Africa to compensate Frenchmen for the loss of the £50,000,000 of export trade which they now do with Britain. Still, one cannot but recognise that Fashoda has afforded an additional pretext for the hostility with which the majority of Frenchmen have regarded this country ever since the latter supplanted France in Canada, and wrecked Napoleon's victorious career at Waterloo. Jealousy is, perhaps, a national failing of the French, and it is impossible to deny that, as regards Great Britain, there is some cause for it; for during the past nine centuries circumstances have been for ever placing the two countries in antagonism, and for ever bringing Great Britain forth victorious. But it is certain at any rate that the aversion with which France has regarded Germany since 1870 has to-day paled before her detestation for Britain, and it is the latter country, and not the former, which is now declared to be her hereditary foe.

It is in all probability true that this angry feeling is chiefly confined to political and journalistic circles. Beyond those circles there exists a kind of natural distaste between the two peoples produced by their essential differences of character, but not a very real or active hostility. Each people, no doubt, regards the other as collectively insufferable, and individually very tolerable. Neither altogether understands the other. We know that we do not in the least comprehend the French, because we have been so often told so both by our own countrymen and theirs; and we may assume that they do not altogether comprehend us from the following extract from the work of an eminent French ethnologist: "Contempt for the foreigner and his customs certainly surpasses in

England that formerly professed by the Romans for the Barbarians at the time of their greatness. So great is it, that as regards the foreigner every rule of morality ceases to hold good. There is not an English statesman who does not consider as perfectly legitimate, in his conduct towards other peoples, acts which would provoke the deepest and most unanimous indignation if they were practised where his countrymen were concerned." The passage deserves the consideration of our Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, for the writer, who had not the Fashoda question in his mind at the time he gave vent to this serious indictment, does not appear to be smitten with a very grievous Anglophobia, since on the previous page he thus describes the Anglo-Saxon character: "The dominant features of the mental constitution from the point of view of character are a degree of will-power which very few peoples, with the exception perhaps of the Romans, have possessed, an indomitable energy, very great initiative, absolute self-control, a sentiment of independence carried to the pitch of excessive unsociability, immense activity, very lively religious sentiments, a very stable morality, and a very clear idea of duty."¹ Could any Englishman wish for a fuller appreciation of his national characteristics?

Nevertheless, one must recognise that in France at the present time the predominant feeling, in the sense of the feeling which most clearly makes itself heard and is therefore most likely to be productive of result, is one of undisguised and active irritation with England. That being so, one cannot help wondering

whether the formal declaration of an Egyptian Protectorate would really have added greatly to the strained relations between the two countries. Strained those relations are, and strained they will certainly continue for some time to be, and it must be a matter for speculation whether anything that we might have done would have materially added to what French journalists are determined, quite unjustifiably, to regard as a national humiliation.

In spite of the fact that the Dreyfus case has aroused in this country a feeling against France which is probably not realised on the other side of the Channel, it is very doubtful whether there is any considerable section of public opinion here which wishes to harrow unnecessarily the sensibilities of the French, or really desires a war between the two countries. But it must be borne in mind that there are British susceptibilities as well as French, and if the latter have suffered over the Fashoda transaction, the former are still raw with irritation under what are regarded as bad bargains in Tunis, Siam, Madagascar, Nigeria, and Waima. In fact, what the *MATIN*, one of the leading French newspapers, has designated as a policy of pin-pricks, has at last had the effect of consolidating public opinion to such an extent that domestic politics were laid to rest for nearly a month, and the nation's mental gaze was concentrated upon an unhealthy swamp in the Soudan. It has been found that concessions to gain France's goodwill have had the effect of arousing not her amity, but her cupidity, and seldom has an ironical saying received a more complete justification than that given by successive French Governments to the statement that gratitude was the hope of favours to come. The conse-

¹THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PEOPLES; by Gustave Le Bon. London, 1898.

quence has been a singular unanimity of opinion that the time has come when this country must make a stand for her just rights, even to the point of war if no other remedy avails, and must prove to foreign Powers that she is not so lightly to be neglected as the rather vacillating policy of the last few years has taught the Continent to believe. Perhaps, among a section of the public, distaste for the fruits of recent French policy has taken a more acute form, and it is felt that since no reasonable sacrifices will secure to Great Britain the goodwill of France, the former will do well to follow the course which suits her best, without too nice a regard either for French susceptibilities or for legal technicalities.

It would, however, not be fair to lay the entire blame for the present position of affairs on the shoulders of France. One must admit the right of every nation, as of every individual, to make the best bargain for itself that it can, provided that the transaction be fairly conducted; and if Lord Salisbury, in the hope of obtaining the friendship which he believed to be most desirable, did not insist on the uttermost limits of Great Britain's rights, that is the good fortune and not the fault of France, and it is our bad fortune that we have received very little in return in any way whatever. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Englishmen have a very just right to complain when they experience such treatment as was meted out to British trade in Madagascar. It will be remembered that Great Britain originally agreed to the establishment of a French Protectorate in that island on condition that her merchants were to receive the same trading-rights that French subjects enjoyed. France accepted the condition; but subsequently, considering

it necessary to tighten her hold over the island, she refused further recognition of British claims without any offer of compensation. In spite of Lord Salisbury's protests that high-handed action was persisted in, and, in view of such treatment, it is scarcely remarkable that Great Britain is unwilling to afford France needless opportunities for repeating the process in other parts of the world.

The irritation among a considerable and influential section of the British public which this anti-British policy all the world over has aroused on this side of the Channel is, perhaps, scarcely exaggerated in the following extract from a letter to THE MORNING POST.

But the remark [Major Marceland's remark that there "would be laughter on the Nile"] shows the animus and intentions of our amiable friends in undertaking their laborious journey. Now, however, their little plot has proved a *coup manqué* they complain of our brutality and want of consideration for their tender feelings because we do not give something as compensation for retiring from a place where they had no right to be, and they have to go without being any richer for the trespass they had perpetrated. It is difficult for Englishmen to understand this kind of feeling, and to realise the egotism and vanity of the French people. It is always with them *la Grande Nation* of the Napoleonic tradition, claiming exceptional consideration for their feelings and motives above all other people. Our own complacency and acquiescence have had much to do in fostering this feeling. We have tolerated their intrigues in Egypt to an extent that no other Power similarly situated would have done for a day. We have condoned and compromised with their aggressions in Western Africa; we have paid several thousand pounds to their missionaries in Uganda for losses suffered during disturbances for which they were largely responsible, and in which they acted as partisans; we have suffered our own officers and soldiers to be slain on our own undisputed territory by a French force without a shilling of compensation to their families. In Madagascar, where we had extensive commercial interests,

and had laboured for years in peaceful efforts to civilise and to Christianise, we looked on without any attempt at interference at a piratical and aggressive attack, made without the slightest justification and in pure lust of conquest, and where we have suffered every treaty-right we possessed to be suppressed, and our missionaries to be persecuted, insulted, and expelled. In Siam, a country bound to England by long ties of friendship and intercourse, we allowed a similar act of aggression which we could, as in Madagascar, have prevented with the greatest ease. In Newfoundland we allow our own loyal people to be worried and annoyed in their own country by the most impudent aggressions under cover of the doubtful terms of a treaty nearly two centuries old, which has been several times abrogated by a state of war, and renewed time after time as a "graceful concession," for at no time had they the slightest power of enforcing it. Everywhere and under all circumstances it is the same; without war France is perpetually hostile wherever she has a pretext for interfering. Her admirals have distinguished themselves and earned popularity by writing treatises on the best modes of attacking Great Britain and destroying her commerce, showing how the defenceless towns which stud her coasts can be bombarded and destroyed, how her commercial flag can be driven from the seas by the means of torpedo-boats, sending her ships, passengers, and crews to the bottom without the trouble of capture. To injure Great Britain has been the aim of all their policy and the object of all their enterprises for the last sixteen years. They have persisted in this policy so long and successfully that they have brought themselves to think it the most natural thing in the world, and feel quite hurt when they are peremptorily told that this sort of thing must end. While at the same time there is not a single case of a British naval or military man writing in a hostile spirit against France, nor a single instance of Great Britain making any aggression on French territory or interests.

By the attitude which France has adopted towards us for the last fifteen or twenty years she has courted the feeling that finds expression in these lines; and, therefore, when the

Parisian papers informed us that by our conduct over Fashoda we had lost a magnificent opportunity for gaining the friendship of France, public opinion was not gravely impressed by the statement. It was felt that if the friendship of the future was to have been at all similar to that of the past, an immediate war might be preferable, since that at least might lead to a period of quiescence on the part of our too active neighbours. Any concession, then, to France for the evacuation of Fashoda would have certainly been intensely unpopular, and indeed no Government could safely have made it. But the evacuation being now an accomplished fact, and Britain having shown her strength in the face of all the world,—much, it is rather unpleasant to notice, to the astonishment of the greater part of it—might it not be advisable and possible to settle the Egyptian question once for all to the satisfaction of both countries?

The absolute right to Fashoda, it should be remembered, is but one item in a very much larger programme. The French still have their posts in the valley of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and it will be a matter of some difficulty to draw the dividing line with accuracy between the watersheds of that river and of the Ubangi. That will be a matter for negotiations; but while that question is under consideration one cannot help thinking that a settlement of many outstanding matters of dispute might advantageously be included, and that among them French consent to the declaration of a British Protectorate in Egypt might be obtained. No doubt, we have the power to declare such a Protectorate immediately if we so desire, and, considering the way in which France has treated our interests, there is, perhaps, no moral obligation upon us to be par-

ticularly tender of her feelings. But there are prudential reasons for certain courses of conduct as well as legal and moral ones. The consequence of such a declaration in opposition to the wishes of France would make our position in Egypt but little better than it is now. Egypt would still be to the French an object of desire and a pretext for attack. But if France, for a reasonable consideration, were to give her consent to the conversion of an unrecognised reality into a recognised one, she would be estopped from subsequently denying our title; and although physically she might some day be in a position to do so, the moral element would then be against her, and the moral element counts for something, even in the case of nations.

Therefore, looking at the matter purely from a British point of view, it would clearly be desirable to obtain French assent to a British Protectorate, if that be possible at a reasonable cost. But would France agree to negotiate upon such a basis? That, of course, is at present an open question, but one can fancy that it might be answered in the affirmative. French statesmen would probably not be disinclined to be free from a position which periodically gives to irresponsible politicians on the other side of the Channel opportunities for embarrassing the Government; and there is a report in circulation that M. Cambon, the new French Ambassador in London, is charged to negotiate for a freer hand to France in Morocco in return for a similar advantage to England in Egypt. French Imperialists would grumble, no doubt, at the thought of legalising a flaw in British title; but French financiers would probably as soon see the Suez Canal and the Egyptian funds under British management as under that of their own Government.

Whether such a proposal, if formulated, will commend itself to our Government remains to be seen. It is difficult to suppose that it will, without some very definite undertaking that what has happened in Tunis will not happen in Morocco. For it is an unfortunate British experience that, where a French Protectorate is declared, a differential tariff is apt to militate against British commercial interests. There would probably have been little objection to the proposed exchange until 1898, but now our commercial classes will naturally fear a repetition in Morocco of what has recently occurred in Tunis. In the latter country, where a French Protectorate has been established for several years, British trade, more especially the import trade, has shown large annual increases since 1880, and particularly for the years 1893, 1894, and 1895,¹ both absolutely, and relatively to those of other countries, including France herself. Owing in all probability to this fact, France changed her policy last year and imposed a system of duties which discriminated in favour of French goods. "From the beginning of 1898," says the British Consul, Sir H. H. Johnston, in his report to the Foreign Office, "a new *régime* obtains, that under which French commerce receives differential treatment, to an extent at present very unimportant, but there is no security for the present tariff continuing to be applied for long to French and Algerian goods. We must be prepared to see French goods entering Tunis free of duty; in short, to treat Tunis as an essential part of the French Empire."

In Tunis British trade stands in relation to that of France in the

¹ British imports into Tunis advanced from £230,670 in 1893 to £306,064 in 1894, and £373,121 in 1895.

proportion of about one-third. But in Morocco our commercial interests largely predominate, as will be seen by the accompanying table, illustrating the percentage of the total trade of the country done respectively by Great Britain and France in three recent years.

	IMPORTS			EXPORTS		
	1896	1895	1894	1896	1895	1894
Great Britain	54½	50	57½	29	34	46
France ..	29	32	31¾	7	29	12½

The approximate present value of British trade with the States of North Africa is as follows.

Tunis	£680,000
Algeria	814,267
Tripoli	299,750
Morocco	1,034,183
Egypt	13,000,000

From these figures it will be seen that our trade with Morocco is a third again as much in value as that with Tunis. It would, of course, be highly unsatisfactory to lose any considerable proportion of that trade, as we should be likely to do if the French introduced their differential tariff-system in Morocco. At the same time, however, one cannot fail to recognise that our position in Egypt is of vastly greater importance to us than any interest we have in Morocco, not only on account of the large commercial stake which we hold in the former country, but also because she forms a connecting link between England and our Indian Empire. The question, therefore, whether it might be to our interest to secure and regularise our position in Egypt (for we must admit that there is a flaw in our title) by making a possible sacrifice in Morocco will no doubt

receive due consideration, although the answer which our Government is likely to return to it may be expected to depend upon whether the Government of France is willing to undertake that British trade shall not be hampered by restrictions similar to those imposed in Tunis.

But if negotiations are to be entered into at all, one cannot help thinking that a considerably wider settlement of the questions in dispute between the two countries might with advantage be attempted. During the Niger negotiations Mr. Chamberlain is reported to have said that he was ready to surrender the whole of Nigeria to France, provided that France gave something equally valuable in exchange. Whether the actual statement is true or not, that is undoubtedly the point of view from which Colonial questions should be regarded. The value of colonies, in Africa at any rate, is mainly a commercial question; if a country receives an adequate return for the rights which it yields, it has no reason to complain of humiliation or loss of prestige. Accepting that principle as a basis of settlement, it would probably not be inexpedient to make France an offer on some such lines as these: that she should receive Gambia and Sierra Leone, and possibly a tongue of territory reaching the navigable waters of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as, in the case of Demaraland, a tongue of German territory was permitted to stretch eastward into the Bechuanaland Protectorate until it touched the upper Zambesi; and that in return she should surrender her rights on the Newfoundland coast, give up to us her holding at Obok, and signify her formal consent to a British Protectorate in Egypt.

It may be objected that by such an exchange France would receive more

than she gave, and in actual territory she certainly would ; but when all things are considered the value of the exchange is probably fairly proportioned. For the three years, 1895, 1896, and 1897, the average revenue of Sierra Leone was roughly £100,000, and the average expenditure £109,999. The average import trade for the same period was £459,800, and the average export trade £434,120, of which sum Great Britain sent about three-quarters of the imports, and received rather less than half the exports. The average trade of Gambia for the five years 1892-6 was, exports £142,000, and imports £115,000, but both sides of the account show a large increase for 1897. It must, however, be borne in mind that as France holds the *hinterland* of both these colonies they can never be as lucrative to Great Britain as they otherwise would have been. On the other hand, the possession of Obok, if not so valuable from a purely commercial point of view, would consolidate our position on the east coast of Africa, leaving us a free hand to deal with Abyssinia, and would remove at all events one French pretext for harassing us in Egypt ; the surrender of the French fishing-rights on the Newfoundland coast would dispose of a matter which cannot fail to be fruitful of international disagreement in the future ; and the acknowledgment of our right to remain in Egypt would be of value to us for the reason already pointed out, that it would be morally impossible for France to dispute our title after having once formally recognised it. In Egypt we must and shall stay so long as we can maintain our hold on the country, since the tenure of our position there, or, at any rate, what is practically equivalent, the certainty that no nation hostile to our interests shall be in possession, is, as Bismarck told the French, essential to our continued prosperity.

But if there are obstacles in the way of these suggestions which are hidden from the ordinary citizen it is at any rate apparent that Great Britain will not for a long time, possibly never again, be in a position so advantageous for the enforcement of her claims as she is at the present time. With America more friendly than perhaps she has been since she ceased to be a British colony ; with Germany, if not ready to support us, at least unwilling to thwart us because she would be glad of our support in Asia Minor and elsewhere ; with Austria reported to be favourable to a definite settlement of the British position in Egypt, on the ground that a precedent would thereby be created favourable to her own claims on Bosnia and Herzegovina ; with Russia fully occupied in Northern China, and willing, no doubt, to abstain from interference with our concerns in Egypt if we would concede to her with graciousness in the present what later on she will certainly make an effort to take whether we will or no, France is the only power which can afford to oppose us at present in Africa. Our claims are not unreasonable, and French statesmen, one cannot help thinking, must at least recognise the fact, although political exigencies may prevent them from acknowledging it. Why then should we not attempt to come to some general and fair agreement with France on all matters in which our mutual interests clash, or, if that be impossible, force her to recognise our just, if not flawless, title in Egypt before, with her ally's attention once more disengaged, she can hope to force us into unreasonable concessions, or can make the additions to her navy on which her naval advisers have already determined ? Leniency is not always kindness, and the regularisa-

tion of our position in Egypt would be advantageous to France as well as to ourselves, since in all probability it would eventually make for more harmonious relations between the two countries by obliterating those groundless hopes which the present irregularity tends to encourage. Something at all events will have to be done to prevent France from so persistently attempting to put a spoke in the wheel of Great Britain, as she has been doing for some years past, and the necessity for settling once for all the limits of the harassment to which this country can submit in the course of her development does not require to be emphasised.

It may be, as has already been

said, that matters are revealed to grave and prudent Secretaries of State of which the ordinary man reckons not at all. Lord Salisbury may have information which leads him to believe that the declaration of a formal Protectorate over Egypt would lead to a general conflagration in Europe, and the recognition of that fact compels one to acquiesce, though it may be regretfully, in the determination of the Government not to raise the question at the present time. But if the only risk run was that of giving offence to certain of our Continental neighbours, it is probable that the country generally would be in favour of assuming the burden of it.

SPENCER BRODHURST.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I.

To be opened immediately after my death by Paolo Rossi, my nephew and heir.

I, DOCTOR LUIGI ROSSI, head of the Scientific Department of the University of San Marco, write this statement that it may be transmitted to you, my beloved Paolo, and read before you shall have entered the secret chamber, access to which may be gained through my laboratory only.

This communication is personal. You know that you are my heir. My will must be made public, of course, because of the various donations which I have made to different colleges, universities, etc.; but the bulk of my fortune is yours, yours also and yours alone the contents of the glass receptacle in the chamber up in the roof.

This document is the history of that receptacle, and I require you to obey implicitly the instructions concerning it which I shall give. Much depends upon your fidelity. Yet young as you are, Paolo, there is already a firmness to the fibre of your mind, a tenacity and loyalty that I have long noted, which assures me that you will give to the completion of this work of mine all that I could wish. It is a matter of life and death, perhaps; nay more, it involves a scientific experiment, to witness the success of which I would unhesitatingly pledge all I have, all I am, life itself here on earth, and whatever may come hereafter.

I knew, of course, when I began

the experiment, that not I but another would witness its close. Would it be success or failure? You will know some day, Paolo, I trust. How I envy you! And how proud am I to bestow this great proof of my love, my confidence upon you. The fortune I leave you, Paolo, is dross: in itself, it will not make you happy; but the receptacle should bring to you, in case of success, the calm, the noble peace of mind which is the rightful reward of the benefactor of mankind.

Ah, our boasted strength of will, our proud reliance on self! What does it amount to when I cannot so much as prolong this feeble old life of mine a paltry half century, when my strongest curiosity is excited, when I have made a wager with Nature, and Death will not let me wait to see who wins? Ah, well! Read now, my boy, and know the secret of that mysterious chamber you have so often longed to penetrate.

I am eighty-two; I can live but a few months, perhaps only a few weeks longer. Forty-five years ago I came into possession of that which rests in the airy chamber above. I was young then but (what has vanity or an affectation of vanity to do with a dying man?) I had already attained some position. I might have stood higher had I given my best efforts at that time to recognised research, as I have since, chiefly that I might enrich you, my son, and so leave you free to employ the talents you have as best pleases you. But I was then secretly engaged in experiments which, I knew very well, would, if made public, shake what fame I had and

bury the little candle of my scientific pretensions under the overwhelming rubbish of ridicule.

I wanted to prolong life, Paolo ; that is, not exactly to prolong it, for one's years are inexorably measured off. Fate has given to each of us just so many, and struggle, scheme, plan as we may, the sum will not be changed ; but I believed that man might under certain conditions live his life when and how he wished.

Has it never occurred to you, Paolo, that Fate is a niggardly benefactor ? She gives you the cup of life ; she holds it to your lips. "Drink," she says, "drink now and to the dregs." "But," you plead, "I may not like the draught ; I may not care to quaff it all ; is it permitted to sip a little now, and later again a little and——" "Nay, nay," she commands ; "drink deep, and drink now." And there is no alternative even ; one cannot peevishly push the cup away. And so, like gluttons who fill a bursting stomach and feed a palate that craveth naught, we drink the cup that's held to our lips,—and make wry faces enough over its bitter contents.

Yet, would I live. Life is all we know and living is all we have. I accept the number of years allotted to me, but I would live them where and how and when I pleased. This should be my compromise with Fate.

Think of it, Paolo, to live one's childhood, a naked boy, basking in tropic suns, with the blue water, the fountains, the dark foliage and the white of the marbles, a gorgeous feast of colour to abide for ever in one's memory. One needs to have a golden childhood to look back upon. I find my poor old wits straying, these past few years or more, to the things of youth. I forget the discoveries I worked so hard to make and prized so when accomplished ; I forget the

names of old associates who have laboured honourably and worthily with me ; I forget the titles of the very books which bear my name. Your friends, Paolo, who come to chat an hour with old Rossi are all alike to me ; I cannot distinguish one from the other, and from day to day I forget whether 'tis this one or that who is merry or sarcastic or pert or pensive. I forget thy mother's face, child, as it was when she died at thy birth, but it lives for me forever as it was when she and I played together ; I a great fellow, boy at heart but man in form and feature, she a baby-girl, the delicate, late, last flower on the stem. Every detail of my childhood grows stronger and more vivid with me. I seem to be an old bow so bent with years that extremes of youth and age meet in me. My dreams are invariably of my childhood ; old melodies come back to me that my mother sang to your mother ; the old house and playmates dead more than half a century,—these are the things that fill my thoughts. My old senses are dulled to the present but they retain the past,—provided always it be far enough off in my life's perspective—with an intensity, a fervour that may make a literal second childhood for me if my life be much prolonged.

Ah, you see how old I am, how I am failing, when in writing to you of what I risked my life for (and my soul's salvation, Fra Bozenta would say), I wander off in this way and make my necessarily long paper unnecessarily tedious.

This was my plan then ; to live till adolescence a Greek bathed in the most beautiful natural surroundings, uplifted by the most exquisite manifestation of art, an art which was as natural to the Greeks as building roads and bridges, buying and selling, spoiling and cheapening the beauty of Nature

is to us. Then would I die for a space, —to be awakened and to spend my early manhood in another century, as one of those great savage Gothic heroes, say, who swarmed down upon our forefathers here. I'd live my middle life in another kind of action : it might be as a great law-giver in another nation and another century ; and I would spend the declining years of my life here in San Marco, I think, as I am doing now with you near me, my boy, to keep the old sap still flowing in the gnarled and withered tree.

Thus, you see, one could truly say he had lived. This should have been my choice ; different natures would choose variously, yet to each would life be complete, a thorough experience of what the world has to offer, not a segment whose arc measures an infinitesimal portion of space, an equally insignificant point of time. Life is cosmopolitan, complete ; not stationary, not cramped in the mould of one century and one place. It is a liquid which fits itself to various environments. In our stupidity, in our dull devotion to habit and custom, we get to take the form for the thing, the bowl for the vital, golden, immortal essence it for the moment contains.

II.

IN my youth, Paolo, this thought possessed me. I dreamed of varied careers, of fuller experience which might be mine if,—not if life were not so brief, mine has been long enough, but so consecutive. How to pour some of the liquid from the bowl without allowing its entire contents to slip away ! How to sip at ease without swallowing all at a gulp and so to lose the divine flavour !

I had heard of the Hindoos, the Yoghis, who had learned the alphabet of the science I longed to master. I set myself to study their methods, and

in a journey which I made in my thirtieth year, I learned all they could teach me. But their success was so paltry, so trivial, so unworthy, a beginning, nothing more. I determined to prolong the conditions these fakirs so easily produce, by means of carefully-prepared drugs. Hath not Nature herself given man the hint, when she planted the hills thick with slumbrous poppies ?

I experimented untiringly, with animals, and secretly, of course. Ah, how I laboured during those years ! For me there was no day nor night, no friends, no foes, no past, no future, only working-time to make fullest use of every moment Nature could spare me from the task of keeping myself alive. I gave up everything else. People began to nod their heads and remark sagely upon immature work. I had done my best, they said, already ; nothing had come from me these past five years. 'Twas evident, the old way was best. And grey-haired professors who had scowled at me when I bade fair to be a rival, smiled upon and patronised me now that I had shown myself to be nothing but a prodigy, a tree which had borne fruit prematurely and so merely a sport of Nature, a scientific abortion.

As I said before, I was thirty-five when my opportunity came. By this time my skill was such that I could stupefy a rabbit so as to keep him dormant indefinitely if I wished, and wake him to life again, his functions as perfect, as unaltered as when I took him from the warren. In my laboratory a kitten had been lying as if asleep, but breathless, for years. But man,—would the drug affect man and for long periods of time ? If not, it was all useless. Of what avail to outdo the Hindoo jugglers ! What variety of experience could one attain by stretching his life over a short period of time ? The world moves so

slowly, it takes centuries to change circumstances. I would rather live eighty years our way, rooted as a tree, helpless and narrowed in experience as a crab in its shell, than to stretch my knowledge over so small a space as my experiments with the animals seemed to permit.

I had been working hard in my laboratory one day since sunrise, and towards evening went out, revolving all this in my mind, for a breath of air. As I walked dreamily along, my pace slackened, so preoccupied was I, and I must have come to a full stop, when an unusual occurrence brought me to myself. I was in the midst of a throng of excited men whose pushing and jostling made me a helpless part of the crowd. Their shouts and curses dissipated the last of my abstraction, and eagerly I peered beyond the mass of bobbing heads. One man was the focus of all their eyes, and now of mine. It was Zojas, the brigand, news of whose capture in the mountains had been brought to the city a week ago. They were taking him to the gaol, and I, whose habits of mind and body were all at variance with mobs and their violence, had been caught up, a straw upon the eddy of that turbulent tide.

My height enabled me to get a glimpse of the outlaw's face, and its expression of mingled rage and defiance so interested me that I found myself elbowing this way and that till I was comparatively close to him.

Just then the fury of the mob broke loose. Their curses were audible enough now; yells they were, and at every shout from the people the man's singular face seemed to brighten and glow with hate and defiance, just as a fire flames when one blows upon it.

Suddenly a stone was hurled at him. Where is the being that can resist the display of courage? To my mind it hath ever seemed a rare,

a noble virtue. The brigand's eyes blazed, and the smile that showed his strong white teeth was like the snarl of a wolf. His arms were bound behind him, but with a fine assumption of ease, he threw his shoulders back and, chin in air, burst into a mocking whistle, the tune of a popular song which celebrated his own exploits, and marched gracefully on. Was it not gallantly, wickedly done? Quick there came another stone and then another and another, and soon the missiles were flying while the guards hurried on with a double-quick step.

At last the fusillade went beyond bounds, and the soldiers, forming a square, in the midst of which stood Zojas, the blood streaming from a cut in his cheek, faced the mob. I found myself sword in hand charging with them on the cowardly crowd. I was mad with excitement and the ardour of the fight, bewildered at the sudden change from the quiet of my study to the midst of this screaming, cheering, cursing mob. But through all the din and confusion I could not keep my eyes from Zojas. He was grinding his teeth and swearing, as he struggled violently to free himself from his bonds. All at once he caught my eye, and a flash of hope lit up his own at the sympathy and admiration the rascal's gallant conduct had brought to my face. "Lend a hand, comrade," he cried. "A brigand's oath,—I'll not attempt escape; but let Zojas try his hand on that pack of dogs!"

I can account for it only by my exceeding excitement at the time, but with a stroke of my knife I freed him, and then suddenly I lost sight of him and everything else, for something struck me sharply on the temple and I fell.

I recovered consciousness only when the fight was over, and from where

I lay I could see the guards marching the bandit off to prison. He had kept his word, fortunately for me.

Then I crawled home, my head buzzing like a whole hive of bees.

III.

For some days I was ill, as much from the unusual excitement as from the effects of a small wound in the forehead; this thing was so foreign to anything that had occurred in my simple, almost conventual life. So I sat quietly at home till one evening a neighbour told me that Zojas was to be executed the following day at noon, in the great square before the palace.

At my friend's words suddenly the whole plan came to me, and so soon as he had left me, I started for the prison.

"He will not speak with you, signor. He will not eat nor drink; for days he hath touched nothing," said the jailer. "He will not speak to any one, not even to a priest, though to-morrow morning, may be, he will change his mind."

"But perchance he will talk to Doctor Rossi," interposed a guard standing near, who had recognised me. "Why? Because they are old comrades, the Doctor and Zojas. Fought side by side, eh, Doctor?"

Zojas was pacing up and down his cell with quick short steps, when we entered. But he turned sullenly, and retreating to a dark corner seated himself, without vouchsafing a word in answer to the guard's salutation.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to leave us alone?" I said to the guard slipping something into his hand, and in consideration of this, and perchance of the part I had taken in the fight not so long ago, he agreed.

The bandit had raised his head

curiously at the sound of my voice. When the door clanged to, he came forward and recognising me, held out a brown, sleek, compact hand. "Ah, comrade, what brings you here? It cannot be that a brave man like you wants to see how a caged lion looks. You do not want to fatten upon his moans,—small comfort they've got from me, though! Zojas will die to-morrow at noon, but not a groan shall the cowardly San Marcans wring from him. His step shall not falter, his eye shall not flinch!"

"Bravo!" I cried. Why I should have had any sympathy for this knave, who was twenty times a murderer, I cannot explain. He had been the terror of the mountain-roads for years, as had his father before him. He was a smuggler of course, as well as a highwayman. He had robbed wealthy travellers, keeping rare prizes for ransom, and holding to his word with such unswerving fidelity that were a man's friends not punctual to the minute, they might find a swinging corpse instead of the man they sought. He had burned our villages, levied taxes on our peasants, plundering their farms and carrying off their women when they revolted. Yet he had been the idol of his gang, whom he had brought to a highly-organised condition, as creditable to his talents as a leader as it was discreditable and shameful to our Government. He was the hero of romantic tales without number; his word (none knew better than I) was inviolable; he was celebrated for a rude sort of justice; he had been a despot with a sense of humour; he had played at being king, and only the limited extent of his dominions, the small number of his subjects, and the fact that he was at war with recognised authority had stood in the way of his success. Within certain bounds, though, he was absolute, this scoundrel with the

dark handsome face (gaunt and drawn now with hunger and the worry captivity must mean to such a spirit) and eyes that I should not have dared to meet had my purpose been other than it was.

Zojas seemed glad to talk now that he had broken the spell. I called for wine, and we sat, the brigand and the respected Doctor of Philosophy, as boon-companions, talking and laughing as though there were no morrow, no difference of mental or moral caste, no hereafter.

It was only when a guard's face appeared at the wicket that Zojas's face clouded. "Ah! If I had ten fellows like you, comrade," he cried, and I chuckled in my sleeve thinking of my revered coadjutors of the University, "I'd burst these bars and then,"—he made the motions of a rapid sword-fight—"pst, that for the guards! A malediction on them! And off for the mountains! But we would come back some day, and I think" (oh, the malevolence of his voice!) "I think we would boil some of these San Marco bullies in oil,—slowly,—slowly——" I half rose from the table but he was so intent he did not notice me. "—very slowly," he continued smiling strangely, "as Giulia was boiled."

"Giulia?" I asked.

"Yes. She was my mistress, and she was unfaithful,—for such a thing as Pietro! So I,—punished her. It is that which brought me here. It is always a woman's fault when a man makes a fool of himself. For Pietro betrayed me to the soldiers, not because he loved her but because he envied me. I wish them joy of their chieftain! But what brings you here, tell me? They call you Doctor,—what can you want with me? I need no doctor. Look!" And with a curious vanity he threw aside his coat and scarlet vest, and standing upright

in shirt and short trousers, he challenged me to find a blemish in his trim strength, his grace, his perfection of physical development.

"I am a Doctor in Science, Zojas," I explained. "I can see, of course, that you need no physician, but,—but it is I who need you."

"For how long?" he asked, sardonically checking off on his fingers the coming hours, and shrugging his shoulders at the short length of time that remained to him. "You are welcome, comrade. Zojas is at your command,—till noon to-morrow, when he has an important engagement." In the air he rapidly sketched a hanging noose.

"But if," I began, afraid yet to make my proposition clear, "but if what I ask of you should prevent your filling that engagement to——"

"So much the better," he cried springing to his feet. "Out with it! What is it? Quick, signor, do you not see your words may mean——"

I shook my head. "No, Zojas, I have not the power to help you to escape, nor, to be frank, have I the wish."

He looked at me resentfully at first, then gradually all the light died out of his face leaving the sinister mask the lines made when he was in repose, thinking, or simply indifferent. Then he sat stolid, silent, his eyes bent upon the floor, as if he had forgotten my presence.

And thus we both sat in silence, till he looked up suddenly and said, "What are you thinking now?"

His abrupt, imperious question demanded an honest answer. "I was thinking," I said half-smiling, "that if circumstances had been different, if chance had willed that my father had been yours and yours mine, it might have been I that is to be hanged to-morrow noon, and you,—and you——"

"Yes, and I?"

"And you who wanted to make an experiment upon a man who had no further use for his life."

He gave a long, low whistle of astonishment. Then rising, he came toward me as if half-fascinated, half-repelled. He looked at me so oddly, with such a mixture of awe and of curiosity that I burst into a laugh. "I thought you were in earnest, signor," he said with a sigh of relief.

"I am. Listen. I have the power to suspend life in animals and to reanimate them. This I know. Whether I can do as much with man and for how long a time, is a problem I have never had the opportunity to solve."

"I can well believe it. And you want Zojas——"

"You have only fourteen hours more to live. Of those, you sleep six or seven."

"No, but five."

"Five, then, will be spent in sleep. That leaves nine hours of consciousness with a shameful death at the end. I offer you in exchange a painless death now."

"Now? Gésu!"

"You lose nine hours, but you cheat the hangman, the San Marcans, whom you hate, Pietro, perhaps, who disguised will be watching."

"Ah, for one chance at him!" he snarled.

"And you wake, if my theory be correct——"

"Yes, I wake?"

"One hundred years from to-night."

"Bah!" He laughed out scornfully, doubtfully.

"Or perhaps never," I added.

There was a pause. "Tell me about it," he said at length, in so childlike a way that for the first time I hesitated; I seemed to be taking a base advantage of the man's simplicity as well as of his unhappy

strait. But in a moment I forgot my scruples.

"It is nothing," I said. "You will lie down as if to sleep. You will wake,—or you will never wake. That is all. I swear to you to get possession of your body, or failing that to see that life is really extinct before——"

He shivered and the blood forsook his face. Again there was silence, which he broke by laughing out suddenly. "And you, signor," he asked, "where will you be, comrade, a hundred years from now, eh? You will never know whether Zojas sleeps sound or ill."

"No, I shall not see the end, though I too would die to-night could I be satisfied about it."

"You would? About a thing like that?" he repeated wonderingly. "Why, what is the good of it to you, or to anyone, save Zojas, and only perchance for him?"

So then I told him what I have written here, Paolo, about the stale simplicity of our lives and of what might be could one take a sip from the goblet of life at one time and then at another. But the wine I had drunk, or the wound which still throbbed at my temple, or the strange surroundings and the hour, or the prospect of at last playing for high stakes, or the peculiar, intent, silent enthusiasm of the man led me on till I was revealing to this highwayman and murderer, who was yet so strangely companionable, so superior to one's conception of such a creature, the thoughts and hopes and dreams, the very philosophy of my inmost life, which not even those nearest me suspected.

When I finished speaking I saw in his eyes the reflection of the emotion my own eloquence had roused in me. There was something almost lofty in his manner as he walked calmly to-

ward the pallet in the corner, stretched himself at length, and said simply, "I am ready."

I confess that had I been more my usual self, had I not been so wrought up with nervous excitement, I might have faltered now; but the man's quiet courage, his calm trust in me, the stillness of the cell, the very tension of my mood carried me on. I had mixed a powder twenty, yea thirty times the strength of any dose I had hitherto given; now I dissolved it in wine, and bending over I handed the drink to him.

He took the cup. "*Addio*, comrade," he said thoughtfully. "Strange that such a trade as yours should make such men as you." With a quick motion he raised the cup to his lips, but suddenly put it down again. 'One question,—was it for this that you helped Zojas yonder when those San Marco cowards stoned him in the square?'

"Oh, can you think——" I began; but before I could finish, he proved his faith in me by throwing back his head and draining the cup at a draught.

For a moment his eyes remained questioningly fixed upon mine; then they glazed, the lids fell, and sensation for him was past. With a sort of fascinated terror I watched the peculiar reflex action which the drug produces, with which my experiments with the cats and rabbits had made me so familiar. The dose had been so powerful; I found myself shivering sympathetically with the poor fellow lying there. Ah, how weak we are! I had planned and hoped for this opportunity. A week ago I would have given all I possessed for the chance to try this experiment. I had even carried out my part in a species of exhilarated trance; yet now that it was done, I regretted it and caught myself wishing that my subject had

been some other than this winning young scoundrel. Familiar as I was with all the symptoms, and secretly delighted to find them magnified but unchanged in the human animal, they horrified me now. Yet almost mechanically I bent over his still breathing body and performed the physical details which are necessary to complete the experiment. When I left the prison it was within half an hour of midnight, and Zojas lay still and breathless; his heart had ceased to beat and his body was gradually losing warmth.

This is all, Paolo. I had some difficulty in getting possession of the body, for the wrath of the populace at being defrauded of the great sight (you know the hot temper of our people!) was such that they clamoured for the bandit's body that they might tear it to pieces. I was questioned, of course, by the jailor and the guard, but as they had transgressed rules in permitting me to remain so long and alone with their prisoner, my visit to Zojas was never made public, and it was believed that he had contrived to secrete about his person some peculiar drug, the effect of which puzzled the wise physicians of San Marco.

And well might it puzzle them, for no man save myself could explain its manufacture. To you, Paolo, shall it be left to endow the world with this strange, potent medicament. Directions for its preparation lie in the casket above, beneath Zojas's head. I have purposely arranged that not even you shall know its ingredients till the time be past. If my experiment prove a failure, it is best for the world that the secret of the drug die with me; should I be successful, it will then be time to make its constituents public.

For forty-seven years now, Paolo, Zojas has slumbered aloft in the

grotto-chamber, where by certain mechanical contrivances, to whose perfection I have given great care, the temperature and the composition of the supplied gases never vary. I ask you, however little faith you may have in this experiment of mine, whatever scruples, religious or otherwise, may deter you, to see that he rests under precisely the same conditions fifty-three years longer. You will observe that entrance to the interior receptacle is impossible without deranging the apparatus. You will therefore not be tempted to pry too closely, and thus danger of accident is reduced to a minimum.

Knowing your fidelity, and the love you bear your old uncle, I do not for a moment doubt you. Yet neglect not the slightest detail of what I ask of you. Further directions you will find upon the inside

of the door which leads from my laboratory to the chamber beyond.

While you are young, Paolo, make such provision that in the event of your death, another's sincere mind and another's skilful hands shall fulfil my directions no less faithfully. But we are a long-lived race, we Rossis; I doubt not it will be your good-fortune to see the end of this. At times, I am sure the result must be success; at other times I am craven, and am tempted to confess all to Fra Bozenta, that he may absolve me. Yet, take this last not too seriously. I am unrepentant, at heart, Paolo, and were there any adequate payment for an instant's return of the passed spirit to life again, Satan might have my soul for all eternity, could I be with you at ten o'clock fifty-three years from to-night.

(To be continued.)

LEATHER-STOCKING.

THE publication of illustrated editions of Cooper's *Leather-Stocking Tales*, simultaneously in London and New York, affords an opportunity of saying something on the merits of a writer who, as a master of healthy and manly fiction, deserves to be better remembered than he seems to be at the present day, especially as the novel of romantic adventure has, for the time at least, regained its vogue. It is at present proposed to deal only with the five Indian tales, commonly known as the *Leather-Stocking Series* from the name of the wild hunter who is the hero of them all. In those, of which the scenes are placed among the lakes and forests inhabited down to the end of the last century almost exclusively by the Red Man, we have a set of original pictures with as marked an idiosyncrasy as the Highland stories of Sir Walter Scott. What Scott did in *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, and *The Legend of Montrose* for a race of men scarcely known to the English public of ninety years ago, this Fenimore Cooper did for the Delawares, Mohicans, and Iroquois, of whom only very vague ideas existed on this side of the Atlantic, but who had no little in common with the Mac Ivors, the Macgregors, the Camerons, and the Children of the Mist. This is Cooper's title to fame. He saw the poetic and dramatic elements which lurked in the life of the Red Man, and only required drawing out by the hand of genius to form a valuable and unique addition to the national literature.

Fenimore Cooper, who was born in

1789 at Burlington in New Jersey, had been familiar in his boyhood with the remains of the Indian tribes who still maintained themselves in the Western forests of New York, retaining their ancient manners, customs, and character. Mohicans and Delawares came occasionally as far as his native village, and sometimes lingered for months in the neighbouring woods hunting such deer as still remained. In later life he was fond of referring to his own intercourse with them. While serving in the American navy he had been ordered to Lake Ontario, which was reached by ascending the Mohawk and Oswego rivers to the port of Oswego on the lake. This was in 1808, when Cooper was a midshipman. At that time vast reaches of unbroken forest still lay on either side of the lake, in which bears, wolves, and panthers still prowled; and the deer and the wood-grouse were so plentiful that the sparse population of the few villages which lay on his route were tired of eating them and longed for salt pork instead. The party remained for some time on Lake Ontario hunting, shooting, and fishing. Thus, long before he began to write, Cooper had gained considerable knowledge of the American primeval forest, and this at a period of life when such scenes leave deeper and more permanent impressions on the mind than in later years, when so many intervening cares and interests combine to blot them out.

Thus qualified for his task, Cooper began the *Leather-Stocking Series*, in his thirty-third year, with the story of *THE PIONEERS* published in 1822.

But this, although the first that was written, is the fourth in order of time if we look to the life of the hero. It finds the hunter an old man of seventy-six, if we are to trust his own account of his age given in *THE PRAIRIE*, of which the date is understood to be 1804, when he says that he is eighty-seven. From *THE PIONEERS*, the events of which are supposed to have occurred in 1793, our author takes a leap backwards of nearly forty years, introducing us again to his hero (then bearing the name of Hawkeye) in 1755, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War when Montcalm was in command of the French forces in Canada. This, the second tale of the series, is *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, and is followed by *THE PATHFINDER*, a story of the same war. Next comes *THE PRAIRIE*, when the author carries us forward again to the year of the hunter's death; and following this, and published in 1841, we have at last *THE DEERSLAYER*, which takes us back again more than sixty years, when that was the title borne by the young novice who was known to be a dead shot at game, but who had not yet drawn trigger on a human enemy. *THE DEERSLAYER* then, though the last in publication, is the first in order of events; and it is with this that we must begin if we would follow the career of Leather-Stocking from youth to manhood, and from manhood to extreme old age.

Leather-Stocking is a white man by birth and a Christian, his real name being Nathaniel, or Natty, Bumpo. Before he became a forester he had served with the English army under a Major Effingham, of whom we shall hear more hereafter; but, at some period prior to 1740, he had quitted the service, taken to the woods, and been adopted by the tribe of Delawares. At the opening

of the story we are to suppose that he was about twenty-three, and had been leading this wild life for some four or five years. At the breaking out of the war of the Austrian Succession hostilities recommenced, if they could ever be said to have ceased, between the French and English in America, and Deerslayer, who had not yet abandoned all connection with the army, was employed by the English as a scout. The Delawares were a tribe friendly to this country, while the Mingoes, called indifferently Iroquois, Hurons, and Maquas, were in alliance with the French. Both sides alike offered rewards for the enemies' scalps; and one of Chatham's finest speeches was directed against this barbarous system, which was continued down to 1763.

At the opening of the story we find the Deerslayer on his way to meet a young Delaware chief, known as the Great Serpent, with whom he is to go upon his first war-path in the service of the English. The Serpent is the head of the ancient tribe of the Mohicans, now absorbed into the Delawares, but once powerful and renowned, and with what reverence the family were still regarded we shall see in the next act of the drama. While on the road Deerslayer falls in with a frontier man Harry March, commonly known as Hurry Harry, with whom he embarks on Lake Oswego (Glimmerglass), and is introduced to a curious character living upon the lake with his two daughters, Judith, a great beauty but one who has "tripped in her time," and Hetty, thoroughly pure and good but of slightly weak intellect. At one end of this lake is the spot where Deerslayer and the Indian are to meet. This has been chosen because the Serpent has a love-affair on hand as well, the Indian maiden, his betrothed, having been stolen by the

Iroquois who are supposed to be lying in ambush not very far from the lake. I will warn the reader at this point that the names given to the various Indian tribes are sometimes a little perplexing. The term Mingo seems to have been bestowed as a mark of contempt and hatred on more than one hostile tribe: "In these pages [writes the author in his introduction to *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*], Lenni-Lenape, Lenape, Delawares, Wapanachki, and Mohicans all mean tribes of the same stock. The Mengwe, the Maquas, the Mingoes, and the Iroquois, though not all strictly the same, are identified frequently by the speakers, being politically confederated and opposed to those just named," who constituted the Algonquin family. The Hurons, who seem to be a separate tribe, are also called Mingoes. How Floating Tom and his family, sometimes in a fortified building raised on piles in the open lake and called the Castle, sometimes in a floating scow called the Ark, are attacked by the hostile Indians, with the varying fortunes of the struggle which went on upon the lake and in the woods till the arrival of some English soldiers; how the Serpent recovered his bride; how old Tom and his daughter Hetty met their death; the rescue of the Deer-slayer at the last moment when in the hands of his enemies and about to be put to the torture, the reader will discover for himself.

Three out of the other four tales are built on much the same lines. In *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS* we have two young ladies, half-sisters, both young and handsome, setting out with a reinforcement sent from Fort Edward on the Hudson to Colonel Munro at Fort William Henry on the south of Lake George (Horican or Holy Lake). Taking a shorter cut than the troops, they are betrayed by their guide into

the hands of the Iroquois. They are rescued by Hawkeye and the Serpent, and concealed in some caves on an island in the river which Cooper had visited in his youth, and had then resolved to make the scene of a romance. After some sharp fighting the savages are for a time repulsed, but the besieged, on finding that their powder has been stolen, are eventually obliged to surrender. Hawkeye and the Serpent escape, and eventually rescue their fellow-travellers when on the point of being scalped. They then reach the fort in safety, where the father of the young ladies is in command; but the reinforcements not arriving, the French, commanded by Montcalm in person, compel him to capitulate. During the retreat the English are treacherously attacked and massacred by the Indians (a historical fact) and Alice and Cora again fall into the hand of the Hurons. After many adventures Alice is rescued, and in a final battle with the Hurons Cora is killed, together with the Serpent's son, young Uncas, who has just been recognised as their long lost chief by a tribe of Delawares.

THE PATHFINDER, like *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, is divided into two parts. In the first Mabel Durham is travelling with her uncle Cap, an old sailor, and an Indian and his wife (Arrowhead and June) to meet her father Sergeant Dunham at one of the forts, just as Alice and Cora were. They are joined by Pathfinder, the Serpent, and Jasper, a young sailor. Arrowhead, their guide, betrays them as Renard had betrayed the others; but after a sharp skirmish with the Mingoes on the Oswego river, they reach the fort in safety. Then Dunham, with Mabel, Cap, Jasper Western, the Pathfinder, and some soldiers set out

on a military expedition for an island on Lake Ontario, while the Serpent scouts along the shore. After being nearly shipwrecked they reach the island in safety, and find a block-house ready built in which they ensconce themselves. Most of the soldiers now leave the island on the duty assigned to them, which is to intercept the enemy's supplies, leaving a corporal with a few men behind under the command of an officer, who has treacherously advised the Mingoes of the soldiers' departure. The savages attack. Mabel, warned by June, takes refuge in the block-house; the corporal and several soldiers are killed; but Pathfinder and the Serpent, of course, turn up in the nick of time, and all goes well in the end, except that Dunham is killed. Mabel marries Jasper, and the departure and farewell of Pathfinder are among the most touching scenes which Cooper has ever written.

We do not meet with him again, as already intimated, till he is quite an old man. But *THE PIONEERS* is so different from the rest of the series that it will be best to go on to *THE PRAIRIE* before referring to it more particularly. In *THE PRAIRIE*, then, we find Natty Bumpo a simple trapper, being too old for hunting, though he still uses his rifle occasionally. The plot is laid substantially on the same lines as those of the preceding three. There are two girls travelling across the forest with a settler's waggon, one, Inez, the kidnapped bride of an American officer who lost her on the day of their wedding. They fall into all kinds of perilous situations, and are captured by Mahtoree, chief of the Sioux. The trapper and a bee-hunter, Paul Hover, in love with the other girl, Ellen Wade, help Middleton, her husband, to rescue Inez. A noble young Pawnee chief opportunely comes in to fill the place

of the Serpent, and makes himself generally useful on various critical occasions. He too is rescued by a party of his own tribe just as the torture is beginning.

In *THE PIONEERS* Natty Bumpo has acquired the title of Leather-Stocking which gives its name to the series. He lives now on the confines of civilisation in a hut near a thriving settlement, his companion being a young man of whom nobody seems to know much. But there is also concealed in the cave a very old man, the Major Effingham with whom Bumpo had once served, and this young man was his grandson. Before the Revolutionary War the family had owned large tracts of land in the vicinity, but were now reduced to poverty, and at the time the tale opens the old man was being supported in secret by his grandson and his old servant Leather-Stocking. When at length he is discovered, Judge Temple, an old friend in former days, restores half the property to young Effingham, who naturally marries his daughter. Natty Bumpo shoulders his rifle and takes himself off to an Indian tribe; and two years afterwards, as we learn from *THE PRAIRIE*, when Middleton resolves to ride across the country to enquire after him, he arrives just in time to witness his death. He is sitting on a bench, his rifle (Killdeer) propped up beside him, and his old hound Hector, who had but recently died, so well stuffed as to look like life, reposing at his feet. In this position he expires. How he himself heard the last words of his old comrade the Serpent, is described in *THE PIONEERS*. Having kept company with them both through four volumes, and with Leather-stockng through five, one almost seems to feel a real heart-ache at parting from them, as if they had been actual friends.

These short epitomes of the tales

may not be thought superfluous when it is considered that to many readers they are now perhaps introduced for the first time, and that without some knowledge of their general features it would be impossible to understand what follows.

It will be seen that Cooper troubled himself very little with the construction of his plots. It might be said indeed, with small exaggeration, that he made one do for all. His two girls captured by savages, and rescued in each case by the same hero or heroes, reappear punctually in four out of the five stories; and in the fifth, though the danger is different, the deliverance is the same. Unquestionably this is a defect, and if our interest in the story depended on the machinery, on the means, that is to say, by which the heroines are first entrapped and afterwards extricated from the toils, nobody would read any one of them a second time. But Cooper doubtless knew where his own strength lay, and confident in his powers of description may have relied on them to compensate not only for all want of variety in his situations, but for any other faults which professional critics might discover; and there are some to be mentioned presently which it would seem that he mistook for beauties. But who can think of these things when standing by the side of Deerslayer on the banks of Oswego, and contemplating the lovely scene which even the untutored hunter cannot view without emotion? Who can remember, when reading the thrilling story of the fight on the river and the siege of the block-house in *THE PATH-FINDER*, that he has practically read it all before in *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*? Does the fact that Judith and Hetty, Alice and Cora have undergone exactly the same sufferings and perils as the heroine of *THE PRAIRIE* lessen for one moment the interest which

absorbs us in the fortunes of Inez? In what way does Hardheart at the stake differ from the Deerslayer when bound for torture? Yet we watch the fate of the Pawnee warrior with as keen an anxiety as if we saw the scene for the first time. Not only does the vivid reality with which these incidents are depicted engross our attention for the time to the exclusion of all such mental processes as comparison or discrimination, but the exquisite setting in which each is presented to us, the picturesque combination of rock, stream, and waterfall, of hills clothed with virgin forests reaching down to the water's edge, where the oaks fling their untamed branches into the bosom of the lake, or form a natural arch across the narrow bed of the brook as it hurries down the glen, the boundless and unbroken canopy of the forest, on which the traveller looks down from some mountain-top, stretching on every side as far as the eye can reach, and hiding in its recesses the Huron or Iroquois watching like a tiger for his prey,—these wild woodland glories, with all the charm of mystery and danger superadded, effectually prevent us from wishing for one moment that anything in the picture could be different. We rather hug the monotony, than turn away from it. This constant succession of stirring incidents, one very like another, environed with scenery in which there is never any great variety, never palls upon us. They are always fresh, rekindling hope and fear and rousing the imagination to renewed activity as often as we read them.

As the descriptive powers of the *Leather-Stocking Tales* do so much towards redeeming the sameness of the plots, they have been taken next in order, though according to all established rules and forms of criticism the

second place should have been reserved for the characters. Let us now glance at these. It will be allowed on the threshold that in stories of savage, or half savage, life we cannot expect to encounter those complex or eccentric characters which seem to be the growth of civilisation, far less those compounds of folly, vanity and meanness which it is the business of the modern novelist to reproduce. But in *Leather-Stocking* himself, in Ishmael of *THE PRAIRIE*, and in Judith of *THE DEERSLAYER* Cooper shows considerable knowledge of human nature, and a skilful touch in the delineation of it. The relations between Judith Hutter, the daughter of Old Tom, and the young hunter himself at the outset of his career, are made extremely interesting; and as a study in psychology they deserve more attention than perhaps has yet been bestowed on them.

Judith is a girl of great beauty, high spirit, and no small mental powers. While living for a time near the settlements, as they were called, she had acquired manners above her station, which would all tend to increase her powers of fascination for a half savage nature. She had been seduced by an English officer at one of the forts, and though nobody knew of the fact, many suspected it. Her whole soul was in revolt against the baseness with which she had been treated, and when she first met the hunter she was in a mood to prize simple honesty and straightforwardness above all other qualities. These she found in Deerslayer, and was seriously prepared to abandon all her former social ambitions and pass her life with him in the wilderness. In a word, she fell passionately in love with him; though the rude young woodsman, dressed in skins and unable to read or write, presented as wide a contrast to the smart uniforms, gallant demeanour, and polished man-

ners which she had met with at the garrison as could well be imagined. The gradual growth of her feelings is well described. At first, no doubt, she is actuated only by coquetry and a desire to prove the power of her charms over this child of Nature; but it ends in her falling into the snare which she had set for another. Instead of making a conquest of Deerslayer, she allows Deerslayer to make a conquest of herself, and has the mortification to find herself rejected when driven to make the first overtures. The hunter's feelings seem to have been of a somewhat blended character. He was a total stranger to the tender passion, and now, just setting out on his first war-path,

His soul was all on honour bent,
He could not stoop to love.

But over and above this his own open nature, and love of what was true and genuine, revolts from the somewhat artificial character which Judith represents in his eyes, at all events on their first acquaintance, while it suffers still more from contrast with her sister Hetty, whose simplicity, innocence, and veracity make a deeper impression on the youth than Judith's beauty. He too has heard stories to Judith's disadvantage, but we are not to suppose that it was these alone which makes him reject her proffered hand. Had Deerslayer been a mere inexperienced denizen of the forest, with no knowledge of civilised life or manners, one would have said that his indifference to Judith's charms was not true to human nature. But he had seen towns and camps, and came into the forest with more knowledge of the world than perhaps Judith imagined.

In *THE PATHFINDER* the position of our hero is exactly reversed.

Here he is the disappointed lover, and his behaviour under the circumstances and towards a favoured rival are consistent with his whole career. He had suffered himself as the Deerslayer to be taken captive by the Mingoes in order to facilitate the escape of his bosom friend the Serpent with his betrothed bride, and he now sacrifices his own affections to Mabel Dunham when he sees on whom they are fixed, though had he held her to her promise she would, as he knew, have taken him without a murmur.

Ishmael in *THE PRAIRIE*, the other character I have mentioned as displaying those lights and shades which the modern novel-reader expects to find in some at least of the personages introduced to him, is perhaps from one point of view the best drawn in the series. He is the leader of the band of emigrants with whom we find ourselves at the beginning of the story, a rough, vindictive, unscrupulous man, apparently bent only on gain. But gleams of light are occasionally thrown upon his character in the course of the story to prepare us for the better traits which show themselves at the end of it. He appears suddenly awakened to a sense of justice, owns that he was wrong in being a party to the kidnapping of Inez, dismisses all his prisoners freely, and completes his part of the sternly just man by putting to death his brother-in-law, who had been convicted of murdering one of Ishmael's sons. Altogether he is certainly an impressive character, and the skill with which his latent good qualities are gradually revealed to us through the coarser and more savage outside, which is all that we see on our first acquaintance with him, deserves high praise. Nearly as much perhaps may be said of his

wife Esther, who till the last moment has appeared only as a scolding termagant. The death of their favourite son seems to have softened both, and the communing together of husband and wife over their great loss and over the necessary punishment of the assassin, the woman's brother, is full of genuine pathos, and touches a deeper key than Cooper generally strikes.

In the rest of his white characters there is little individuality, if we except the old sailor Cap in *THE PATHFINDER*, and he after all is only an ill-drawn copy of Commodore Trunnion. In fact, Cooper's attempts at comedy are usually failures, Dr. Elnathan Todd in *THE PIONEERS*, for instance, Gamut in *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, and the Doctor, Obed, in *THE PRAIRIE*. He is only at his best with the grave and dignified savage who, as Peacock says, "never laughs, because he has nothing to laugh at." It is only civilisation which produces the ridiculous; and his Indian Braves, though they all belong to one of two types, and there is little of what we call character to be got out of either, are nevertheless noble specimens of a very interesting people, who with all the ruthless ferocity and vindictive passions of the true savage combined certain virtues not common to all uncivilised races, and seeming as if they might have been inherited from some remote ancestry acquainted, it might be, with higher codes of morality. Chingachgook, the Great Serpent, who plays so prominent a part in the three earliest novels, Uncas, and the young Pawnee chief who comes on in *THE PRAIRIE*, represent the best side of the Indian character, while in Renard, Mahtoree, and Arrowhead we have the worst. But they are all five such embodiments of manhood as must be regarded with very

deep interest, whether their skill, fortitude, and daring be combined only with that cruelty which was the Red Man's gift, or with the treachery and villainy, to which, as we are led to believe, he was not universally addicted. Certainly both in *Hardheart* and the *Serpent* Cooper has given us characters which command our sympathy and admiration, and such as, allowance being made for the traditions of savage life, may fairly be called heroic.

I have somewhat ungallantly left to the last his two Indian girls, *Hist*, the betrothed of *Chingachgook*, and *June* (or *Dew of June*, to give the full equivalent of her native name) the wife of *Arrowhead*. There is a great charm in these sweet, gentle, and affectionate creatures, especially in the last mentioned, who saves *Mabel Dunham's* life at the risk of her own; and one of the most touching scenes in the whole story, which occurs in the twenty-sixth chapter of *THE PRAIRIE*, is that in which the young wife of *Mahtoree* first learns that she is to give place to *Inez*, when the savage believes that he has the latter fully in his power.

Tachecana first stripped her person of every vestige of those rude but highly prized ornaments which the liberality of her husband had been wont to lavish on her, and she tendered them meekly, and without a murmur, as an offering to the superiority of *Inez*. The bracelets were forced from her wrists, the complicated mazes of beads from her leg-gings, and the broad silver band from her brow. Then she paused, long and painfully. But it would seem that the resolution she had once adopted was not to be conquered by the lingering emotions of any affection, however natural. The boy himself was next laid at the feet of her supposed rival, and well might the self-abased wife of the *Teton* believe that the burden of her sacrifice was now full.

While *Inez* and *Ellen* stood regarding

these several strange movements with eyes of wonder, a low soft musical voice was heard saying in a language that to them was unintelligible: "A strange tongue will tell my boy the manner to become a man. He will hear sounds that are new, but he will learn them, and forget the voice of his mother. It is the will of the *Wahcondah*, and a *Sioux* girl should not complain. Speak to him softly, for his ears are very little, when he is big, your words may be louder. Let him not be a girl, for very sad is the life of a woman. Teach him to keep his eyes on the men. Show him how to strike them that do him wrong, and let him never forget to return blow for blow. When he goes to hunt, the flower of the pale faces," she concluded, using in bitterness the metaphor which had been supplied by the imagination of her truant husband, "will whisper softly in his ears that the skin of his mother was red, and that she was once the *Fawn* of the *Dahecotahs*."

Besides the want of variety in his plots, which is of course a technical fault, Cooper has two others of more practical importance. One is that he is apt to overcrowd his canvas. His tales want thinning like an overgrown plantation, that the leading incidents may stand out in bolder relief and in their true proportions. But this is nothing to the prosy moralising which he introduces in season and out of season, in the shape of conversation especially between *Deerslayer* and the *Serpent*, and various other characters, respecting what they call "white gifts" and "red gifts" and what it is lawful for the Red Man to do and not for the White. Sometimes these long palavers are introduced in the very middle of an acute crisis when the parties to it are hiding for their lives and hostile rifles or tomahawks are within a few yards of them. "Stranger, is this a time to ask conundrums," was the serious question of a wounded American soldier when he overheard a clergyman examining a fellow-sufferer as to his religious faith. This is what one

would have liked to say to Deerslayer. A little of it is all very well. It was a point with Cooper to contrast the Christian and Indian morality and to illustrate what had been done on the Indian frontier by missionary effort. But there is a time for everything; few people, and least of all savages, would discuss nice questions of casuistry while their hair was trembling on their heads.

Of course through the whole series the power of the Red Indian to suppress all emotions whether of surprise, rage, or exultation, as well as to endure the most cruel torments without betraying any outward signs of pain, is constantly before us, and suggests an interesting question which Lessing, in *THE LAOCOON*, and Cicero, in *THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS*, answer in two different ways. Is it unmanly to cry out when hurt, and what was the much admired endurance of the Red Indian really worth? Cicero finds fault with the poets for representing the bravest men groaning and writhing under bodily pain; such an exhibition, he says, must surely tend to render us effeminate, and this, he adds, was the reason why Plato banished poets from his Republic. He contends that mind ought to exercise an absolute supremacy over matter, and that the body ought to be in such a state of subjection to the spirit as to be unable to utter any sound whether of grief or joy without its consent. Lessing, on the contrary, maintains that this is to fly in the face of nature; and that no man need be ashamed of betraying what he feels under torture if he is known to be a thoroughly brave and good man in general, and has not brought this pain upon himself by any shameful action. Laocoon in the statue has his mouth closed, whereas Virgil describes him as uttering loud cries. Lessing says this apparent

inconsistency is not a real one, and is only due to the difference between painting and poetry, a position which he successfully enforces by well-known arguments, which need not now be recapitulated. But does not a good deal depend on the purpose for which the pain is inflicted? In the case of Laocoon it was by the visitation of Jupiter. He had no object to gain by suppressing his emotion, unless it was the empty one of proving what nobody had ever doubted. When prisoners were tortured to compel them to confess crimes or to betray comrades, the highest heroism demanded of them no more than that they should refuse compliance and prefer death upon the rack. They lost nothing in the eyes of any generous judge by being unable to suppress a cry of anguish. The test of endurance was complete when they had finally proved that no information could be extorted from them; if their prolonged fortitude answered this purpose, it signified little that they could not conceal their pain. The behaviour of the preacher, Ephraim Macbriar, in *OLD MORTALITY* when undergoing the torture of the boot, is an excellent illustration of this. Refusing at every stroke of the hammer to say where he last saw Burley, when the fifth wedge was driven in "he set up a scream of agony." But who thinks the less of him for that? He was not tortured to see whether he could bear pain in silence, but whether he could be forced to tell something which he was bound in honour to conceal. If he came triumphantly out of that ordeal no further proof of his manhood was necessary.

How does the case stand then with the Serpent and Hardheart, and why should we expect more from them than from Macbriar? The reason is very plain. The

Indian chief and the Scotch enthusiast were not put to the same test. The latter was tortured to make him reveal facts of which he was supposed to be in possession. If he succeeded in defeating this object by his courage and endurance the test was satisfied. But the Indian was tortured for the express purpose of seeing how long he could endure it without giving voice to his agony. This was the test which the savage had to sustain; and if he failed to do so he forfeited his manhood and brought shame upon his tribe. Ability to bear it was with the American savage what veracity in a man and virtue in a woman are among ourselves. The soldier who has carried his life in his hand through a hundred battle-fields needs no further testimony to his courage, and is not debarred from yielding to the voice of nature in which severe bodily pain sometimes finds relief. But success in forest-warfare was as often the result of craft as of courage. The number of scalps which hung in a warrior's tent bore witness to the skill with which he could plan a surprise, and the strength and dexterity which he had displayed in single combat. But the patient courage which keeps the soldier steady under fire, the perfect self-command and self-constraint which are demanded of him in presence of almost certain death, are qualities which Indian warfare did not necessarily prove; and there remained therefore even for the most famous warrior something still untried, some untouched point in his harness which might yet turn out to be the weak one, and which torture would be sure to discover. If it did, the tribe to which he belonged would be as much humiliated as if they had lost a great battle.

Over and above this is of course

the fact that the Red Man's life, whether as a hunter or a warrior, was one which made great and constant demands on his hardihood and fortitude. Hunger and thirst, cold and heat, painful wounds and deadly perils were his portion through life. The tradition, which trained up every generation to regard contempt of pain and complete self-mastery in every situation of life as the two sovereign virtues of the male sex, rested on some practical foundation. Cooper handles this part of his subject in a masterly manner. He shows us the intended victim bound to the tree, while his captors are busy all about him in preparing their instruments of torture. He is represented as undergoing the first stage of the trial, in which knives and tomahawks are thrown and rifles fired at the captive so as to strike as near as possible to his head without actually wounding him. If he is to sustain his reputation he must not even so much as wink when he looks down the muzzle pointing straight at his eyes, or sees the steel whirling through the air as if it must inevitably bury itself in his brain. Cooper carries us no further than this preliminary ordeal. He leaves the rest to the imagination, which is so well worked up by the ghastly preparations as to be fully equal to all demands upon it.

On reading over the *Leather-Stocking Series* afresh, I have sometimes been struck with the absence of all wild animal-life in the forests, especially bird-life, in which, according to Audubon and Wilson, the western woodlands were particularly rich. Hawkeye tells us, in *THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS*, that "he has listened to all the sounds of the woods for thirty years as a man will listen whose life and death depend on the quickness of his ears." There is no

whine of the panther, no whistle of the cat-bird with which he is not familiar. This of course was only to be expected; but Cooper was true to nature in not representing *Leather-Stocking* as taking that interest in zoology which belongs rather to a state of advanced civilisation. He might however, one would think, have made some use of materials which would have greatly enhanced the effect of many of his scenes. The gloomy croak of the raven, supposed by so many races of mankind to be an omen of evil, and the hideous wail of the horned owl heard

in the forest solitude, must often have startled the watchers during those nights of terror so graphically described in these novels. But we see no trace in Cooper of any of those tastes or sympathies which would have led him to seek fresh elements of interest in the sources here indicated. The want of them is more apparent now than it would have been eighty years ago; but perhaps even now such accessories will be little missed by the great majority of his readers.

T. E. KEBBEL.

A PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHT.

I WAS told beforehand, by a Spaniard, that the Portuguese bull-fights are absolutely without danger, and that the very weakest head might go to the spectacle fully assured that it would not be disgraced by the feeling of faintness apt to arise at the sight of bloodshed. "They are," he added, "ridiculous performances, worthy of the nation that patronises them."

Personally I did not feel so confident. Of course international prejudice was at the bottom of his amiable criticism, though one might agree that the famous Spanish *torreadors*, who periodically visit Lisbon (at considerable cost to Portugal) and show the people how they would kill the bull if they were allowed to do so, feel extreme contempt for a nation that claps its hands and bellows with delight at mere pantomime. Moreover, on this particular morning I had attended the funeral of a famous Portuguese *bandarilheiro*, in Lisbon's eastern cemetery. Minuto, the *bandarilheiro* in question, had only the previous Sunday, at Covilha, slipped in the ring while plying his darts, been knocked down and trodden on by the bull, and carried off, amid profound emotion, with two or three ribs broken. It was an interesting funeral, attended by a crowd of crop-headed bull-fighters and the public, and the speeches by the side of the coffin (of black velvet and gold brocade) were decidedly affecting. "We follow to the grave," said one of the dead man's colleagues, crying like a child, "a wise bull-fighter, a worthy friend, an admirable husband, an excellent

sportsman, and a man in everything." The crush, however, was abominable, and the heat was terrible under the cloudless May sky; no wonder a cousin of the deceased fell groaning into a swoon while we halted outside the vault for these orations.

Afterwards it was with the greatest difficulty that they carried the coffin through the crowd into the mortuary apartment of another bull-fighter, who had begged the honour of having Minuto's corpse among his own family circle. I never saw so snug and homely a burial vault as this. The coffins lay in niches, completely hidden by broad gay-coloured silk ribbons and garlands of fresh flowers. Between them were little tables and chairs, the former crowded with nick-nacks, photographs in frames, small vases, and other ornamental trifles. It was far more like a lady's boudoir than a grave, and not without very shrewd steering could they slide poor Minuto's body into the midst of the furniture. This achieved, everyone hastily paid deference to the hot sun with his hat, and the scores of carriages with long-tailed horses rattled off by the scorching suburban road (its walls dotted with eager lizards) between the aloes and red geraniums, back to Lisbon, that the visitors might dress for the afternoon's function in the Campo Santa Anna, when perchance, though ever so unlikely, yet another bull-fighter might bite the dust, to the horror of all concerned. For my part, I strolled through the cemetery first of all. It is a pretty tract of high ground, well garnished with flowers and having a delightful

prospect of the blue Tagus and, beyond, the dense, dark pine-forest stretching for twenty miles, unbroken, between the river's southern bank and Setubal. But I was not enlivened by the quantity of bones, dress-material, shoe-heels (both high and low) and other fragments cast up by the copper-coloured grave-diggers in the pursuit of their labours, trenching for the unimportant and nameless dead.

The *corrida* was timed for half-past four, by which hour the worst of the heat would be over. Nevertheless it was judicious, at least, to secure a seat in the shade. Others were hastening to do the same, though I listened on a stone bench in the Rocio to a plausible philosopher who was telling his neighbours how often he had paid his extra two hundred and fifty *reis* only to find that the sun was gone, as if to spite him. Portugal's people are much embarrassed by the national poverty, but they do not stint themselves in the matter of bull-fights. And to see how worshipfully they stared at and followed about the streets the bull-fighters themselves, in their heavy gold-embroidered jackets and tight-fitting yellow leather breeches! These gentlemen, as in Spain, were quite conscious of their greatness, and of the fact that they had only to mention the word *refreshment* or *cigar* to be surrounded with impetuous offers of hospitality. Fine massive fellows, they seemed, almost warranted to resist even an unpadded bull's horn, and accepting with kindly stoicism the rather absurd adulation of the public.

Tram-cars, carriages, and omnibuses (of a sort) all plied a fine trade on this Sunday afternoon as they climbed through the uneven streets and dust into Lisbon's northern suburb where, just outside the city's gate, the huge red-brick theatre with the blue and

gold Moorish towers lifts its assuming shape in the midst of a goodly area of turf. The scenes outside the bull-ring were radiant with colour and freshness. Under the fine old elm trees on one side of the square groups of peasants were feasting until it was time to make for the cheap seats; dancing and music helped appetite and digestion, while conjurers and mountebanks also tried to beguile half-farthings from the pockets of the revellers. But past them (all indifferent to their publicity) the flow of Lisbon's nobility, in stately vehicles, and of the mixed multitude, including cyclists, was constant.

Before starting for the Campo I had been privileged to get hold of an ancient play-bill of this Lisbon bull-ring, composed as follows:

In the superbly constructed and elegantly finished circus of the famous and well-known Campo de Sta Anna, a terrible, fearfully exciting, and delectable conflict will, without fail, take place of at least thirteen most savage and stupendous bulls, to which, with the highest consideration, the honourable inhabitants of this celebrated Capital are invited.

We in England should laugh at such breathless rhodomontade in print; it might suit the green of a drowsy village, but it would be an insult to the intelligence of any market-town. Lisbon, however, claims such language as its due. If it did nothing else, this ponderous advertisement prepared me for a lively afternoon on this May-day of 1897.

Fully ten thousand persons were in the circus when I took my seat on the stone step that was my portion. Old stagers carried little cushions with them, but the stone was at least cool. The King's brother (surprisingly decorated with medals) and an aide-de-camp were in the royal box, the Prince very busy with his opera-glass among the ladies, who were well worth his

attention, in spite of the powder with which they chose to embellish, or preserve, their complexions. It was still hot, though the sun was veiled. Fans were much used, and oranges were in loud demand, though the Lisbon people are not so deft at throwing and catching the fruit as those of Madrid.

Thus early, however, I was warned not to expect too much spirit in the sport. My neighbour to the left,—a portly gentleman in yellow kid gloves, comfortably installed on a red velvet cushion—began to talk as soon as I took my seat alongside him. He seemed a devotee of the past, in disrespect of the present. Neither bulls nor men, he avowed, were what they used to be. If I rightly understood him, much of this lamentable falling away was due to the existing government and the sad condition of the exchanges.

Yet in spite of this courteous pessimist, the beginning of the function, ushered in with trumpet-blasts, was quite charming. The entire company of performers paraded, with bows of especial homage to the royal box, *cavalleiros*, *picadores*, *bandarilheiros*, and those quaint peasants called *forcados*, whose duties, though collateral, are assuredly the most perilous of all. The first and last delighted me with their costumes. The three horsemen, in crimson and blue velvet, with gold lace, cocked hats, and other gay details of the dress of a couple of hundred years ago, made a splendid show, and their thoroughbred horses were as polished and stately in movement as themselves. The *forcados*, in short yellow and black jackets, mob-caps, and knee-breeches, and with the long forked poles which give them their name, won regard for their picturesqueness and their sturdy shoulders. Also in the procession were the four or five woebegone old

horses destined to offer their hapless ribs to the bull's horns. These poor quadrupeds seemed very conscious of their unfitness to take part in so sparkling a demonstration, behaving as if they already scented their head-long and undesired enemy.

The band played while the performers paraded and the populace cheered. The sun just peeped into the eastern side of the circus and withdrew for the day. Then the arena was cleared, and the three courtly *cavalleiros* went through some admirable feats of horsemanship, till one did not know whether more to praise the men or the steeds. After this graceful prelude, two of them vanished, and the third prepared for business. A bull was let loose upon him; the real sport of the day had begun.

Even a Briton could relish what followed. The courage, calmness, and agility of the horse contrasted so well with the blind fury and bulk of the bull. Master Toro chased horseman and rider in his well-known straightforward manner, now and then lowering his head for a compliment the pleasure of delivering which was always denied him. He never could quite catch his quarry, and by and by the latter turned on him and, after some excellent and delicate manœuvring, decorated him with a brace of the long-barbed darts called *farpas*, one on each shoulder. One does not see this sort of thing in Spain, where the horse is brought into the arena only to be butchered. The agility of the *cavalleiro* and his mount in dodging the vengeful plunge of the bull after this sharp taunt aroused great enthusiasm.

Each of the twelve bulls on the list was thus at the outset taken in hand by one of the three *cavalleiros*. The cream of their vigour and impetuosity was in this way well skimmed from them, and their spirits were consider-

ably broken by the series of disappointments in fruitlessly chasing the fleet thoroughbreds.

But with the disappearance of the *cavalleiro* the second stage in the bull-baiting began. In came the *picadores* on their stiff, worn-out hacks, each with a bandaged eye. Though one knew that the bull could not gore anything with a knob the size of a cricket-ball on its horns, it was not pleasant even to anticipate the knocking about these unhappy steeds seemed bound to suffer. A jaded bull is still a bull, and the sting of the darts dragging in the beast's shoulders was a strong incentive to action. In fact some of the charges levelled at the horses were forcible enough almost to kill. These and their riders were tumbled in the sand; but whereas the latter invariably scrambled out of danger, the unhappy horses were rammed again and again with the padded horns as they lay kicking and vainly endeavouring to get upon their ill-conditioned legs. It is said that the Portuguese are not by nature so cruel as the Spaniards, and one can believe it; nevertheless, it seemed both childish and heartless that such scenes should be applauded so rapturously.

After the *picadores* entered the *espada*, announced by a particularly sonorous flourish of trumpets. This personage was a famous Spaniard of Seville, used to facing bulls with bare horns. His duties here at the Campo Santa Anna did not seem dignified. Indeed, the *espada* has for the last hundred years been merely a puppet on Portuguese arenas, since Donna Maria the First decreed that bulls should not die to make a Portuguese holiday. One knew full well, as the stately bull-fighter bowed to the spectators, with the merest corner of his eye on the wearied bull, that there was a guard on his sword to

prevent more than an inch or two of cold steel penetrating Toro's hide. Also, it was at least conjecturable that the Spaniard engaged for this part of the programme in his heart despised such puerile exercise as pricking a padded bull. He had small difficulty in doing his duty, and when prodded the bull was done with. A troop of docile, belled cows were let into the arena and the blood-stained, irritated, and, more often than not, exhausted gentleman joined the ladies and trotted off bellowing his thanks with an eagerness that did not seem brave, but was yet, in the circumstances, very excusable.

These are the conventional features of the Portuguese bull-fight. I was fated, however, to see an incident of an unusual kind, which did not gratify. The stoutest of the three *cavalleiros*, in leading one of the bulls a dance round the ring, took matters too coolly. Even when the mob's voice told him of the menace in his rear, he declined to bestir himself adequately. And so, with a rush, the bull caught him, got broadside on and tossed both himself and his noble steed, amid the screams of the ladies. His own injury was a mere nothing, for he managed to fall comfortably into the arms of the men outside the barrier, but his horse was a sad spectacle. The poor beast stumbled up on three legs, with a pitiful neigh, dangling its fourth leg which was plainly broken in two places. Everyone appeared dismayed. "There goes sixty pounds sterling to the knacker's!" said my critical neighbour, as he waved a shapely jewelled hand prettily in the air.

Two of the bulls were such spiritless fellows that the *forcados* were called into play against them; and this also was an interesting variant on the Spanish programme. The *forcados* made for the bull empty-handed, protected, as it seemed, by their numbers.

Then one of them folded his arms and, standing about two yards in front of Toro's astonished muzzle, called him a variety of unflattering names. This was more than the bull would endure, and he promptly tossed the man, afterwards planting his fore-foot upon the *forcado's* chest with great force. I looked to see a dead man carried out when the others had drawn off the quadruped, but happily saw no such thing. The man rose with a bloody face, and the next minute he was the most earnest of all in hanging on to the bull's tail, when his comrades had completely captured the brute, which allowed them to drag it hither and thither,

kick it and punch it and vilify it just as they pleased.

Another bull suffered even worse indignities. One of the *forcados* leaped on its back and had a wild ride round the arena. He was lucky to get off scot-free, when Toro did at length dislodge him and attempt to avenge himself for the humiliation.

When all was over, I returned to the city satisfied. A Portuguese bull-fight may not be the ideal of civilised entertainment, but neither is it a revolting spectacle. Indeed, even with due regard for the possibility of accidents, it is a show to which one might, with only faint scruples, take a lady.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

THE BURDEN OF LONDON.

A SELECT party of three met not so very long ago at a club, which is particularly proud of its situation, to await the arrival of a fourth. The three were young men; the fourth, for whom they waited, was a veteran and a celebrity. He was a mighty hunter and a famous soldier. Shaking off the mud of London in the prime of his manhood, he had sought adventure in every corner of the British Empire, and had rarely gone empty away. He had been wont to carry his life in a hand that never trembled, and he had learned to look death in the face with an eye that never flinched. Him, therefore, we awaited, expecting many things; for our host had promised that under the sweet influences of a good lunch the veteran should be persuaded to talk of his own adventures, which, as a general rule, was the subject of all others he most carefully eschewed. The hour came but not the man; and our capacity for hero-worship was dwindling rapidly to a state of positive disrespect before the hero arrived. At the very outset it was obvious that his mood was not convivial. His immaculate frock-coat was bespattered to its very collar,—it really was a remarkably unpleasant day even for the metropolis of “a country spat out by Ocean in a rage”—and his back bore witness of the undue familiarity of a muddy wheel. His white gaiters were a travesty of their former selves, and, but for the fact that he had not seen the lights of London for a quarter of a century, he would never have worn a new silk hat that day. Our veteran,

in short, was ruffled in plumage and in temper. While we tended him in the lavatory he hurled at us an excuse in which allusions to an unholy hansom and the internal (or so it sounded) traffic of London could be faintly distinguished above the long rumble of denunciation.

Luncheon was not a festive meal. Our guest was evidently labouring under a grievance more unspeakable than even the War Office could have inflicted. Nevertheless the courses in themselves were good, and as the veteran slowly imbibed his last glass of a particularly curious claret, the general outlook was evidently growing brighter. He became cautiously reminiscent, till we began to hope that the situation might yet be retrieved. Then some one by an ill-considered interpellation ruined our chances. For while the veteran was reflectively unfolding an experience which cast a vivid light on the domestic manners and customs of the Pathan, the misguided youth, growing impatient with the more promising prospect of success, asked him what he considered to have been the “tightest place” from which he had ever escaped unscathed, a singularly fatuous question at the best of times, for between one really tight place and another there is no degree of comparison. The veteran bristled; the mellowing influence of the meal was undone in a moment; he laid his hand impressively on the youth’s shoulder. “Sir,” he said, “this morning a friend drove me down Bond Street in his brougham, and on my way here I succeeded after three

attempts in crossing Piccadilly. Then I fully realised what it is to be in paralysing fear for life and limb. Gad, sir, if you want tight places, you will stay in London." That was the end of it. For two solid hours the veteran discoursed with fervour and conviction on the terrors of the London streets, nor did the most insidious of red herrings avail to draw him from the line. It was one of life's little disappointments, and it gave to one of the party his first and bitterest grievance against London traffic.

Now, though our warrior's views were highly coloured by reason of the nearness of the perils from which he had escaped, it needs the vivid impressions of a man who has not seen the streets of London for a generation to convey to the average citizen how hideous the congestion of his streets really is. We who live, and move (or try to), and have our being in the cumbered streets of central London, by force of custom, hardly realise the urgency of the problem. The difficulty has confronted us with growing intensity for the last forty years, and is becoming more and more urgent every month. We apprehend it vaguely: we growl at the nuisance of it vaguely; but the man in the street accepts it as part of the established order of things. He never takes the trouble to puzzle out the cause of it, or to consider whether no relief be possible. There is a strong dash of Kismet in the philosophy of the average Londoner.

When one comes to look at the problem squarely it is, after all, little more than a variation of the time-honoured truism that a pint-pot is incapable of holding a liquid quart. The circulation of the metropolis is too swollen and feverish for the arteries through which it has to flow. Since 1851 the population of what is now the county of London, with its 120 square miles

of streets and houses, and a population of nearly five millions, has been almost doubled. The main thoroughfares are, with well nigh infinitesimal modifications, to-day what they were forty years ago. During the same period the circulation of the traffic between the inner and outer circles of the metropolis has increased out of all proportion to even the growth of the population. The inevitable result has been that the main thoroughfares of the central districts, which have not been widened to keep pace with the demands made upon them, have become congested. The heart of London is suffering from fatty degeneration, and its whole system feels the effects of the disease. Sir John Wolfe Barry, in his admirable address before the Society of Arts, brought abundant evidence to prove that the enormous pressure of traffic on our streets has been of comparatively recent growth. In the Fifties, when the population was 2,330,000 and the means of communication between the further suburbs and the inner circle of urban London were neither as convenient nor as cheap as they became within the next twenty years, the narrow defiles of even Piccadilly and the Strand may have sufficed to allow a steady, if slow and tortuous, flow of traffic. So long ago as 1847, however, the delays and inconveniences arising from the narrowness of our main streets were beginning to be felt, and shrewd observers, who knew how to look a decade or so ahead, foretold that the difficulty was not likely to diminish as time went on. According to Colonel Heywood's report to the City Commissioners of Sewers, quoted by Sir John Barry, a Parliamentary Committee was then informed that "the inadequate thoroughfares [Ludgate and Holborn Hills were at that time the most striking examples of the evil] are not only inconvenient but

are expensive to the public, lead to police regulations which impede the free and natural course of the traffic and the business of the community, and are repugnant to the spirit of the age." Since these words were written the spirit of the age has had to endure many more serious evils than the mild congestion which alarmed it fifty years ago. In the Sixties Parliament again was moved to action, and a Joint Committee brooded over our swarming streets. By this time most of the great railways had reached London and were pouring their contributions into the maelstrom of street-traffic. The Committee hit upon the happy idea that, as the volume of it had become unmanageable above ground, to tap a certain amount of it off into underground channels would afford relief. This was the genesis of the subterranean horrors of the Metropolitan and the District Railways, with their several suburban extensions. This device, however, so far from relieving the pressure of urban traffic, made it yet more overwhelming. For the rapid means of communication with the central portions of the metropolis doubled and trebled the population of the suburbs. Within the last forty years from being mere purlieus of urban London they have hedged the city in behind a network of bricks and mortar, the monstrous oval blot seen on our maps to-day, twelve miles by eleven. The figures given by Sir John Barry in the *JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS* (November, 1898,) are most telling. Since 1851 the population of Battersea increased from 11,000 to 165,000; Fulham has grown from a remote settlement of 12,000 hardy pioneers to a crowded township numbering 114,000 souls; the rural solitudes of Kensington have disappeared under the burden of 170,000 inhabitants. The history of Camberwell, Hackney, Hammersmith,

Hampstead, Islington, Lambeth, and Lewisham all tell the same tale with the emphasis of more or less startling figures. Beyond this outer ring lie the ever-growing offshoots of Greater London, of which Bromley, Harrow, Enfield, Richmond, and possibly Croydon, are the most important. Thus between 1851 and 1896 the population of London increased to the extent of over three millions and, in the words of Sir John Barry, "during the past decade the average increase is nearly 100,000 per annum, equivalent to the population of a town like Huddersfield being added yearly to the numbers of the metropolis."

Now, if we go on piling Huddersfields on Huddersfields at the same rate for the next twenty-five years, what will London be like in the twentieth century? The Royal Commission, brooding over the water-supply, has suggested anything between eight and twelve millions as an answer to this conundrum, and imagination boggles at the prospect. As regards the congestion of our streets the point of all this is that the London suburb may be defined as a place from which it is the ambition of the inhabitants, whether on business or on pleasure bent, to escape. To effect his escape the dweller of the suburb will spend the best years of his life in the murky depths of the underground railway, and will dare the changes and chances of Clapham Junction for six days a week for the term of his natural life. To earn his living he has to throw himself into the hurly-burly of urban London; to shop after their hearts' desire, his women-kind must needs be within a mile or so of Piccadilly.

The effect of the underground railways, then, has been to throw more traffic on the streets of urban London, while they relieve them of little, if

any. For short journeys the passing omnibus, or the attentive cab which takes the wayfarer from the pavement where he is to the front door where he would be, is infinitely more expeditious than the railway, which means the inevitable loss of time involved in reaching a station, taking a ticket, and dawdling about a sulphurous platform for a train which at best only lands him within approximate reach of his destination. The consequence is that within the last few years the wheeled traffic in our main thoroughfare has become thicker and more stagnant than it ever was before. Where the north and south stream crosses the east and west the procession of carriages, cabs, omnibuses, and vans would, but for the intervention of an animated semaphore in oilskins, tie itself into a knot which nothing short of dynamite could unravel. Certainly it is only stringent regulations and the splendid management of the traffic by the metropolitan police that enables the stream to move with anything resembling an even current. The spectacle of the man in blue who with a wave of his hand divides the stream of traffic hither and thither, piling it up seething and champing on either side, while the footfolk, scared at this spoiling of the Egyptians, scurry across the narrow channel, is picturesque and never fails to impress the intelligent foreigner. But these frequent interruptions to its troubled course do not help to make locomotion in London either swift or sure. Any one who has had to catch a train at Waterloo with only a few minutes to spare, and the Strand yet to be crossed at Wellington Street, realises what a game of chance locomotion in London is. Those minutes of suspense while, watch in hand, the traveller sees the precious minutes

slipping away, and an impenetrable barrier of slowly moving traffic cutting off his last faint chance of catching his train, engender emotions which shorten life in this world and imperil its prospects in the next. If time is money, as to most people in London it undoubtedly is, the time lost owing to the congestion of the streets must represent millions in the course of the year,—as indeed it undoubtedly does, according to the lamentation of the Jeremiah of our metropolis, Sir John Barry.

While the distinguished engineer depicts the deplorable state of affairs with a force there is no gainsaying, and illuminates it with the searchlight of statistics there is no disputing, the only remedy he suggests seems little more than a counsel of perfection. He goes to the very root of the evil. The main thoroughfares, east and west, south and north, are too narrow; therefore they must be enlarged until they are spacious enough to include everything, from the brewer's dray to the man on the bicycle. The width of the Strand, a miserable forty-four feet opposite Somerset House, or the cramped defile of Piccadilly between St. James's Street and the Circus, are in very truth a reproach and a stumbling-block to the richest and greatest city in the world. Commendable and pregnant are his strictures on the "incurable *petitesse*" which has characterised the meagre attempts as yet made to improve our streets. Anything that helps our municipal rulers to remember that they are not responsible to a single generation of voters alone is all to the good. Again, his recommendation that at those points where the north and south streams of traffic meet the ebb and flow of the east and west,—where the block, as at the corner of Hamilton Place on a busy day during the season,

makes the attempt to keep an appointment the merest bravado—the one should be taken either above or below the other seems to deserve the most careful consideration of those in authority. The immense advantage of a viaduct over a level crossing can be studied in High Holborn at any hour of the day, even if the full blessings of it can only be appreciated by those who can remember the dear old days when the heavy traffic of Farringdon Street entangled itself in the stream setting city-wards at the foot of Holborn Hill. Enormously costly though these bridges, with their long approaches and their necessary connections with the streets on the level, must be, they would be a boon and a blessing beyond all price. Any device that would enable us to forecast with some degree of certainty the time necessary to cross the Strand at Waterloo Bridge would be worth even another penny in the rates. But Sir John Barry's further schemes for a wholesale widening of our main thoroughfares, for driving a new street of lavish breadth through the heart of the metropolis from Bayswater even unto Aldgate, are as Utopian as they are magnificent. It is idle to taunt us with the boulevards of Paris and with the Ringstrasse of Vienna. The cost of these vast improvements would, their advocate blandly admits, amount to many millions. The ratepayer of to-day can hardly be expected to take the huge incubus of debt which the execution of these schemes would involve on his burdened shoulders. It is, of course, possible that in the process of generations he may be educated to the point of sinking all sordid considerations in his ambition to have thoroughfares worthy the capital of a world-wide Empire, but he is likely to be at school for a very long period.

Apart from the expense of these

titanic schemes, there arises the further difficulty of depopulating large sections of the metropolis which road-making on a large scale would imply. The great fire in the seveneenth century furnished a rare opportunity for planning the streets of urban London on a generous scale. Wren, indeed, saw the possibilities of the occasion, but the rest of the nation was not educated up to his standard and the golden opportunity was lost. Possibly the engineer may have another chance when the French fleet steams up the Thames to lay our capital in dust and ashes; and for this, if vaticinations from across the Channel do not err, we shall only have to wait for another seven or eight years. There are other enthusiasts who see the solution of the difficulty in the advent of the motor-car. As the Motor Car Company in a recent letter to *THE TIMES* very neatly put it: "There are two methods of effecting a satisfactory solution; either by giving street-traffic twice the area of moving space it at present occupies, or by curtailing its volume by one half." The curtailment, of course, is to be effected by replacing the "muscular motive force" (horses, in the vulgar tongue,) by a "general application of the motor-system." Give us ten years, says the Motor Car Company, aglow with all the "temerity" of its "natural and, we think, legitimate aspirations," and see how we shall cut the Gordian knot of London traffic for you. Far be it from one unversed in motorology and its possibilities to throw cold water on these natural, and possibly legitimate, aspirations, more especially as the Commissioner of Police in his latest report gives a testimonial of good behaviour to the electric cabs, and seems to give the system in general a pat on the back. The future of the motor lies on the knees of the

gods. The present motor-carriage, apart from the "blooming 'umming birds," as I once heard a jaundiced cabman style the vehicles described in the chaste language of the Commissioner's report as "hackney carriages propelled by mechanical power," does not seem to have won its way into the affections or the confidence of the man in the street. If London is to be invaded by whirring Juggernauts of complicated machinery, punctuating their erratic course with puffs of mephitic vapour, the last state of our streets will be worse than the first. Still, there is no telling into what the motor-car may not have developed within the next ten years. For the nonce, while "muscular motive force," with all its imperfections, continues to cumber our streets, the problem of their congestion is sufficiently urgent to make some consideration of the possibility of obtaining immediate relief by less heroic measures no superfluous labour.

Of the heterogeneous miscellany of vehicles, of the carriages, cabs, carts, vans, drays, and barrows which crowd our busiest streets, the most frequent, the most uncompromising, and the most obstructive is the omnibus. The omnibus in a crowded street is what a punt is at Henley. By virtue of its sheer bulk it cannot take, though it may inflict, injury. In a crush there is little chance of slipping past it, save for a particularly reckless and agile hansom whose driver is venture-some enough to risk the odds of a doubtful inch on either side. Its stoppage causes a commotion which can be traced for a hundred yards in its wake. It is the bully of London. It is growing in numbers with every year, and has of late developed a tendency to encroach on streets in which it has little business and out of which it frightens frailer vehicles. In the busiest thoroughfares

of the town it is, whether wanted or not, the most frequent item in the maelstrom of traffic that goes roaring down to swell the vortex outside the Mansion House. According to the statistics, taken (with due acknowledgment) from Sir John Barry's article in the *JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS*, it can be shown that every third vehicle passing down our main thoroughfares in the inner circle is an omnibus. The following figures show the total number of *all* vehicles passing through the under-mentioned streets at a busy time of the day, and the proportionate number of omnibuses per hour:

	<i>Vehicles.</i>	<i>Omnibuses.</i>
Cheapside... ..	992	384
The Strand	1,228	444
Piccadilly... ..	1,497	423
Tottenham Court Road	661	487

At the corner of Tottenham Court Road, which is the particular hunting-ground of the omnibus, seven or eight pass the bewildered observer within the space of a minute.

The omnibus, therefore, seems to loom too large in the drama of congested London. There is a want of modesty and a tendency to undue self-assertion in the character of this modern Car of Juggernaut. Certain it is that it has forced itself into undue prominence during the last few years. When the century was young, the omnibus had not yet appeared on the London stage. Whoever before its advent desired to reach central London from the further suburbs, chartered a seat in the mail-coach like any other genuine traveller. The metropolitan stage-coach, the official style and title of the omnibus, seems to have made its first appearance in 1829, though its early history is somewhat obscure. It supplied a want and seems to have won popu-

larity, despite the terrors of the obsolete knife-board and the piracies of unprincipled conductors immortalised by Leech. But until within the last decade it does not seem to have claimed more than its fair share of the road. In 1871, before the introduction of the tram-car, be it remembered, added a new incubus to suburban streets, the total number of omnibuses was a little over a thousand. The Commissioner's report of 1897 gives the total number of them licensed last year as 3,190, in addition to 1,378 tram-cars which the Commissioner, for cryptic purposes of his own, includes within the category of stage-coaches. With the last twenty-five years, therefore, the number of omnibuses has been trebled, and that rate of increase shows no signs of diminishing. Since the beginning of this decade the number of omnibuses has, according to calculations based on the statistics of the police-report, increased every year at the average rate of thirty-five per cent. During the same period the increase in the number of licensed hansoms amounts to little more than an average of ten per cent. The number of those vehicles which the Londoner labels with the unkindly soubriquet of *growler*, but known to the police by the pet name of *clarences*, has within the last four years actually decreased from 3,613 in 1893 to 3,583 in 1897, inclusive of eighteen "hackney carriages propelled by mechanical power."

Our contention of the startling increase of omnibuses in comparison with that of hansoms and four-wheelers has been amply borne out by a remark in this year's report of the Chief Commissioner of Police (than whom, when once he discards the trammels of official terminology, there is no shrewder critic of the composition of London traffic), in which he delivers himself of the guarded sentiment that

"the improvement in stage-carriages has been so great in the last few years that a great number of persons who formerly engaged cabs now use omnibuses and tram-cars." Taking the official figures of the two great omnibus companies, the London General and the Road Car, who, between them, own more than half the omnibuses in the streets of London, the increase of the number of these vehicles which more than any make for the congesting of our streets, is equally striking. When the London General Omnibus Company was founded in 1855 its rolling-stock was estimated at 580 omnibuses; in 1891 it boasted of 860. According to its latest report (June, 1898), it congratulated itself on running 1,190 omnibuses daily throughout the year, an increase of nearly a hundred on the corresponding period of 1897. The Road Car was in a no less flourishing state. It was running on a daily average $365\frac{2}{3}$ "pair-horse cars" (every one is at liberty in a free country to choose his own fancy name to describe our old friend the omnibus) and had twenty-one others "in an advanced state of construction," which have probably been launched on our streets within the last six months. Most of the omnibus companies and associations, though the actual figures are not to hand, have assured me that their half yearly dividends make the hearts of their shareholders to leap with joy and their eyes swell with fatness. This is all very satisfactory from the shareholders' point of view, but it does not relieve the congestion of the chief arteries of the Metropolis. The total number of omnibuses licensed at present would (so a hardened juggler in figures has computed for me), with the nose of the horse behind just touching the tail-board in front of it, form an unbroken procession well over thirteen miles in length. Now

bearing in mind that of late years this procession has increased every year at the rate of thirty-three per cent., how long will it be before the total number of the metropolitan stage coaches extend from this earth to the moon? Those curious to discover the right answer to this conundrum will kindly consult Mr. Holt Schooling. What is of more urgent sublunary interest is the problem, how long it will be before this predominance of the omnibus will make the congestion of our streets worse congested, and will denominate the rate of progress of the internal traffic of London in the lowest terms of the slowest omnibus? The only correct answer is "not long." If the halfpenny fares, an experiment said to have been tried in Glasgow with substantial success, are introduced in London, as there is every probability they will be before long, the answer must be "very soon," and this answer, though correct, is very far from satisfying the examiner.

So long as the omnibus meets a demand every fair-minded man will bid it run on and prosper. But when it meets no demand, and only runs because it has been set in motion mechanically, and makes for congestion rather than convenience, it is time to stop that omnibus. Now the Mecca of the vast majority of the good omnibuses,—of the pirates no one will take any account, for their final terminus is Gehenna—is the City, whether their last stage be labelled Liverpool Street, London Bridge, or Whitechapel. By ten o'clock a.m. every one who has business in the City should be at the receipt of custom, nor should he be able to leave it before five o'clock p.m. If he does, he can afford a cab-fare or the wear and tear of shoe-leather. The misguided individual who drifts casually into the City

during business-hours we do not take into our reckoning; our object is the least congestion of the greatest number. From the hours between ten a.m. and five p.m. the internal traffic of London might be relieved of one-third of the pressure upon it. On the same principle between these hours no omnibus, or only a limited number, ought to be allowed within a radius of (say) two miles of Charing Cross. Before this hour the omnibuses should have conveyed all genuine workers to their destinations, and after five o'clock they would be available to take them home again without inconvenience to the rest of the community. This close-time for omnibuses should be more strictly and rigorously enforced in the case of those streets which have only lately been invaded. Bond Street is a case in point. The bitter cry of the Bond Street shopkeepers, complaining that the invasion of the omnibuses is scaring away their most valuable customers is not an idle plaint. The advent of the omnibus means the exodus of the brougham. We live in a democratic age, and possibly the man (or rather the woman) in the brougham ought to be legislated out of existence. But until he (or she) has, by Act of Parliament, been deprived of all rights of citizenship, it would be only fair to allow him access to the streets where he would be. After all, much as it may disgust the Radical journals to be reminded of the fact, the owner of a private carriage is a unit of the People no less than the man who cannot afford to own one. He not only pays for it, but he pays a tax for it; and he is as much entitled to the free use of his property, subject of course to the general convenience of the community, as the proprietor of the omnibus or the cab. Between Class

legislation and Mass legislation there is no distinction of tyranny. I would recommend this simple fact to the notice of our Commissioners of Police, who are perhaps (for reasons which our Home Secretaries could doubtless explain) a little apt to ignore it. A recent manifesto of the honorary secretary of the Advertisement Regulation Society (see *THE PALL MALL GAZETTE* for December 2nd, 1898,) is beyond measure shocking. It is surely inconceivable that even an omnibus would be so base as to run, not, as has been insidiously suggested, to carry passengers but to display advertisements, more especially as an examination of the balance-sheets of the omnibus companies forces one to the conclusion that the revenue derived from passenger-traffic far outweighs the harvest garnered by the display of advertisements. To run an omnibus for the sake of its advertisements only would not pay, and therefore our belief in human nature (even including the omnibus-proprietor's) is unshaken. At the same time the fact remains that the omnibus has now begun to encumber a good many streets of the West End where, during the busy hours of the day, it serves no useful purpose, and where it is not wanted. It is in these cases that the Commissioner of Police should step in. By virtue of the Metropolitan Streets Act, 1867 (31 Vic., cap. cxxxiv.), and his licensing-power he can bring very considerable pressure to bear on the route and the behaviour of the metropolitan stage-coaches. That persistent and influential appeals to the Commissioner of the Police can prevail has of late been shown at the Marble Arch and at Knightsbridge. The omnibuses here used to stop outside a row of private houses whose tenants objected to the nuisance. They appealed to the Com-

missioner of Police, and the stopping-place for omnibuses has been removed some few hundred yards away to a spot where there are no private houses to be inconvenienced. The omnibus-conductor may blaspheme at first, but the gentleman in blue soon teaches him to adapt himself to the inevitable. At the same time the authorities are loth to interfere with the liberties of the metropolitan stage-coaches; perhaps they feel that police-regulations "are repugnant to the spirit of the age." By the same token a cynical friend, who adorns the box-seat of a metropolitan stage-coach, pointed out to me that the average constable never, whatever its misdemeanours may be, deals very harshly with a brewer's dray. Such intervention would be repugnant to the spirit of the force. The associations hallowing the festooned barrels mollify him. After all, a human heart beats beneath the blue tunic. But in a matter of such urgency to the community at large, as the relief of our congested streets, it would be well if the licensing authorities would sheath themselves in triple brass proof against all indulgence; for, though it is not claimed that a stricter adjustment in the number of omnibuses to the laws of supply and demand would altogether remove the Burden of London, it would undoubtedly afford some relief. And as things now stand even a slight measure of relief would be a boon. When Pascal obtained his charter to run the first omnibus in medieval Paris, it was a conveyance to the convenience of all and sundry, and its name still commemorates the primary reason for its existence. In modern London the title is losing its original meaning in a new and ill-favoured significance, seeing that the omnibus is fast becoming a universal nuisance.

MADAME POULARD'S DAY-DREAMS.

"*Oh, Seigneur!* what a noise. One cannot make oneself heard. What does he want, then, this Joseph, that he whines so?"

Madame Poulard laid down her distaff, and looked half apologetically, half nervously, at the barber's wife, who was in the midst of a most thrilling scene involving many of the surrounding reputations, and who must therefore be conciliated at least till the end of the tale. Then her eyes turned to the open door where on the step her two grandchildren sat playing with Joseph, the shoemaker's black puppy. Joseph and Reine and Alphonsine were very intimate, and most of their life was spent on their grandmother's doorstep.

Madame Poulard was small and brown and crumpled like a chestnut, —the kind they make rosaries of in Italy. She was old, but her hair was still brown, and her eyes, which had been her chief dowry, had worn well. Her cap was indescribable, being a Breton cap of the most elaborate kind, a thing of twists and curves and streamers; her collar, white and goffered, reached far beyond her shoulders, and as she sat spinning in her kitchen she looked a pretty peevish old woman, as in days gone by she had looked a pretty peevish young woman. She lived in her kitchen with a row of green bowls on the dresser, and spoke seldom except when the barber's wife looked in to gossip. She wasn't at all pleased with her life, Madame Poulard; she wanted more honour and glory, and there was none to be had in the present, so she retired to the past,

only coming back now and then to slap her grandchildren. She sat in the corner spinning, and remembering the days of milk and honey.

We all have our dreams, and hers had been a wholesale grocer's shop, (the grocer was there, to her hand so to say,) a beautiful shop, shelf after shelf of chocolat Planteur merging into coffee, rice, soap, candles, and sardines. Not only so, but he, the grocer, had discovered how long and brown and sleepy her eyes were, so that it was all going well; she would occupy the first position in the country round and sit behind the counter on market-days wearing a cashmere apron, as one does who gives directions and converses while others weigh and measure.

Ah, how well it all promised! She had quite loved her young grocer; and then suddenly it went wrong. One evening she walked into her shop that was to be, and found a crowd in the back-parlour and laughter and voices and biscuits and a bottle of wine; the sun kept her from seeing anything but dark forms against the window, but they all seemed glad to see her and to think her coming very appropriate, and her fat father-in-law patted her on the back, and called her a good girl, and said that she had just come in time to see her brother-in-law, and her heart sank. For the love she had for her wholesale grocer was of the quality suited to eldest sons who inherit; and here she found she had been wrong all the time, and had been squandering all her smiles and her dreamy looks on a younger son with no position and no counter,

while here was the one she really loved come from over the sea with a ready-made wife !

When Madame Poulard reached this part of the story, she invariably lost her temper. She dropped her distaff, scolded Alphonsine and Reine, and slammed the door on the puppy, so that they had to leave their doorstep and their play and hope for a better mood after tea. Then she would pick up her work and go on with the story and be comforted. In any case there had been no mistake about Poulard. As the elder Poulard she had loved him, and Poulard the elder he was, and continued to be. And though the grocer's shop had faded, and the candles and the sardines had never existed, still, the memory of her wedding, as at last it had taken place, was soothing. It had lasted for three days, after the manner of the best Breton weddings. On the first day they were married, she and Poulard Ainé, he wearing a waistcoat stitched with yellow and a broad-brimmed beaver hat with flowing ribands, and she, a black gown with velvet bands and a lace cap lined with blue, to please the Virgin in whose month of May the wedding was held. On the second day, she and Poulard drove in a big cart accompanied by her oak cupboard with brass hinges, twenty-four unbleached linen chemises, a pair of copper snuffers, and her brown eyes, which (as has been already said) were her chief possession. They drove then, slowly, and with few words, there being no further need for conversation now that the thing was done. When they passed a cottage, the woman came out and looked at the cupboard, and understood and envied. At length they stopped in a village ; it was evening, and Poulard drove to a small house having a green bough hanging over the door, and against the wall a board with the

words freshly painted, *Bar : Lucien Poulard provides food, drink, and lodging for man and beast*. This was a pleasant prosperous memory ; this green bough swinging in the wind meant carts drawn up by the wayside, and thirsty people and vermouth and seltz and cognac and sirop and cider. And the fact of Lucien Poulard's being prepared to supply man and beast with food, drink, and lodging meant fairs and markets and country wag-gons, and baskets of butter and eggs, and yellow plums, and stalls in the square opposite the church, and round brown women in blue aprons, and a full stable. It meant empty baskets in the afternoon, and hungry people, and long narrow tables, and fried tripe and brown bread.

Here Madame Poulard came back to the present and found Reine crying and hungry, and the black puppy gnawing one of her shoes and Alphonsine encouraging him, rolling about the floor and saying : " Look, then, Grand-mother, how hungry he is, this little Joseph ; he wants some rice-cake." Then Madame Poulard would rise up in a rage, and say, "*Ah, bon !* I must keep house for a dog then, must I ?" But nevertheless for peace and quietness she did it, and the three were soon rolled up under the table with slices of bread and onions, and Madame Poulard free to go back to her wedding-feast and the lifting down of her oak cupboard, which took place amid many jokes and the help of dark curly-haired men in blue blouses, and a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. It was finally settled in its corner where it still stood, enclosing one or two very thin white darned chemises cherished for old sake's sake and folded peacefully in their grave on the top shelf.

But the dinner, ah, that was a merry thing to think of ! To this day Madame Poulard can smell the stew of liver and kidney, and the roasted

pig's feet and the cream-cheese, can recall the heat and the uproar, everyone speaking and no one listening; and then the washing-up; if it had been the grocer himself, there could not have been more dishes, for grocer *père* was thrifty and would have taken no pride in feasting the neighbourhood, would very likely have done it hurriedly in two days, whereas there was still the dance to come, Madame Poulard reflected with pleasure. It had happened in this very room she was sitting in, before it had been divided into two after Poulard's death, when the business fell off, and the green branch withered, and Madame Poulard sat spinning and thinking all day long. But on the great day of the dance it had been the original long low room; the planed brown wooden rafters were immensely thick, and some were carved so beautifully that, if they had been sold at their worth, Madame Poulard might have been at her ease with a servant, and a green merino apron every day of the week. A curious white mantel-piece stretched far into the room, and was so wide at either side that in winter every one sat round the glowing peats in the shelter of the huge fireplace; and on stormy nights the snow fell so thickly through the wide chimney, that it waked the black puppy, who, hearing a hissing sound, dreamed he was at home at the shoemaker's and that it was supper-time. The chimney-piece occupied the greater part of the room now, but on the famous night it had not been so prominent; it was summer then, and instead of flames a row of chairs stood all round the hearth, making it look like a white throne prepared for the most distinguished guest. The floor had been well rubbed, and there were bunches of small blue hydrangeas tied along the wall at intervals. Monsieur Pol had come from Berrien bringing

his fiddle with him. He was a fat, thirsty old man, who could never get anything to eat sufficiently raw for his taste. "A fried egg," he would cry, "and not too much fried, Madame, I implore you;" or, "*Sapristi!* What is this? Take it away, Mademoiselle; I asked for an under-done cutlet,"—and so on, with shrugging of shoulders and uplifted hands; but the point of Monsieur Pol was that he played the fiddle with taste and energy, and that he also did it for nothing. Sometimes he would play for a whole evening, if he had been soothed at starting by a piece of raw beef-steak, or coaxed by a lightly-boiled egg. He wore his best clothes, the suit reserved for christenings and funerals and weddings, the only difference being in the tie; for christenings and weddings it was a red cord with tassels; for funerals it was a purple cord with tassels tied with long loops; his shoes were very shiny and black with thick wooden soles, and they were only about one size too big for him. If one had met him on the road in ordinary circumstances one would have been struck by the difference in the size of his feet, as his work-day *sabôts* were large enough to contain both feet in one, and although they were stuffed with hay, they looked quite the most uncomfortable things anyone could have chosen to walk in.

The room soon filled with farmers' stout wives and their daughters of much the same make on a smaller scale. They all arrived hungry and in great good humour, although they had walked, or jolted in springless carts, for miles to be present at this entertainment, and everyone began the evening with boiled beef, and cider, and thick slices of sour brown household bread.

Monsieur Pol was then begged to give himself the trouble of taking a seat in the chimney, which he did,

accompanied by his fiddle, and then the fun began. The young men and maidens danced, while their mothers grieved over the fall in cheese, and the short summer night wore on, and old women sat in the yard among the waggons and carts with baskets full of sweet pastry to sell and gingerbread made in the shape of dogs and rabbits; and they did such a thriving business at the end of each dance that every one was thirsty, and the bough, swinging over the door, thought that if this was an earnest of things to come, they would soon make their fortune. Ah! it *had* been a wedding and no mistake; it was long talked of in the country-side, and the memory of it now warmed Madame Poulard's heart, as she rose stiffly from her chair, and came back across the years to her fallen fortunes and discontent, and lit the swinging lamp, and in the dim wavering light looked for the children and that Joseph, already curled up in a warm little yelping dream. It gave her strength to turn to these tiresome children with their wants, and their going to bed, and getting up, and their rice-cake, and torn pinafores, and puppies, and disturbings.

She trod on something soft in her search, and found Reine's stocking lying on the floor, a mass of coarse blue tangled wool and dropped stitches. "*Ah, bonté divine!*" she muttered, more work for her in the morning; but for that matter it was all the same; if it wasn't a stocking, it was something else. *Dame!* how different she had meant the ending to be, after the hope and the forethought and the daughter, and the sheets and the under-clothing of her own spinning and marking, and the son-in-law and the basket-shop in Morlaix. She could close her eyes and see it all plainly; the Grand Rue with quaint old houses almost touching, having carved doors and beautiful winding oak stairs with

figures of saints, here and there, to keep the inmates from evil,—some, she had been told, had watched there for four hundred years. But all this was by the way; one room in particular interested her, not because it was there they had brought the frightened little Princess Mary Stuart, to rest after her tossing on the sea and her long journey from Scotland to marry the French King's son; little five-year-old Princesses didn't interest her, though they were on a wedding-journey, *ma foi, non!* She had quite enough to think of in her own family, and the room would do admirably for her own occupation should the *bon Dieu* see fit to take Poulard to Himself. One must bow to the will of Providence, making one's own arrangements at the same time, and Poulard was far from strong, and alas, the same remark applied to her daughter Reine. Who in all the country-side would take a thin wife, one with neither ambition nor a strong back, who would see no jokes on market-days, and didn't care to walk out on Sundays; who in short, seemed only made for religion?

But if Reine Poulard had no back and no mind, she had a mother who combined both in rich abundance, to whom the thoughts of a spinster daughter and old age in the country were bitter, particularly with a cheery little gossiping town only thirty *kilomètres* away, and a thriving basket-business and a son-in-law, a comfortable room for herself in his house, and neighbours,—above all neighbours—who would come in and admire her oak cupboard, and be made to understand that it was only a bit of her many possessions, "just a *souvenir* she couldn't bear to leave behind; she had sold the rest rather than have the bother of bringing it. Ah! you find it pretty, Madame? It's not amiss, but nothing to the rest, believe me."

Above all she remembered the sign : *Y. M. Poënce, basket-factory ; baskets for butter and meat ; repairs of every kind.* Poënce was doing a good business, and could keep a servant ; and to look pleasant and coax the farmers' wives on market-days, so that they went home with an egg-basket or a butter-basket more than they started with, surely required no great strength. What a calamity it was to have such a delicate child ! How she had struggled to make her as other people's daughters, and gone to every *pardon* for miles round to entreat the saints on her behalf. At the *pardon* in her own village of Huelgoat she had been the first to carry flowers to decorate the shrine ; she had even taken her to St. Pol de Leon and put Reine under the great bell that its chimes might charm away the headaches that Madame Poulard foresaw would interfere with her matrimonial projects, and thus indirectly with the comfort of her own declining years. It was to this end also that Madame made *tisanes* from the garden-herbs and hung round Reine's neck a small ivory hand, yellow with age, with the thumb and two middle fingers closed and the first and little fingers extended. This precious charm had been brought from Italy by Reine's great-grandfather, and was confidently believed in the family to ensure the wearer against every ill ; it had formed part of Madame Poulard's dowry, being thought worthy to travel to Huelgoat in the oak cupboard, with the chemises. But still Reine had headaches, and looked pale, and took no interest in her cap, not caring whether it was lined with pink calico or not lined at all, and Madame Poulard was in despair. And finally Poënce was carried off by Noemie Renard from Berrien, who had red cheeks and a thick waist.

So the baskets faded from Madame

Poulard's tearful eyes, and Reine didn't care, and life was altogether unbearable ; till one day the clouds lifted, proving that the darkest hour comes before dawn, and disclosed a long thin man with a melancholy face and black hair. What first roused Madame Poulard's hopes was observing him to wear his Sunday clothes in the week ; so she bid him enter, and put before him cider and biscuits flavoured with vanilla, and enquired his will. But her heart was no longer in the matter, and when Bozellec stated his will to be Reine Poulard for his wife, provided she were ready to help him in starting a small ironmongery shop in the village, Madame Poulard agreed with him quickly. Ironmongery, to be sure, did not mean much, locks and nails, and dull little tin plates and dishes, and no comfort for herself. Now in Morlaix,—but it was useless to recall the baskets for butter and meat, and all that might have been. It was evidently her lot to live and die in Huelgoat, and the sooner it was over, the sooner to sleep ; and so she told Bozellec, who was much gratified by the rapid and unexpected success of his suit, and she began without more ado to mark Reine's chemises, and to wonder how she could get the most effect out of the least money at the wedding. It was all done and over in a very short time, and Reine's head ached, though not more than usual, and she regretted, every day of her dull life of nails and tin plates, that she hadn't gone into religion and joined the *Sœurs Blanches* at Quimper. The shop dragged on a feeble existence ; Bozellec did his best, but he did not grow fat, and after a few years of hard work and headaches, Madame Bozellec died, and little Reine and Alphonsine just crossed the road to their grandmother's doorstep and there remained.

The doorstep was much the most

amusing place in Madame Poulard's house ; for the little straggling hamlet Poulard had brought her to as a bride, had increased and become a village built round a large space with an old stone Calvary in the middle just opposite the church. In this place the market was held, and on these days the children were well amused, and left Madame to her dreams and their downfalls in peace and quietness. For the square was full of white caps and wooden stalls with flapping yellow coverings, and the tables were heaped with green and brown pottery and the white ware of Brittany, ornamented with flowers and beetles, and men in *sabôts* smoking long pipes, and stiff women walking across bridges. There was a stall for blue cotton where Madame Poulard bought pinafores for the children when their old ones would mend no longer ; and a stall where sweets were made and sold ; what unending joy it was to watch a lump of soft white sugar being kneaded like dough, and then pulled out into fingers, and chopped into little three-cornered white satin

cushions ! Once the woman at the stall looked up and seeing four brown eyes watching her intently, threw two cushions over the counter, and Reine and Alphonsine went on their way munching, and certain that no flavour equalled the flavour of peppermint.

Madame Poulard prepared the sorrel for the soup, and putting the whole into a brown bowl till evening settled down to her spinning and her memories. So occupied was she with her own concerns, that she never felt anxious although the children and the puppy were away for hours. "*Eh, Seigneur !* they will return, no fear of that," she would sigh resignedly ; and indeed twilight seldom failed to bring them. Madame Poulard, looking up, beheld with inhospitable feelings the hungry trio.

Then the soup, and the scramble up the dark stairs followed by Grandmother's muttered remonstrance at the noise ; then bed, and silence and stars, and the hindered memories of the day lost in the untroubled dreams of night.

CAPTAIN VAURIEN.

I.

It did not occur to him that there could be any doubt as to his present duty. With his training there could be but the one dismal exit from such a position of utterly hopeless dishonour. He had disgraced a noble name and a splendid regiment, and the stage of life must be quit of him. Thus ran the code in which he had been reared, rather quaintly called the code of honour; and, terrible as had been his one lapse, he had no present thought of further infraction.

He was at no pains to understand how his voluntary death could make less bitter to his family or his late comrades the memory of his disgrace. Perhaps his nature did not lean to analysis; possibly he was not an adept at understanding anything; he possessed, very likely, a set of mere half-animal instincts and intuitions, which insisted on being obeyed, or revenged themselves by causing unspeakable ruin and confusion, but which were at no pains to explain or justify themselves intellectually. And it may be taken for granted that Raoul found his poor brain in a state of chaos and blackness through which there was no use attempting to see clearly. If he could be said to understand anything at all it was the one dismal necessity already mentioned,—that of ceasing to exist as soon as possible.

For so he worded it: partly because in France the holiest person speaks of death as a cessation of existence; and partly because his ideas did, in truth, not stretch consciously beyond the

limits of the present, visible state of things. He had, as a matter of fact, been brought up a Catholic, and had duly learned that the fate of a wilful suicide is final and inevitable damnation; and in some dim, vague fashion he even at present believed this. But he believed it academically only, as a mere proposition concerning which he had been informed there was only one orthodox opinion. Unquestionably he believed it was now his duty to commit suicide; but how he made that monstrous duty tally with his other belief is beyond my power to tell you. His sole uncertainty was as to the method. All the conventional means of exit seemed needlessly revolting or banal. They are four, of which one is usually confined to the lower orders; and Raoul could not bring himself either to blow his brains out or to cut his throat, to hang himself or to take poison.

This uncertainty caused a delay for which, otherwise, he would have found no excuse or reason. In flying from France he had, according to his odd standard, done no wrong; he had in fact done what was inevitable, for if he remained he would be liable to arrest; and though, seemingly, his family and his regiment would to all possible extent be exonerated by his death, his legal punishment would have been a further and unpardonable outrage on them. But, now, safe in England, it behoved him in no wise to delay needlessly his further departure. Besides, he was penniless or nearly so; he had better let some few coins outlive him.

He found the English seaport in-

tolerably dull and depressing. With some grimness the young cuirassier told himself that in any case suicide would have been a local and a seasonal suggestion, even had he not come to this abominable little town on purpose.

He walked along the *digue*, or esplanade as he perceived the natives called it, and wondered at the apathetic misery of its air. He could see the coast of France, or imagined that he could, and he thought of it already with the sick longing of an exile, though less than four hours ago he had rushed from it as from the pestilence.

At Calais he had well nigh had the question of how he should achieve his exit settled out of hand. For on descending (no figure of speech at Calais), he had seen in front of him a lady whom he knew. She was laden with parcels, rugs, handbags, and what not, and much flurried and preoccupied. The day was very hot, and so was the lady. Her little girl added to her agitation by mooning along with her silly small head persistently over her shoulder, and announcing in a loud aside that "he was there," and that it was, well, certainly himself. For they had joined the train at Amiens and in passing along the platform had caught sight of him, though he had not, as it happened, seen them until now.

There was an unmistakable expression on the child's precocious face, and Raoul's dark cheek flushed miserably as he recognised it. Obviously Madame knew of his disgrace, and Mademoiselle had heard much discussion of it. It was the first time in her short life that the child had consciously beheld a criminal, and she was determined to lose none of the spectacle.

But presently Mademoiselle went near to closing her eyes on all earthly

spectacles for ever. She lagged so far behind as to momentarily lose her mother in the jostling crowd, and, filled instantly with vacuous and insensate alarm, she found herself on the level line, blind with confusion, a shunting engine bearing remorselessly and unconsciously down upon her. An international shriek of horrified Anglo-French ejaculation first drew the engine-driver's attention to the child, who had at that moment slipped and would inevitably have been killed but for Raoul. How he did it no one knew less than himself; but somehow he had, at the nick of time, flung himself forward and cannoned, rather than lifted, the girl into a place of safety. Again rose the Anglo-Gallic cry of horror from the passengers, and again, as it appeared, needlessly, for though Raoul limped a little, that was because of a twist to his ankle; the engine had not touched him. The child and her mother were now the centre of a small but admiring crowd of their compatriots. Mademoiselle, tardily convinced of her survival, assumed at once the air of a heroine. Madame divided herself between caresses and reproaches; of Heaven she demanded what her cardiac condition would have been had her Zéphine been *ecrasée* by the locomotive; but no diagnosis arriving from on high, she lowered her eyes and gave them a supererogatory wipe with one of the parcels.

Raoul limped past the group towards the gangway, and raised his hat in passing; but probably Madame did not notice the salute, or was still too distraught to think of etiquette, or even gratitude; she appeared, as did the heroine, entirely and imperviously unconscious of it.

On board the lady and her daughter gave themselves up to seasickness with a sensual surrender

that was national and deliberate; for the channel was without a ripple, and the boat left a track as of divided oil.

Raoul was not sick. At another time, being French, he might have been; to-day his preoccupation was too great. He paced the deck and watched the lessening shore of France, that he was never to see again, with the insensate passion of devotion that only a Frenchman has, to the same extent and in the same kind, for his country. Of the gathering shadows of the grim valley, into which he was hurrying down, he thought not at all; even the thought of his unutterable disgrace was now only a sombre background; for the moment his consciousness was stunned by the knowledge that he should never again set foot on yonder sinking shore.

At Dover he decided to go no further; perhaps because he wished no second encounter with Madame or her child. He found it, as has been said, a town of extinguishing dullness; and it did not strike him how little this could matter, seeing on what errand he was come. He strolled through the streets and found them dismal beyond belief. The snug, provincial prosperity and ease of the people weighed upon him. Only by shutting his eyes could he avoid being reminded by everything they saw that he was an outcast in a foreign land. Even then his ears would tell him the same tale, ay, and his nose; the town smelled of England unmistakably.

Presently he came to an open bit of squalid ground where there was a sort of encampment of shooting-galleries and shows, and also a menagerie; Mrs. Wamble's Royal Victoria and Albert Menagerie and Hippodrome, under the persistent

and inalienable patronage of the Queen and Royal Family. Medallion portraits of the Sovereign and her late Consort flanked the much-gilded front of the show; between, was a representation of the performances of the World's Lion-Tamer and Subduer of Tigers. Mrs. Wamble herself sat in an exiguous, though highly coloured, box-office receiving shillings, with an air of indifference, from those who passed in up a hybrid ascent, like a cross between an inclined plane and a poultry-ladder. She was a very fat person, with immense copper-gilt rings in her ears, and a dusty velvet hat with hearse-like fittings. Her dress had once been ruby plush, but it now gave one the suggestion that she cleaned the menagerie knives upon it.

Count Florizel, singularly unlike his portrait, stood outside, with a moody air, talking to a dissipated-looking bandsman in a tarnished uniform. The Count himself was attired in a costume half royal, half military. Raoul spoke to him, and discovered that the man was French, or to be more accurate a French Creole from Martinique. Into his title of nobility it would be indiscreet to enquire further; his real name, he voluntarily declared to be Philippe Gamôt.

"Do you really do all that?" enquired Raoul, jerking his head towards the pictures.

"All except putting my head in the lion's mouth. The first Count Florizel did that. But he kept it in too long one day, so the lion bit it off. The public did not continue to insist on the item; and neither I nor my immediate predecessor have done it. The other things are, in reality, just as dangerous."

The Lion-tamer spoke with a depressed and gloomy air that rather interested Raoul. He had imagined

that there was no real danger for such people when once the beasts knew them; obviously this man thought differently. "Is it then dangerous?" he asked, offering M. Gamôt a cigarette.

Count Florizel gave a short stare of gloomy surprise, and helped himself to two cigarettes. He observed that the case was of some black metal with a coronet and an initial in diamonds upon the side. "You try," he remarked pithily.

"I will try if you like," said Raoul quietly.

The two young men's eyes met. In a scampish sort of way M. Gamôt was good-looking, and whatever was wrong with Raoul it was not his exterior. His face was very handsome and his slight figure well-knit, well-shaped, and athletic. They found each other interesting. "What has he done?" Count Florizel asked himself, but he did not repeat the enquiry aloud. "Why is he unnerved to-day?" Raoul wondered. "He cannot *always* be afraid; no man could lead such a life and be every day afraid."

He held the lighted match while the World's Lion-tamer lit his cigarette, and the latter noticed how slim and pointed his fingers were.

M. Gamôt raised his head, and drew in the first inspiration, puffing out immediately a thin cloud of smoke. "Have you ever been in a den full of lions?" he enquired carelessly.

Raoul smiled as he replied grimly: "Yes; and very lately."

"And Monsieur took no hurt?"

"They did not kill me," Raoul answered, with the same bitter smile. He touched his breast, and seemed, by a general gesture, to indicate his wholeness of life and limb.

"And you want to try again?"

"Not the same lions."

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They had long ago ceased to examine each other with their eyes; that had lasted a moment only. M. Florizel watched the circling timber steeds of the adjacent merry-go-round; Raoul idly admired the unconcerned air of Mrs. Wamble as she gathered in the desultory shillings, without interrupting a conversation with some unseen interlocutor.

"And will you permit me?" asked Raoul presently.

"To go in the lion's cage and perform?" Again the Creole examined him with swift attention. "Listen, Monsieur," he said in a low voice. "To-day of all days you should not try it. Even I, who do it twice daily, as another man breakfasts and dines, am afraid to-day." Raoul turned his questioning eyes and the other saw that they, at least, were not afraid. "Monsieur, to-morrow,—if to-morrow I am alive—I am to be married; and we love with all our soul (for we have but one), she and I. Last night she had a dream; a warning vision, in which she saw the nightly performance, the naphtha-lamps flaring, the lions leaping through their hoops, the elephant standing three-legged on his tub; all, as it always is, only,—only, Monsieur, the man in the lion's cage was killed. Monsieur, it always ends in that. Macomo, Risto, Abu Hamed,—they are always killed at last. And to-night it will be me." He had removed the cigarette from his mouth while he spoke, and now put it back with an air of finality.

"It cannot be you if you are not there."

The obviousness of Raoul's objection was so banal that the World's Lion-tamer found it quite striking; he again removed the cigarette and spat to a really surprising distance, and, as it seemed, at a mark. "Monsieur, the performance must take place to-

night as on other nights, no matter what one dreams."

That, certainly, was self-evident. Most of the shillings that Mrs. Wamble, in her red and gold box, collected so indifferently were paid less out of a desire to see wild beasts than out of a conscious desire to see a man in their cage, and an unconscious sentiment that if he should chance to come by any accident they might happen to see it. If it was generally known that the Lion-tamer had lost his nerve, the attendance would be much increased.

"Listen," said Raoul; "it is the night's performance of this day that you dread, because of the dream of Mademoiselle your *fiancée*. Perform as usual now; to-night I will do it. Meanwhile I will see what you do, so as to be *au fait*. Let us go in."

Inside there was a good number of spectators; it was the local half-holiday, and the shops had closed at three. A man was going round explaining the habits of the animals; their prevailing habit was, apparently, to smell abominably, but of this idiosyncrasy no explanation was forthcoming. "And now," said the explanatory gentleman, coming to his peroration, "I am requested by the Proprietress, on 'er bee-arf, to thank you all, ladies and gentlemen, for your petronige and attention. Count Florizel will at once commence his daring performance in the den of the five forest-bred African lions, the large lion on the right-and side being the identical one wot caused the death of the former Count by bitin' orf 'is 'ed while it were restin' lovin'ly in the Forest-Monarch's mouth. Kindly not to applaud dooin' the performance, as it is hapt to upset the lions and so materially to increase the danger to the performer." A burst of clapping

followed this announcement, under cover of which Raoul's friend entered the largest cage, containing, as the showman had said, five lions, who watched his arrival with unmistakable signs of sulky disapproval.

"It ought to be forbidden," said the head-mistress of a young ladies' school, who had secured special terms for her forty pupils.

"It certainly ought not to be allowed," agreed her second-in-command. Whereupon the Principal adjusted her glasses, and the assistant licked her lips. The young ladies declared, as one woman, that it was a disgusting and degrading sight, and elbowed their way to the front of the crowd. "He's left the door unbolted!" squeaked one fair student, with prudent remembrance of personal safety and some regret that she had got so far forward.

Count Florizel overheard, and, bowing finely, remedied the omission. He always did this.

The lions seemed very sleepy, almost more sleepy than sulky. The afternoon was hot, and it was appallingly stuffy in the show. Perhaps that accounted for the beads of sweat that broke out upon the Lion-tamer's forehead.

At first the lions were made to run in a rhythmic fashion round the cage, then to leap over the Count's right leg, extended aslant to the bars, then over his left leg, over his arm, and lastly through a hoop held in his left hand. Chairs were next passed into the cage, and on these their majesties sat, most unmajestically. The arrangement was varied, so that singular groupings were achieved; and finally, seated on the largest lion's back, with the other four occupying the corners of the cage, Count Florizel discharged a pistol and the explanatory gentleman outside burned a red fire.

It was over, and Raoul breathed again. With a sick horror he had watched it all, and noted the bestial curiosity of the gaping crowd. That Florizel had for the time utterly lost his nerve Raoul was certain.

The explanatory gentleman was now drawing attention to the financial talents of Annabella, the largest elephant, who, when given a penny, would proceed to put it in the slot and draw forth chocolate or biscuits. The Principal was impressing this exemplary instance of animal sagacity on her young ladies. Raoul and Florizel went outside.

"Well," said the latter with a hang-dog laugh, "does Monsieur still wish to go into the lions' cage to-night?"

"Yes," Raoul answered quietly; "I am still willing."

"Of course," said Florizel, "it's all nonsense. It will be as safe to-night as any other; but for the time I've lost my nerve, and *I am pretty sure they know it.*"

"The lions?"

Florizel nodded.

Nevertheless Raoul stuck to his guns. The evening show was at half-past eight, and at that hour he would enter the cage and go through the stipulated performance. Mrs. Wamble, when consulted on the subject, made no objection, provided the Attraction, as she called him, expected no remuneration. Her financial instincts appeared to be as sound as those of Annabella. This point settled, she inserted that of a hair-pin in a wink and deftly extracted the mollusc from its shell; her consumption of the disproportionately minute fish again recalling the elephant and the chocolate.

Raoul strolled away, Count Florizel watching his departure with unwilling eyes. He wondered if it was all a hoax and the swell was going away for good.

II.

It was nearly eight o'clock. Raoul sat upon a bench close to the sea; presently he would go to the menagerie; meanwhile he smoked. Half-an-hour ago he had had his case refilled, scarcely advertent at all to the fact that a whole case-full was quite unnecessary. Just behind him, on the other side of the road, was a hotel; on its balcony a lady and a little boy stood watching the passers-by.

"Aunt Gwendolen, I am sure it is time to start," the little boy asserted for the twentieth time.

The lady laughed. "What a tyrant you are, Bob! However it is easiest to yield; come along."

So they turned and went indoors, presently reappearing at the hotel entrance, about which a group of yachts' boatmen stood chatting. They all saluted the lady, and she spoke to one of them.

"Oh, Fergusson, Master Robert has discovered that there is a menagerie in the town, and he wants to see it. We shall not go on board for another hour——"

"Two hours!" interpolated Master Robert.

The men again saluted, and the lady and her nephew moved away. At that moment Raoul turned and the lady's eyes met his. She bowed and stood still; he had both to rise and come forward to greet her.

"I thought it was you," she said; "for the last ten minutes I have been examining the back of your head from the balcony."

Raoul said how good it was of her to remember him; was it not two years since they had last met? And then he grew pale; their eyes had met again, and he saw that she too had heard.

"Aunt Gwen, *do* come!" urged the boy, who was unfortunately a person of one idea.

"My nephew," said the lady, "insists on my taking him to the menagerie. He is apt to be impatient."

Raoul took off his hat; he was, no doubt, receiving his dismissal.

"Will you not escort us?" asked the lady. "You do not seem very busy."

"No; I shall be charmed," he answered, walking along beside her. Bob disdained to stay close to them, keeping up a merely moral connection with the party.

Raoul did not seem to be looking at the lady, but he could see her very well. She was beautiful, and her figure was fine and stately. She was only twenty-four years old, but she had been nearly two years a widow,—the widow of a man half a century older than herself; and she was dressed in a half-mourning dream of black and lilac. He turned suddenly to her and said, almost roughly, "Madame!"

"Yes," she answered quietly, "I know it all."

"And you speak to me!"

"I want to speak to you very much," she answered, turning her grand eyes full upon him; "and what I say is not what women generally say. But my reason is good and honest; no one hears but you, and you will, I know, not misunderstand."

She had already turned away again, but he watched her still. Always he had thought her beautiful, but never so lovely as to-night. He had certainly never thought to be again walking side by side with such a woman as a friend, nay, as far as she went, as an equal. Just now, when he had taken off his hat to leave her, the thought had smote him that for the last time in his life he was saluting a lady.

"Do you remember," she asked him, "the time that we, my husband and I, stayed with your father and mother

at La Baside?" He bowed; alas, how well did he remember it! "But I dare say," she continued, "you have forgotten how good you were to us." Yes, he answered, he remembered nothing about that. "Ah, but I do not forget, nor did he, my dear good old husband. Long afterwards he spoke of it; and we talked together of our pleasant visits with you and your brother to Chénonceaux, and Azay, and Loches, Langeais, Chambord, Blois,——"

"Ah, don't, Madame!" Like a sharp whip-stroke came each well-known name of the old Valois *châteaux* to which the guests at La Baside had always been taken, and the memory of those happy summer days when all was well. For a moment, one measureless moment that pressed into itself the bitterness of half a life, his thoughts flew back, and he and she stood again in the summer meadows by the Loire, pictured in a memory that recked neither of present nor future, and framed in a deathless regret. He heard still the echo of her voice as though she had but just ceased saying what she said then: the scent of the field and of her presence came back to him again; and her eyes were still meeting his, in the reluctant reading of his untold secret. More than ever he was glad now that it had not been then told. If his lips were sealed then because she was bound, were they not more sealed now that she was free? If then he held her in such divine respect that he was ashamed and silenced that she should surprise his secret in his eyes, should he now tell her that he had always loved her when his love was but a defilement to her white purity and dignity? Nay, and if at times he had since wondered whether she too would not have loved him, had she been free, would he hold

any such question now, when for her to love him would be unworthy of her ?

"Ah don't, Madame!" he cried again.

"Ah well, Monsieur, we used to talk of them. And one day my dear, true, generous husband said to me, 'Gwen, I think you liked that young man.'"

"My brother?" whispered Raoul.

"No; *his* brother."

They both paused a moment and on his dark cheek the red stain deepened.

"He asked me," continued the lady, "and I said *yes*; for it was true, truer than he thought, truer than I knew. And he said, my husband, that perhaps some day, when he himself should be dead, I would marry some such person,—to please myself, he said, for that I had married first to please *him* . . . and he said: 'Gwen, you have made my life so happy; you will take your own happiness some day.'"

And now again she turned her grave eyes to meet his, and her lips parted again, but before she could continue, again broke out the bitter cry,—*"Ah, don't, Madame!"*

"I heard to-day,—this morning," she went on presently, "of,—what had happened, and I at once wrote to your mother; in my letter I asked for your address, and I told her why I wanted it."

"You told my mother that——"

"Yes; it was true; it is true; it will be true to-morrow. Will you think of it, and tell me to-morrow? Perhaps you will see, when you have thought it over, that I am right."

He said neither *yes*, nor *no*. They had arrived at the show now, and Bob already stood before the roseate Mrs. Wamble, impatient for his aunt's arrival. She passed up to him, paid the necessary shillings, and she and

the boy disappeared. Close by stood one of the yacht's crew, who had been shooting at an adjacent gallery. Raoul beckoned to him, and the man, who had seen his mistress arrive with the gentleman, at once came up, saluting.

Raoul looked at his watch; in ten minutes his own part of the show was to begin; before then Madame must have left the place. He wrote a few lines in French on the back of one of his own cards and gave it to the man. "Take this in there to your mistress," he said, "and see that she comes out. If necessary, say she is wanted on the yacht; anything, only do not let her see the man performing in the lions' cage." He gave the sailor all the money he had left, which seemed a great deal to the man. "Mind," he added, as the man took the card, "you must get her out of the show before the man goes into the lions' cage. She would not like it; I saw it this afternoon; really she would not like it."

The sailor nodded intelligently and saluted; no doubt the gentleman was right; her ladyship would not like that sort of thing. *They* don't like that sort of thing, you know; only he immediately resolved that for his own part he would like to see it very much. Meanwhile he disappeared into the show.

Count Florizel had been sick with apprehension lest the Attraction should not keep his word. "Come in here," he said, now immensely relieved, "and put on this uniform." He led Raoul into a small tent, very ragged and rather dirty, and pointed to an impossibly gorgeous hussar jacket and busby, which, as they seemed fairly clean, Raoul made no objection to don. "If you put on these jack-boots and spurs, and wrinkle your trousers over the tops you'll do," he added.

He watched Raoul unbutton his own boots and pull on the others, and again he noticed how slim and pointed the long brown fingers were. But when presently Raoul straightened himself Florizel could not meet his sad hazel eyes. Deathly ashamed of himself was the World's Lion-tamer, ashamed as is the chemist who sells strychnine to a white-faced purchaser who says it is for rats.

Through the ragged tent Raoul saw Madame pass out of the show and disappear in the direction of the yacht, Bob furiously protesting but unheeded. Then he and Count Florizel emerged and passed up the inclined poultry-ladder into the menagerie.

Mrs. Wamble cast one half-curious, half-indifferent, glance after the Attraction, and then returned to her pensive search for the wrinkle. Outside, the August moon was riding calm and sweet in a pale twilight sky, and the air was full of the moist scent of the sea. In the tent the naphtha-jets were already aflame. It was stiflingly hot, and there was a large crowd, some inkling of an unusual performance having somehow got abroad. "By what name shall I announce you?" asked Florizel.

For one moment Raoul paused, then he answered: "Vaurien,—Captain Vaurien." And, keeping his eyes straight to his front, the discreet Florizel merely nodded.

The explanatory gentleman was just finishing his circular tour of the cages (outside), his remarks being an un-Bowdlerised edition of his afternoon's discourse. Count Florizel whispered to him. "And now," he shouted "a special Attraction will take place. Captain Vaurien will henter the cage containing five forest-bred African lions and put the monarchs of the desert through their unrivalled performance. This is the first time that Captain Vaurien has

appeared in public [the audience perfectly understood and licked its lips], and for this Attraction *no* hextry charge has been imposed. It is *specially* re-requested that ladies and gentlemen will not applaud until the Captain emerges from the cage."

Florizel had already disappeared, with a white face of attempted unconcern. Outside the show was waiting the lady of his love, and strolling away they fell to discussion of the morrow. Presently they met a lady hurrying back, a tall lady, grandly dressed, and with a grand face, only a terror, vague but mastering, had whitened it. The other woman watched her curiously. "Sakes! she looks as if—blest if I know what she *does* look like," said the future Countess Florizel. A chill sinking of the heart that he could not explain made the World's Lion-tamer somewhat husky in his reply.

The grand lady hurried on towards the menagerie, but before she reached it there came from the crowded tent a sudden noise that sent the others frantically after her.

It was first a noise that belonged, of right, not to that squalid corner of an English town, but to the under-graded solitudes of the tropic desert, the snarl, and then the roar of an angry lion. And, after that, sounds more dreadful, drowned in the vague din of an excited, frightened crowd; and mixed with these the shriek of parrots, the scream of monkeys, the trumpeting, half sympathetic, half terrified, of elephants, the yelp of wolves and hyenas, the snarling of leopards and tigers, and lions.

And presently, out into the cooler night, came a staggering group carrying the body of a man; the desecrated temple of the spirit, soon to be left vacant by the tired soul that panted to go and hide itself out yonder in the gathering shadows of the dusk.

Someone threw a bit of frowzy carpet on the inclined plane and laid the man down upon it. One of those who had helped to bring him out was a young doctor, a good sort of lad with a kind disturbed face. He knew he could do nothing, and his honest blue eyes were passionately regretful; if only he had learned some receipt by which this torn body could be mended!

"It is all right," whispered the Vaurien; he saw well enough, even with his darkening eyes, the sorrow on the lad's kindly face, the trembling of the young red lips.

But now another face infinitely dearer was bending down over him. "How you tempted me!" he whispered in his own speech. "But, ah Madame, I could not do that! Even I, dear lady, am not so bad as that."

She had no reply for him but in her eyes; to her the poor ruined outcast seemed a hero, dying in a blaze of glory.

Count Florizel stood close behind, whimpering feebly; his sweetheart clung hysterically to his arm, ming-

ling her tears with his. Their silly sobbings fell on the Vaurien's dying ears; he made a little vocal will in their favour and bequeathed them in trust to Madame. She understood all about it afterwards, and Florizel braved the lions' cage no longer.

And so the night fell, and the shadows darkened, and out into the great deep crept the poor battered soul to meet the Inexorable Judge. And yet of him, too, might it not be said, as they sing in his church of the great saints, *Potuit transgredi, et non transgressus est*? He might have done amiss, and he did not. A great temptation had come to him and he had turned away from it, even though to his foolish brain there seemed no alternative but that of death itself. Perhaps the Judge keeps count of things like these. "Even though our heart condemn us, He is greater than our heart and knoweth all things."

So the night fell, and the forest-bred lions slept in peace; and the Vaurien slept too.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

AMERICA'S PROBLEM.

THE rural American has hitherto been, and will continue for some time yet to be, the arbiter of peace and war in his vast country, as well of many questions scarcely less momentous. For any one who has known him under his own roof-tree, lived by his side and shared his interests, there has been much material for reflection during these last six months. Having had the advantage of this intimacy for many years, at no very distant date, I have concerned myself much with endeavours to picture the mental attitude of my many bucolic friends of former days in this, their first, encounter with a really alien foe. I have amused myself with returning in fancy to many a cheery fireside and sunny porch, where I have listened through lazy hours to the views of men who were at once the shrewdest and the most ignorant of any tillers of the soil, known to me, who can read and write. Perhaps ignorance is somewhat too strong a term for a state of mind that might more aptly be described as prejudice, though the former being so largely the outcome of the latter the distinction is of little moment.

I have sufficiently indicated that I make no reference in these remarks to the intelligent American of the great cities. Comparatively speaking he is a cosmopolitan, is linked by all sorts of interests to the old world, rubs shoulders every day with foreigners, and, if no traveller himself, associates daily in some form with those who are. As to the countryman, the agricultural freeholder who is immediately in my thoughts, it is equally

obvious that so vast a body cannot be treated of without immense reservation. To get at the type you must, it need hardly be said, in so large and new a country, brush aside a heap of rural humanity that by birth, antecedents, alien blood, or exceptional culture, does not come under the same category. But when all this is done, there is still much more than enough left of the genuine conservative freeholder of Anglo-Saxon blood, entirely aloof from cities and their modes of thought and life, to be a great power in the land. Hitherto, since history began in America, that power has for the most part been used upon the side of war when peace and war have been in the balance; and there is every reason to suppose it will be so again. When the Spanish crisis grew acute I thought that I could name with tolerable accuracy those of my country acquaintances in the States who would have risen readily to the appeals of the "Yellow Press," and those who would have despised them. The distinction may be fairly said to have run upon class lines: the numerically insignificant gentry class, to use a convenient term, being almost certain to keep their heads like their fellows in the cities; while the mass of the yeomanry would be sure to be cracking their heels and crowing defiance from their stack-yards. The older States of the Middle and the South are far the most interesting studies in this respect, as possessing a comparatively homogeneous population with some traditions behind them, and a toler-

ably consistent record of ignorance of Europe. At any rate it is an essentially typical neighbourhood that I have immediately in my mind, and to which I was able to despatch certain letters of enquiry as to the views of some old friends upon the Cuban question. The answers were such as I should have expected. My enlightened correspondents of course deprecated war in unqualified fashion; my yeoman friends were entirely bellicose, and I will undertake to say were quite unselfish, so far as any ulterior views of annexation were concerned. The woes of the Cubans had apparently stirred these excellent agriculturalists to a white heat. Spain, so ran the burden of their song, was two hundred years behind the rest of the world and had forfeited all claim to dominion in seas that washed the free soil of the United States. But reading between the lines, and interpreting these written sentiments by the light of personal intimacy, I do not mind saying that I feel quite sure it was Spain's backward condition, as much as her active oppression of the Cubans, which stirred all this indignation. The prevalent type of American farmer cherishes notions of the old world that are as amazing as they are stereotyped. The European peasant, in other matters immeasurably his inferior, is much more reasonable, and indeed better informed in a sense as to foreign countries. The traditional prejudice of the rural American makes him almost a monomaniac on this question. He believes all European countries to be wallowing in ignorance, tyranny, and reactionary sloughs, modifying his opinions somewhat with regard to England, or the Old Country. Oriental, African or even South American development seem small matters to him. North America,

to this type of North American, is the only country worth considering where the future of civilisation is concerned; and he brushes aside in his mind all other lands and continents. Spain, being more nearly a justification of his contemptuous attitude than any European country within the range of conflict, naturally caused especial irritation.

And yet how curious all this is, when you regard the surroundings among which thousands of these worshippers of the go-ahead fetish dwell with such content and self-complacency! The glorification of rampant modernity is not only conceivable but almost natural in Chicago and New York, and in country districts that have just been rescued from the wilderness and are driving back the frontiersman and the Indian with their steam and electricity. But this, to tell the truth rather tiresome, exuberance, is not without its humour, coming, as you may often hear it come, from the mouths of people whose primitiveness in this respect is as conspicuous as is their own unconsciousness of it. This, again, would have no significance in newly settled territories; but it is another matter coming from people who, after a century or more of occupation, are often content to inhabit dwellings that an English labourer would scorn, to drive over roads that would fairly frighten a French peasant, and very generally to be quite pleased with crops that would spell ruin to the average farming-community of Western Europe. One might, if it were worth while, considerably prolong this comparison between the civilisation of whole States, and old ones too, and the rural condition of England, France or Germany. In the matter of education, for instance, one might appropriately recall the rude log-huts where children, whose great-great-grand-

fathers were native-born, are taught by pedagogues of an often most ludicrously untrained and inefficient type, and compare this state of things with the accommodation and teachers to be found in the remotest parts of France or England. It would be even permissible to wonder if, in the matter of liberty itself, that essentially American plant, the English proletariat was not in many respects the more fortunate. With these unsophisticated souls, however, the effiteness and general backwardness of the countries of the old world are as much an article of faith as with the citizens of the newest Western town. The prospect, too, of foreign war has never held out any particular terrors to the owner of two or three hundred acres well removed from the Atlantic coast. On the contrary, a rupture with a foreign power, more particularly with one of the second rank, has had some solid attractions for a class that for a generation have had to sell their produce in the cheapest markets of the world and buy their necessities in one of the dearest. Nor, again, having regard only to sentiment, does the possibility of a bombardment of Boston or New York greatly disturb the slumbers of the fire-eater who grows tobacco in North Carolina or corn in Missouri. The Eastern cities, he considers, and not without some justice, have this long time battered on him, and grown rich by selling him inferior and protected goods at high prices, while he has remained poor as a contributor to the glutted markets of Europe, upon which nothing but war of some kind seems to promise any salutary effect. So long as a high tariff is maintained, whatever foreign difficulties the future may have in store for America, she is sure to find in her farming class the strongest element of Jingoism.

Of course, too, there were many people in the United States who were not averse to war with Spain in order that sectional jealousies, such as those growing between East and West, might be checked, and the increasing harmony between North and South be cemented into something like a common patriotism. The term *American* has still a strange ring about it, and is by no means yet in every day use over a considerable slice of the country. A few days before war was declared I found myself sitting next to a lady from Virginia, a thoroughly sensible and unaffected person, and a member of one of the old families of that famous State. I did not think it in the least strange when she confided to me that, till the last few days, she had never thought of herself as an American, but simply as a Virginian, and was then experiencing the first strange glow of national patriotism. This was considerably accelerated, I gathered, by the French Press and the ill-natured gibes of the French students among whom her lines were at that moment cast.

It is hardly worth perhaps reiterating what is a matter of such common knowledge, namely that the better class in America were almost unanimously opposed to the war. I have not personally come across a single American upon this side of the Atlantic who did not hold this view. This very fact makes the steady growth of opinion in favour of retaining the Philippines the more singular, and the more inexplicable from every point of view. There is no doubt that a very large body of sensible men in the States, who deplored the war, are converted to the idea of making the retention of the Philippines a leading result of it; while the freeholder on his lonely farm, to whom such a prospect can

mean nothing,—absolutely nothing but increased taxation—is entirely enamoured of this strange departure from every canon of American faith. Perhaps he has not yet put the enterprise into figures; but I will take the liberty presently of doing so in some sort of rough fashion. In the meantime how passing strange it is, how perplexing, how completely out of harmony with all her traditions, that the United States should seriously contemplate the despotic government of an alien, a remote, and a barbarous people. Mexico, or Cuba, would strike a sufficiently jarring chord upon her vitals if absorbed into her constitution; but they are at least within her geographical system, and might conceivably, if the need arose, be joined to the Republic. Whatever difficulties such a development might present it would not be wholly outside the lines of American tradition. There would be no departure, in intention at any rate, from the peculiar part that the country has hitherto played among the nations of the earth. Till now the United States has been in some, and indeed important, respects the envy of the world. No foreign complications have seemed possible, except those of her own making. She is not a country but a continent, producing almost everything known to civilisation, and so constituted, both in the matter of size and strength, that no European nation would dream of an attack upon her integrity. The vast sums that Europe is compelled to spend upon armaments she has hitherto been at liberty, if she so chose, to apply to the development of vast and thinly populated territories. It seems incredible that she should be willing to abandon a position that is the envy of all other nations for such a will-of-the-wisp as is now holding her fancy.

The area of the United States,

roughly speaking, is some twenty times as great as that of the United Kingdom, with less than double the population. Three-fourths of her States and territories are crying out for immigration to till and occupy their waste lands, and most of these partially occupied or waste lands are in every particular adapted to the settlement and prosperity of the most vigorous European stocks. To make these future millions happy and govern them wisely is surely work enough, one would have thought, for the most vigorous of nations. Is the political record of America at home so successful and satisfactory that she can apply herself with confidence to the novel task of governing some seven million savages in a remote sphere? But far above this, is it not likely that such an experiment, whether successful or the reverse, will at some time or another infinitely compromise the happiness and prosperity of the hundred odd millions that may be then working out a much more important problem upon American soil? To the plain man it seems surely something of a paradox that a nation which is not yet able to do justice to one-fourth of its territory, should change its skin and risk its happiness for a troublesome and remote property that may put money in the pockets of a few traders. For congested countries that have nothing left to live for but foreign trade and adventure, a distant acquisition of territory may mean much, or everything, more especially when such nations have the machinery ready for the enterprise. But to arrest improvement at home by just so much force and treasure as is required for distant adventure, even if no risk were involved in the undertaking, does not commend itself to the judgment of the ordinary man.

I should here like to quote from

the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY, one of the most sober and respected of American journals, a rough estimate of the financial probabilities involved by a retention of the Philippines. To complete the subjection of the islands and put them into thorough working order, it is calculated that a permanent force of from fifty to a hundred and fifty thousand men would for some years have to be maintained there. The smaller number might possibly suffice, provided that the islands of Manilla and Luzon only were retained; and the cost of this army of occupation is estimated as ranging from fifty to a hundred million dollars annually. When in the course of years such law and order as might be possible were achieved, the same authority considers that a permanent force of at least thirty thousand troops, costing, at a moderate estimate, some twenty million dollars annually, would have to be maintained. Now the revenues of the islands, allowing for a very great advance upon the present figures, would show over this estimate no margin worth mentioning, after deducting the annual expenses of government and police. Upon this poor result has to be piled the cost of a naval squadron, which is put down at some ten millions of dollars annually. We thus have the American tax-payer making himself responsible, for many years, for a sum varying from sixty to a hundred million dollars, with the moderate prospect of reducing this, at a no very near future, to a contribution never likely to be much less than half that amount. What shall we get, says the sceptical American, in return for this outlay, to say nothing of the infinitely greater responsibilities involved by becoming an Asiatic power? Apart from an increased sense of importance, and the frequent opportunities of indulging in a Euro-

pean war that may be expected to accrue, the results are not impossible to roughly estimate. The present American trade with the Philippines is about four millions of dollars, implying a possible profit of one million. British trade in the same region amounts to something like double these figures, and even if the Americans entirely oust Great Britain from her Philippine trade, and increase their own by ten millions, the profit upon the total, says the prudent American, scarcely makes any sensible impression upon their unavoidable expenditure.

As a financial speculation, then, the retention of the Philippines stands self-condemned; as a subject for profit-theorising it would baffle the ingenuity of the most skilful promoter of companies or compiler of prospectuses. "Our China trade will be improved by a foothold in the Philippines," says the advocate of annexation. "This can hardly be," retorts the other, "so long as our fiscal arrangements remain what they are; and after all our trade with China affects but a trifling fraction of the community, and in no sense justifies the laying of heavy burdens upon the nation and involving it in grave risks of war." But after all, in discussing this question upon common-sense and financial lines, we have most likely, whether as interested Americans or puzzled spectators, been merely wasting words. The Americans are both a sentimental and an impulsive people, and there can be little doubt that it is to these characteristics that the present departure, or proposed departure, is in the main due.

I have made no mention of the Philippine, nor for that matter of the Cuban, debt. It certainly seems prodigiously inequitable that Spain should be saddled with the liabilities of properties that have been wrested from her. The Americans reply that,

even without her colonies and with their debts, she will be better off than before, that the vast drain of men and money from her shores will be stopped, and that she will even now have a surplus to apply to the development of her latent wealth. This sounds somewhat cynical, even though it may be true; but at the same time it must not be forgotten that the Americans have never suggested the idea of a war-indemnity in cash, but, in the event of the Philippine arrangements being concluded, are on the other hand themselves prepared to pay a sum of money to Spain.

At any rate Great Britain has no cause to grumble. In the domain of politics, both foreign and domestic, we are much more practical than the Americans. In the latter department we should not tolerate for one moment the amazing corruption under which they still groan; in the former we have exchanged sentiment for practical calculations. And if the Americans have not yet achieved this condition, and are courting at the same time both unpopularity and loss, it is surely not for us, of all people, to complain.

From an academic point of view it will be interesting to see what sort of a job the Americans will make of the government of a distant dependency. Hitherto no opportunity has been permitted them to show their capacity as autocratic rulers of an inferior race. It is not very easy even to imagine an American civilian operating in a sphere where oratory, popularity, public opinion, and votes are unknown agents; and at the same time where personal responsibility, scrupulous honesty, quiet quick action, and strong *esprit de corps* are the factors of government.

Neither the social nor the political life of the United States has been

conducive to the production of what is generally understood by the term leaders of men. With rare exceptions the ostensible leaders of communities are their servants rather, and often the servants of the least reputable and educated portion, and are not often held even in esteem by the class which keeps aloof from government, but is better qualified for it in everything but training. It is on these latter that America will have to call, untrained as they are, if she seriously undertakes the ruling of alien races. Yet could she call on them? Would not that unspeakable individual, the Boss, be still too strong for her? Are not the trammels in which hungry shoals of politicians hold her still too binding? What a lamentable spectacle it would be if a horde of underbred, half educated and more than half corrupt office-seekers were turned loose upon the Philippines; such men, for instance, as have made the dealings of the United States with her Indians a reproach to civilisation and a cause of shame to every honest American. The class similar to that from which we draw the administrators of our subject races is in America a sufficiently large one; but with some notable exceptions it takes no part in public life.

There is the little army, to be sure, and its few hundred officers, a body of men who stand above reproach, of good social antecedents for the most part, with a first-rate education, and a very strong *esprit de corps* which a certain civic and plutocratic antagonism has intensified. Till recently the army-officer was not much thought of in the United States, in spite of his being in a social and educational way a somewhat carefully-selected person. So far as my observation goes the sentiment that threw a certain discredit upon the profession of arms

as such, was one that would be incredible to the people of another nation. The average American would tell you it marked a man who showed no ambition to "get on" in life, which, being freely translated, meant an indifference to prospective dollars. The compensations of an honourable profession do not in any way appeal to this point of view, which is not easy of explanation, and could not, I think, be grasped by any one who was not tolerably familiar with America. It is the same feeling that once made wholesome and manly sport despised, a worship of mere money-making that has enormously declined but is not yet dead. Indeed American soldiers and sailors may now be said to be having their day, and it seems likely that they have got their work cut out for them for some time to come. An increase and an elevation of this element, and a call upon the best class of the country to a new and wider field of enterprise, would be beyond all question a moral advantage to the United States, and one to be set against the enormous sacrifice of her material interests, involved in oriental enterprises. There are some Americans who are bold enough, and (shall I say?) high-minded enough to think it worth the sacrifice.

One of the minor effects of the war, though it is not without importance, is the collapse of the pestilent Irish influence in the States. I do not mean to say for a moment that municipal government has anything like shaken off the loathsome incubus, though the election of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, their most unflinching enemy, to the Mayoralty of New York is a marked step forward. But the good feeling at present existing between England and America, whatever people may think of it from other points of view, has thrown into outer darkness as an international factor

the Irish-American element, and the gnashings of their teeth may be heard loudly in the Bowery,—and indeed for that matter in England. There may yet be some foolish or uninformed persons in this country who fail to take the measure of the Irish nationalist who waves the stars and stripes above his meaningless philippics against the tyranny of this country. But it is significant that even Mr. Davitt has given up in despair the genuine American, the man whose ancestors made the country and practically constituted the country till the last half-century.

Among other results of the war, which showed itself long before any suggestion of territorial aggrandisement had been mooted, is the very marked feeling of irritation against the United States created among Continental nations generally.

It has not hitherto been easy to precisely estimate the position which Americans held in the esteem of, let us say, the French. Since these are their old allies, and as fellow-republicans their natural well-wishers, one would have counted upon, at the very least, a benevolent neutrality. A certain dislike of England, for not unnatural reasons, one has always regarded as a chronic condition across the Channel; but a queer superstition has always obtained among Americans, founded upon heaven knows what, that they are personally more acceptable to the French than we are. The political and historic sympathy is obvious; but where the foundation for any other feeling lies has always been to me a matter of wonderment. Indeed, with all our political animosity, the great English families had a relationship with the French nobility in former days that the Americans have never approached with any class of the French people.

However that may be, there was

a rude awakening from any such dreams last April. The "good American" it is true has long since ceased to wish that he may go to Paris when he dies; such a sentiment would now be a proof of social insignificance and backwardness, London having entirely ousted the French capital as a social paradise. Nevertheless there is even yet a very large American colony in Paris, though of no very particular social consequence, and its members were beyond all doubt shocked and startled, when war broke out, to find that the French Press, with one or two exceptions, covered their nation with abuse. Englishmen are, I think, as a rule, tolerably indifferent to what other countries think or say of them, and this meritorious self-complacency does not perhaps increase our popularity. But Americans are not yet thus case-hardened, and the Americans in France, as I had some opportunity of observing, were very angry indeed, as well as astonished, at the tone of the French Press. We know something in England of the prodigious ignorance of the average French journalist, and how peculiarly irritating his effusions, upon this account, would be to a sensitive people we can readily understand. Now the Americans are even yet a sensitive people, and they took the French Press very seriously. These admirable customers, old friends and allies of the Parisians, suddenly found themselves, upon the boulevards they had trodden for so many generations as seemingly welcome guests, held up to ridicule and execration. They were discovered to be sordid shopkeepers and nothing more, which was, to say the least of it, ungenerous in a city where they were somewhat distinguished as being the most generous patrons of the shops. Frenchmen, some journals were unkind enough

to declare, at least respected Englishmen, however much they might dislike them, but they despised Americans. The Civil War of 1861-65, when nearly a million of men, from battle and disease combined, laid down their lives, might, so far as many French editors were concerned, have never been fought, and the lesson it taught have been in vain. With a few notable exceptions the French newspapers refused to take either the American soldiers or sailors seriously, and professed to anticipate a terrible awakening when they came in contact with, what they were pleased to call, the disciplined and redoubtable forces of a martial race like Spain.

Englishmen would doubtless have smiled at all this nonsense; but the Americans in Europe did not like it at all. There was serious talk of *boycotting* French millinery, and indeed some of the Paris papers sounded a note of self-interested alarm, so bitter waxed the indignation. That the French people, like a considerable proportion of Englishmen, and indeed of Americans too for that matter, should have considered the American action towards Spain as overbearing and unjust was more than natural. It was the attitude towards Americans as individuals, the personal rudeness sometimes shown them, and the scorn with which they were spoken of as combatants that produced an effect which is not likely for a long time to be effaced.

As regards the part that the civil power was to play in war, the Continental depreciators of America have not been very wide of the mark. It is more than likely that few of them are aware how nearly justifiable some of their jeers have proved, though hardly in the sense intended, for the horrors of the sick-camps in the Southern States have, I think, not

been fully known even in England. Let me quote part of a letter received a few weeks ago from a well-informed American lady; it was written in September from a Western State.

The annexationists show a truly characteristic and American ignorance of conditions of which they have had no experience, and trouble is surely in store. All this disgrace and turmoil involved by the mismanagement of the Army Department I foretold at the beginning of the war, and indeed it required no acumen to foretell what would be the result of allowing corrupt politics to have a say in such matters. The soldiers are dying in the U.S. camps by hundreds, even this village loses its share, and all because men who had a "pull" were appointed to offices they knew not how to fill. The wrath and indignation of the country is at present tremendous, and if only it does not yield too soon to American optimism and good-humour some lasting good may result from this hideous evil.

The immediate increase of the regular army, from twenty-five thousand to one hundred thousand men, which we may regard as settled, bodes no good to the hitherto honour-

able record of the American officer; for whence will the new ones come at such short notice? There is the rub! The physical difficulties of such a sudden effort are obvious enough, while in regard to the cost it may incidentally be remarked that the present pay of a private soldier is about two shillings a day besides ample rations.

As to a Colonial Civil Service it may, with tolerable confidence, be predicted that the first levies will largely consist of the sons, nephews, and friends of Senators, Congressmen, and Bosses, and in consequence be the product of a breed less fitted to rule an uncivilised race than any other within the pale of the Anglo-Saxon fold. Dare we hope the people of the United States will resist so great an evil? An American correspondent of *THE SPECTATOR* (November 26th) declares the evil to be inevitable, and that the new venture will have to start at any rate with this incubus upon its back.

A. G. BRADLEY.

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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÎM.¹)

CHAPTER I.

MARGARET GREY had just come down from the flat roof of the palace, where she had been watching the flaming splendours of the November sunset over the Nile. She had been in Cairo for some days; but the rain-clouds, which, since the extension of irrigation-works and other improvements under the British occupation, have become a common phenomenon in the Nile valley, had, since her arrival, spread a canopy of gray sky over the shining city, and this was her first glimpse of the wonderful effects of colour in an Egyptian sunset.

It was dying out now, and Margaret had come indoors, because she had been warned how dangerous it was to expose herself to any risk of a chill at this hour; but in the West, behind the palm trees that fringed the further bank of the wide river, the sky was still glowing with bands of crimson and gold; and from a jutting window of delicate lattice-work on the western façade of the palace, there was a glimpse of the sunset over the river,

with a white-domed mosque and a sharply pointed minaret standing out against it, which made an exquisite picture.

Margaret pushed open the little square lattice which was on a level with her eyes, and when she saw the picture thus framed, she uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh Valda Hânem! How beautiful—how wonderful! Do look!" she exclaimed, turning round as she heard a rustle of silk in the recess behind her.

The Pâsha's beautiful young wife, who often found the society of her little boy's English governess a relief from the chatter and laughter of the other ladies of the *harîm*, had followed her to this quiet place, and she smiled gently at the foreigner's enthusiasm.

"I won't take your peep-hole," she said, speaking the French language in soft liquid tones that sounded musically strange. "See, I will open another, and then we can both look. It will pass away only too soon, like all beautiful things."

She unfastened another little square window in the lattice-work, and looked out to see what it was that made the English girl so eager, but the loveliness of the evening lights had a different effect upon her. She gazed at them long and steadfastly, until at last

¹ For convenience of pronunciation the Turkish names and words in the following pages have a circumflex accent placed over the syllable on which the accent should fall. Thus, *Hânem* (lady) rhymes, roughly speaking, with Barnum, *Pâsha* with lasher, *Hamîda* with Ouida, and *Harîm* with redeem.

Margaret was startled by the sound of a long-drawn sob, and turning quickly, she saw that her companion was gazing at the hills with her beautiful eyes full of tears.

"Dear Valda," she exclaimed in sudden distress, "what is the matter? Why do you cry?"

"I do not know," said the girl,—she was still quite a girl—trying to smile through her tears. "I am sure I do not know what it is that I want, but I feel that there is something."

"What can you want? Have you not got everything that you can possibly desire, a husband who is devoted to you, a beautiful little boy, and an affectionate mother from whom you are not parted, a splendid palace to live in, horses and carriages and slaves, magnificent dresses and diamonds, and many friends—dear Valda Hânem, what can you want more?"

The English girl was not much older than her companion; but her youth was passing with nothing to show for it, and the prospect that stretched before her was not a hopeful one. She had no claim upon anyone in the world, and everything that she possessed could have been bought for less than fifty pounds. The smile on her patient face as she spoke showed that she felt the contrast between them; but the greatest inequality of all was one that she did not mention. Margaret Grey had a sweet face, and she had still that bloom of youth which lends a charm to the plainest features; but only in the light of loving eyes could she ever have looked beautiful. Her gray eyes were as true as steel; she always looked as fresh and trim as if she had just come from her dressing-room; but her features were small, and her expression was intellectual rather than pretty; there was no symmetry of form or brilliancy of colour about her, and by the side of Valda's

glowing beauty she looked plain and insipid.

As the two girls stood together now, it was little wonder that Margaret should feel some sense of the contrast that they must present. Valda was going that evening to a Turkish wedding, and she had put on before dinner the gorgeous gown that the festivity demanded. Her dress was of deep rose-coloured velvet, simply made in European fashion with a plain skirt and a long, flowing train; but the closely fitting bodice was almost covered with diamonds, and it had a fairy-godmother effect which was not at all European. Such diamonds as these Margaret had never seen before. The single large stones that Valda wore as ear-rings were like great dewdrops flashing fires of prismatic colours; the splendid necklace round her white throat represented a whole year's income of one of the richest Pâshas in the Ottoman Empire; the aigrette that glittered in her hair was the memorial of a victory won by a soldier-ancestor in far off times; the massive clasp, in the design of the Turkish arms, which confined the lace at her bosom was another family heirloom, the gift of a grateful Sultan. Not a duchess, not an empress, in the whole of Europe could display more magnificent jewels than these; yet dazzling as they were, they were eclipsed by the beauty that they adorned.

As she looked at the slender girlish figure standing in her magnificent dress beside the open lattice-window that was filled with the rosy reflections of the sunset, Margaret was struck afresh with the marvellous beauty of the pale oval face with the great dark eyes and perfect features, and the golden hair which was such a veritable crown. Valda's waving hair was an inheritance from a Circassian great-grandmother, and its

soft and silky masses were of the wonderful deep golden tint that goes with the creamy complexion and dark brown eyes of a Circassian beauty. Hers was a loveliness of no ordinary type; yet she stood there in her velvet and her diamonds, as simple and unconscious as when she walked about the *harim* in her morning wrapper of blue cotton and yellow slippers; and the tears flowed down her cheeks.

Margaret had been sadly disillusioned by her experiences as a governess in England before she had found a refuge in the haven of a Turkish *harim*, and simplicity such as this was something new to her; she was strangely touched by it, and she felt for the beautiful weeping girl the sudden tenderness of a warm affection.

"God has given you many good gifts, Valda," she said gently, "and you ought to be happy. How many European ladies there are who would envy you!"

Valda had listened unmoved to the enumeration of her advantages; but the wistful smile which accompanied Margaret's last words went straight to her heart, and in the silence which followed, Margaret found her hand suddenly caught and imprisoned in a warm clasp of ardent sympathy.

"Ah Mademoiselle, dear, good, patient Mademoiselle!" she exclaimed remorsefully. "It is true, it is all quite true; and to you, you to whom the good God has not chosen to give any of these things, I must seem a wicked ungrateful creature. Perhaps I am, perhaps I am a monster, I feel it sometimes; and yet, yet there is something in me that longs, and sometimes I cannot keep it in. When I look at the moonlight or the sunset, or anything very beautiful, I feel it, that strange longing feeling. You remember at Constantinople, — you were with us there all the summer—

how I used to mount to the top of that high mound in the middle of our garden, and look at the sunset over the Bosphorus and the light in the sky behind the domes and minarets of the mosques? It always made me cry, and sometimes, when I am with you, I feel as if you could understand. Mademoiselle, you have told me of all these good things that I possess; but I would give them all, *all* in exchange for the free life that any common little shepherdess leads upon the hills. I declare to you, and I mean what I say, that I should be happier so. If I could, I would pass my life alone,—alone and free upon the hills, with no one, no one at all except my little Djemâl-ed-Din."

"And your husband?"

"Oh, my husband,—he might come if he liked,—I don't wish for any scandal. I should not mind him," said Valda indifferently.

"He is so devoted to you, he is so kind and good, such a gallant soldier and true gentleman! Surely you must appreciate him?"

"He is so short," said Valda with a sigh.

"Valda!"

"Don't be shocked at me, dear Mademoiselle," she said smiling, but looking a little ashamed of herself nevertheless, "but it was the first thing that struck me when I saw him. You know I had never seen him before we were married, nor he me, of course. I might have seen him; there was nothing to prevent me from looking through a window, or from a carriage when I was veiled, though he might not see me; but he was in Berlin when his mother proposed the match, and he only came home just in time for it. I had had no opportunity of seeing him; besides I knew that whatever he might be like, my opinion would make no difference. I was only fifteen, and I

had scarcely given up playing with my dolls. I had been told that he was handsome, and I was chiefly interested in my wedding-dress; that was beautiful,—ah yes, that was really beautiful!”

Valda paused, a smile of pensive pleasure lighting up her lovely face as she recalled a memory that was thoroughly satisfactory.

“What was it like?” enquired Margaret.

“It was a pale pink brocade of the very richest silk,” she answered, “and it was covered all over with pearls in front. I knew that I had pretty hair, though my mother told me I was ugly, to prevent me from being vain; but when I tried on the dress, and looked at myself in the glass the day before the wedding, I was astonished. You must not suppose that I am vain, dear Mademoiselle. I know very well that I am nothing to look at now; but that dress did really suit me most wonderfully, and I was quite pleased with myself. Then it occurred to me to think what the Bey (he was not a Pâsha then) would think of me, and from that moment my pleasure and satisfaction in the wedding was gone. My heart began to quail, and when the day came, it quailed more. It was a dreadful day,—oh dear, it was a dreadful day! The papers had all been signed and the house was full of guests; the marriage was really completed, and I had never seen him. Then the moment came. I sat trembling on the bridal-throne, with an empty chair placed ready by my side for him, and he came quickly up the room, led by my father between the lines of guests. He came up the steps of the throne, and clasped a diamond bracelet on my arm, then he lifted my veil and looked at me. I was nearly fainting, but I gave one look, and I remember that was what I thought,—ah, he is short!”

“It was a strange experience to have to go through,” said Margaret meditatively.

“It was miserable, miserable, my dear! And then afterwards, when the ceremonies were all over, when we had thrown our gold *piastres*, and they had all been picked up—when he gave me his arm to lead me through all the lines of guests, and took me to his own private suite of rooms, and closed the door, and I found myself alone with him, this dreadful, strange, short man whom I knew nothing at all about,—that was the most terrible moment of all!”

“What did you do?” asked Margaret.

“Do? I did nothing; there was nothing to be done. I just fainted quietly. I felt him catching me in his arms as I was falling, and then I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the divan, and saw him bending over me asking passionately if I disliked him. Why was I so much afraid of him? What had he done to frighten me? Then I fainted again, and in the end he had to call in my mother and old Anâna. They scolded me well; but he never did, though it must have been rather mortifying for him. He was not young like me, but he told me afterwards that he had never been in such a state of mind in all his life.”

“The poor Pâsha! And don’t you care for him?”

“Oh yes! Of course I do. He is my husband, you see, and he is the only man I know except my father and my brother. With us, you see, there is no choice, and no responsibility. One accepts one’s husband just as one does one’s father or grandfather, or any other relation.”

Margaret could not repress a smile. “It saves trouble in some ways, no doubt,” she said.

“It is the decree of destiny, and

there is an end," said Valda resignedly. "And if a husband and wife do not agree, they need not see much of each other. In any case there is not so much opportunity for clashing as with you. We never go out together, and we move in perfectly different circles, he among the men, and I among the women; it must be much easier for us. And then we marry so young; I was only fifteen when I was married. Now I am twenty, and I am as much accustomed to him as I am to my brother. I think I like him almost as much."

"He deserves more than that from you, Valda. He loves you with all the strength of his nature, and he would worship the very ground upon which you stand if you would let him. You ought to be very thankful to be able to feel as certain as you do that he will never bring home a second wife to disturb your peace."

"He had better not!" Valda exclaimed quickly; "that is, unless he wishes to part with me. I should demand my papers of divorce in a moment if I found that he was thinking of another woman, and he knows that quite well!"

Margaret was for a moment a little taken aback. She knew what the Turkish laws of divorce were, but it was always a shock to her to be reminded of them, and she preferred not to touch upon the subject. She went on discreetly with her praises of the Pâsha. "He does not dream of anything of the sort, of course; he does not think of any woman in the world but you. Consider how he gives up every engagement to be with you, how he comes home early from every ball, every dinner, so as not to lose the evening with you. And when you were ill, for three days (don't you remember?) he sat with you without ever undressing—without ever moving from your bedside

except to give you your medicine. He insisted on doing all the nursing himself."

"Well, why shouldn't he?" demanded Valda. "I should have done the same for him if he had been ill, you know I should."

"Ah yes,—but a man,—men are so different. And it wasn't only when he was so anxious about you. When you were getting well, don't you remember that he stayed with you still all day, reading the paper, writing letters for you, telling you stories, and doing everything that he could possibly think of to cheer you and amuse you? Ah, Valda, I can assure you there are not many English husbands who would show such devotion."

"Are there not?" said Valda in surprise. "Allah, Allah! I am sorry to hear that! They look so delightful. I like the English gentlemen best of all; there is something about them,—I don't know what it is—something so fascinating. They are so very polite, so full of deference. I have often observed them, sitting on the back seat of the carriage, bending to speak to the ladies in the place of honour. I never think that the English ladies are quite worthy of them, though I much prefer them to the French ladies. But the English gentlemen—ah *mon Dieu!* the tall fair ones with the little blonde moustaches so well trained, and brave blue eyes,—how handsome and gallant they are! Ah, if destiny had given me to an Englishman! One of the distinguished ones I mean, of course, not any of those wild fellows that come every year with Cook, with their hats on the backs of their heads, and their faces all hot and red, and the long white rags of muslin on their hats flapping in the wind as they gallop in the sun like madmen on their donkeys. I don't like *that sort!*"

Margaret began to laugh in spite of herself. "Dear Valda Hânem, you should not talk like this; it is most foolish and unprofitable. But tell me, where have you seen all these English people?"

"Oh, here at Cairo; there are crowds of them here, and I see them every day when I drive out to Ghiseh or Ghesireh. You will enjoy yourself now that you have come to Cairo, for there are so many of your compatriots here, and you will go out and make friends with them, of course."

"I don't know," said Margaret rather sadly. "There are kind people here, no doubt, and I have introductions to some of them, but I don't know that I shall care to go out much. The society here is very gay, and I can never have any part or lot in it. I think I should be happier dreaming my life quietly away here, and forgetting all about the turmoil that goes on in the great city outside."

The lonely English girl looked wistfully out into the stillness and silence of the palace gardens. The swiftly falling Southern twilight was deepening into dusk among the shrubs and flowers, the marble fountains and mosaic walks; but the evening air came up laden with the scent of roses and jessamine and frangipani; and looking down past a clump of huge-leaved india-rubber trees, whose long pink buds were unfolding as if in promise of monster flowers, Margaret could see great hedges of white jasmine, and crimson hybiscus, and splendid purple masses of bougainvillia shining out of the shadow. Two stately lions of solid stone stood, as if on guard, on either side of the Turkish insignia carved in marble which crowned the archway of the palace gates, and beyond was the lovely landscape, a silvery crescent moon beginning to shine out above the graceful fans of a single straight-

stemmed palm-tree in the middle distance.

"We are safe and contented and happy in this quiet palace and these peaceful gardens," said Margaret; "but the life outside,—who can tell what it might contain?"

"Oh, my dear, you do not know what it is yet; when you do, you will not talk like this. You will like Cairo, I know you will; everybody does, and you will not be an exception. Even I am pleased when we leave Constantinople to come here, though of course it does not make much difference to me,—nothing makes much difference in our lives!"

She ended with a little sigh, and closed the windows; and as she moved away, Margaret saw that her beautiful eyes were full of melancholy.

CHAPTER II.

MARGARET sat in the garden of the *harâm*, on a gay-coloured mattress in the shade of the mandalines, an unmistakably English figure in neat, navy-blue coat and skirt, and irreproachable collar and cuffs. It was close upon Christmas-time, and the orange and lemon and mandarine trees on every side of her had thousands of golden balls glistening among their dark green leaves. In and out of the closely packed shrubberies, a mosaic walk, set with white and blue and yellow pebbles, and bordered with a narrow ribbon of white marble, wound in a graceful floral pattern; and a few steps away, where a geometrical design like a rose-window formed the junction of several paths, a dark-eyed Circassian slave, in flowing white draperies that were loosely girded to her statuesque figure, was gathering the ripest of the fruit. Djemâl-ed-Din Bey, the little four-year-old son of the Pâsha, stood near the slave, a charming little

figure in a shabby brown frock, and he was superintending with imperious insatiability the work of selection.

"*Choc, choc* (many, many)," he said urgently; "I want many."

It was in order that this child might learn English that the Pâsha had engaged Margaret Grey; but the little fellow was still very young, and he depended so much upon his slave-nurse, that the duties of a governess were very much of a sinecure. All that Margaret could do was to tell him little stories in English, whenever she could get him to listen, and to sit by while he played in the garden, and do what she could to prevent the slaves from spoiling him. Ayôosha, his nurse, was a most affectionate and well-meaning creature, but her notion of managing the child was to indulge him until he became utterly intolerable, and then to turn upon him in angry irritation. It was not a satisfactory method. The little fellow had a violent, self-willed temper, and under this system he was getting so tyrannical that he was becoming a terror and a nuisance to the whole *harim*.

This morning the occupation of eating the first oranges of the season had kept Djemâl-ed-Din quiet, and he had been wonderfully good. Margaret sat on the cushions spread out in the shade, and idly studied the intricacies of the patterns on the path, while her thoughts were busy with the subject of her conversation with Valda the night before. What a strange girl she was, with her wonderful beauty of which she was so completely unconscious, and her quick receptive intelligence, her gentle manners, and her quiet melancholy. She knew nothing about Ibsen or the *Zeitgeist*, and for her the New Woman was not; yet from her tone and manner it almost seemed as if some subtle breath of the spirit of the age had

crept into the well-guarded *harim*, and infected her mind. How else did it come that she felt this vague misery of discontent, this strange yearning for some intangible good that she could not define?

"It is not knowledge that she pines for," Margaret reflected; "she knows a great deal more than I do about the main interests of life. She has been married for five years to the Pâsha, who is a clever and enlightened man, and he tells her the things that are in his mind as well as what is in his heart. It is clear that he considers her his equal, morally and intellectually, and he consults her, and is willing to be influenced by her counsels. She knows all that, and she is fond of him in her way; she knows no other man, and has no desire to do so. Why is it that she is not happy?"

Margaret was still pondering over this problem when she was startled by a sudden commotion which arose at the far end of the walk. Ayôosha, the Circassian nurse, was gesticulating and chattering like an angry monkey, and the little Bey was standing with his fat legs wide apart, and his brow puckered into a most unchildlike frown, repeating over and over again: "*Yûsuf Effendi! Bâna ver Yûsuf Effendi, ver bâna!* (My lord Joseph! Give me my lord Joseph, give me!)"

Margaret jumped up, and went hastily along the walk between the orange trees. "What is the matter?" she asked judicially. "Who is Yûsuf Effendi?"

Ayôosha burst into a flood of explanation in Turkish, and by the aid of a few tortured French words she at last made the governess understand that "my lord Joseph" had nothing to do with the matter, and that Yûsuf Effendi was only a name for mandarine oranges. It appeared that

Djemâl-ed-Din, having ascertained by personal experience that the oranges were no longer sour, as his nurse had assured him, had lost confidence in her judgment, and was not to be restrained from excess.

"How many has he already had?" enquired Margaret with some anxiety.

"*Dókus* (nine), Marmoselle," replied the nurse, holding up her slender hands with one thumb depressed to indicate the number nine. "*Éhvet éhvet!* (yes, yes)" nodding her head affirmatively, "*dókus!*"

"Nine oranges in one morning!" exclaimed Margaret in dismay. "Oh, Ayôosha, what were you thinking of? He will certainly be ill!"

The little Bey stood by, with his great brown eyes fixed under their frowning brows upon the arbitrator, and his golden curls shining in the sun. His first act when in a passion was always to tear off his cap and toss it into the dirtiest place he could see, and it lay now in a muddy pool under the orange-trees where the gardeners had been watering. Ayôosha perceived that he was making ready to roar, and knowing the consequences, she hastily slipped another orange out of its loose-fitting peel, and stuffed it into his hands.

"Take it, and don't cry, you naughty bad child!" she said with intense irritation; but it was too late. Already Djemâl-ed-Din had begun to yell, and the quiet place resounded with screams of "*káchuk Ana* (little mother)" until it might have been supposed that he was in mortal agony. In two minutes a slight figure in blue came out of the glass doors that led to the reception rooms of the *harim*, and, running down the flight of marble steps into the garden, Valda came hurrying to the rescue. This was always the end of every dispute with Djemâl-ed-Din, and as she invariably took his part and scolded the slaves,

he knew that he had only to yell in order to get his own way, and became every day more and more unmanageable. Margaret had found remonstrance and complaint alike useless, and she could only stand by, looking on with silent disapprobation, while Valda caught up the screaming child in her arms, and turned with flashing eyes upon the unfortunate Ayôosha.

"The child had already eaten more oranges than were good for him," Margaret said at last, feeling obliged to try to stem the torrent of reproach and blame. "Ayôosha was only trying to prevent him from making himself ill."

"But what folly to let him stay where the oranges are," said Valda indignantly. "I don't blame you, Mademoiselle. It is this foolish idiot of a woman who ought to have known that, when once he began to want the oranges, there was nothing to be done but to take him out of sight of them. He never cries like that with me, because he knows that if it is possible for him to have a thing, I shall never deny it to him. But these slaves have no tact, and no idea of managing him. No, Effèn', you cannot have any more oranges, but *káchuk Ana* will get you something nice to look at, something very nice indeed, Djemâl-ed-Din!"

The little boy had stopped crying, and now looked up at his beautiful mother with a smile of anticipation shining through his tears. He threw away the orange that he held in his hand, and Valda looked at Margaret in triumph. "You see how good he is with me," her glance seemed to say; "I have no difficulty in managing him."

Margaret kept silence, but it was the silence of disapproval, and the steady gaze of her clear grey eyes impressed Valda as it had done from the beginning. It would have been easy of course for her to have gained

favour by assenting and siding with the mistress against the slave, and any one of the ladies of the *harim* would have done it; but Margaret's ways were not like theirs, and in her heart Valda recognised and respected the difference.

"I have not shown you my diamonds yet," she said hastily. "You said you would like to look at those I had on last night, but those are not all. We have got all our things unpacked now, my mother and I, and it will amuse Djemâled-Din to see the jewels. I will bring them out here."

She went back to the house to fetch them, and presently returned, bearing in her hands a large rickety-looking box of white cardboard, with the cover gone and one side broken down.

"You haven't got your diamonds in *there*, Hânem!" Margaret exclaimed with a smile of irrepressible amusement.

"Yes, my dear; I have them here for the present, until I have time to arrange them in my cabinet. But you know I never have time; I hadn't all the weeks that we stayed in Scanderia."

"But at least you keep them under lock and key?"

"Well, no; I am afraid that I am rather careless. My mother sometimes scolds me. These have been on the divan in her room for the last two days, just like this."

Valda smiled as she sank into a cross-legged position on the cushions, and pointed to the treasures that she had in her lap in their mean case. The jewels were wrapped up, each in its separate little bit of ragged muslin or crumpled tissue-paper, and little Djemâled-Din came up to stand at his mother's knee, and fixed a charmed gaze upon them as they were unwound.

"Surely it is rather rash with all these slaves about?" said Margaret.

"Do you think it is quite right to put such temptation in their way? Your jewels are enough to corrupt the morals of an archbishop——"

"An archbishop? I don't know about an archbishop, but the *kalfa* (slaves) one may trust. You see, they are in the family; they are not like servants. They remain with us; their wants are all amply supplied; they have no life outside the palace, and even if they could get out to dispose of anything that they stole, which would be difficult, what would be the good of the money to them? They want for nothing." It was true, and Margaret assented. The position of the slaves was so different from what her imagination had led her to expect, that she had suffered a complete reaction of ideas about them. "They have each of them a new dress every month, and as much underclothing as they care to make up. All their clothes are provided in abundance, and they have a liberal allowance of pocket-money; fifty *piastres* a month some of them get, and they cannot spend it. Why should they want to steal?"

"It would be very ungrateful certainly," said Margaret; "and I admit that there ought to be no temptation. Still human nature is weak, and these jewels are so splendid,—oh, they *are* beautiful!"

They were all out of their wrappings by this time, and they lay spread about in the sunshine,—tiaras, necklaces, aigrettes, and brooches in strange barbaric devices, all set with the glittering stones which flashed like coloured flames. They were all diamonds, and about their value there was no room for doubt. It was a princely fortune that was represented there, and Margaret marvelled as she looked; but she knew that in a dominion like that of the Ottoman Empire, where a man's fortune might

at any moment be seized upon and confiscated at the mere whim or caprice of a tyrant greedy of gain, jewels were a very natural and not unwise form of investment. The Turks buy up the finest diamonds in the European market; and a rich Pâsha will very often have the greater part of his savings stored up in the ornaments with which he loads his wife. If he should wish to realise, a little outlay in Palais Royal rubbish would speedily console her and deceive the outside world, and indeed the mixture of false with true is often so cleverly contrived that it is not easy even for intimates to determine the state of their friends' finances.

There was no Palais Royal trash in this glittering collection, however. Margaret, inexperienced as she was, could see that at a glance, and for the moment she was fairly dazzled by the show.

The blue Egyptian sky overhead, the brilliant green of the garden, and the palace walls of dazzling white which enclosed it, made up a scene not soon to be forgotten. The gardeners had been at their work of flooding with hose and syringe all the beds, and every leaf and flower was still glistening with shining drops of water. This central court of the palace was sacred to the inmates of the *harim*, and out of the rows of square windows which looked into it were to be seen the little bits of lace and muslin which the ladies washed for themselves and hung out to dry. The sunny air was perfectly still; but outside the high barrier of the walls, the picturesque tide of Egyptian life, quickened into intenser activity by the influx of English energy, rolled on unceasingly, and the busy hum and stir of it sounded in the distance like the murmur of the wind in the trees or the wash of the waves on a distant beach. Margaret thought of

the crowds hurrying along those busy streets, — pleasure-seekers, money-makers, and beggars of every nation and every clime — how little they guessed what was the scene shut in by the palace walls. Valda, sitting with her lap heaped up with diamonds, and the sunshine flickering through the leaves on to the wealth of her golden hair, was the centre of it, and it occurred to Margaret that the Pâsha did well to guard his treasures so jealously. He trusted her unreservedly, but she was very young to have the entire charge of jewels that were of so much value, and she was evidently inclined to be careless about them.

The little Djemâl-ed-Din, who was recovering from the satisfaction which the mere sight of so many pretty things had at first afforded him, was now beginning to clamour for some to wear, and his mother was ready to humour him in this as in all other things. With a soothing "*Pékeh, Effên'* (very well, my lord)," she fastened a splendid star, which was one of the most beautiful of them all, upon the breast of his shabby little brown pelisse.

"*Káchuk Ana*, I want much, *choc, choc!*" said the little spoiled rogue.

"*Pékeh Effên', pékeh Effên'!*" replied Valda, and, with pins that she borrowed from the slave, she dressed him up with clasps and stars, until the adornments of a Prussian cavalry-officer would have sunk into insignificance by the side of him. Then Djemâl-ed-Din, delighted with himself, called for his military cap and his sword, and strutted in slow and solemn state round the fountain, announcing that he was now a "*biâgue Pâsha*, (great Pâsha)" and that he was going to conquer everybody.

Ayôosha followed him as in duty bound; but on her handsome face

there was a look of deep displeasure, and her black eyebrows were drawn together until they almost met. The interest which she had taken in the exhibition of the diamonds had for a moment dissipated the anger burning in her dark eyes; she had hung over them absorbed, but when they were given to Djemâl-ed-Din to wear, she had vehemently objected, and the cloud which returned to her face as her remonstrances were disregarded, hung heavier than ever upon her brow.

Valda Hânem looked after her as she marched sullenly after the exulting child, and an expression of vexation and resentment crossed her face. "Do you see how tiresome she is? She crosses the Bey in every particular, and she is annoyed if everyone else does not do the same. Really it is too much; I cannot stand it any longer. I will have her married to one of my husband's bailiffs in Armenia, and then I shall be rid of her."

"Oh Hânem, we should miss her very much," said Margaret in dismay. "She is very faithful and devoted, and she does everything for the child; you do not really mean it?"

"Yes, I do. I have been thinking of it for a long time, and Sacêda is now old enough to take her place. I know that there is a man whom my husband wishes to attach to himself, and I shall tell him that he may give him this girl as soon as he likes. We shall certainly not have had out of her the worth of the money that the Pâsha my father paid for her: it was seventy pounds in English sovereigns; but she has been with us for ten years of service now, and that is as long as one expects to keep a slave before marrying her off."

"Poor Ayôosha!" said Margaret regretfully. "She is so devoted to

the little Bey that I am afraid it will almost break her heart to part with him."

"A husband will console her," said Valda. "She will be glad enough to get married and to have a home of her own; and the Pâsha will provide her well with clothes and furniture. She deserves that, for I do believe she is really fond of the Bey. It is her one good point, but her temper is really too tiresome. Why should she be so sulky and disagreeable?"

"She is vexed that Djemâl-ed-Din should wear the diamonds, because she feels it such a responsibility to have to look after them," said Margaret. "When he gets hold of anything that he likes, he will sometimes stick to it for days, and insist upon having it under his pillow at night, so that there is no chance of getting it from him; and with objects of so much value as these, you know, Hânem, I think it is a risk. I do not think it is wise not to keep them under lock and key."

"Oh, everybody in the *harim* is quite honest," said Valda carelessly. "Besides Allah is great, and what Allah pleases will happen. Allah gave me my diamonds, and without his will they cannot be taken away from me."

Fatalism carried to such a point as this rather took away Margaret's breath, and before she could say anything, Valda had gathered up her diamonds, upon which Djemâl-ed-Din's raid seemed to have made little impression, and swept them back into the cardboard box. Then she gave a hasty exclamation, and snatching up a long strip of clear muslin that lay near her she covered her head and turned her face away.

"Here is Ivâss with Djemâl-ed-Din's dinner," she said, as a stout, swarthy Turk in full petticoat-breeches of dark blue cotton came

into sight, bearing a tray on his head. "Ours is ready too no doubt, and I had better make my escape to the other side before Djemâl sees me. Will you take him in with Ayôsha, Mademoiselle, and follow me as soon as you can?"

CHAPTER III.

It was a little late when Margaret came in for the mid-day meal, and the ladies, having already performed their customary ablutions, were seated at table devoting themselves to their soup in very business-like fashion. Two smiling dark-eyed Circassian girls were still in attendance, however, with a basin and ewer of massive silver, and Margaret, who had won golden opinions by the respect which she paid to national prejudices in small matters, held out her hands for water to be poured over them, and wiped them on a gold-embroidered, scented towel that was handed to her before she slipped into her place at the end of the long table.

A large party of ladies had come together for luncheon; but some were morning callers, and some were friends on a visit, and among them all there were only three whom the master of the house could ever see unveiled,—his beautiful young wife, her mother (a portly, and still handsome woman of fifty) and a very old woman (the mother's mother) who sat at the head of the table. The rest were all friends or relations of the family, who out of necessity or convenience availed themselves of the liberality of Turkish ideas of hospitality to make the house their home, but who would fly, screaming and hiding their faces in their veils, if the master of it chanced to come across them on his way through the *harîm* to his wife's rooms. He was therefore excluded from the luncheon and dinner which were the only regular

meals of the day, and he dined with the other gentlemen in the *selâmlek*.

The *selâmlek* was the part of the palace which was appropriated by the men, and the doors which led out of it into the *harîm* were always kept locked. The Pâsha had the keys, and the chief eunuch had one duplicate which would admit him into the living-rooms of the *selâmlek*; but no one else ever passed that way. His Excellency the Pâsha had to go through every day for his meals, and sometimes, as he went past the dining-room which opened out of the great central hall, he would look in to speak to his wife. Margaret heard his step approaching as she took her place, and there was a sudden commotion among the ladies, as there came a tap at the door, and his voice was heard outside, uttering the magic word *dêstur*. The literal meaning of the word is "custom," but it is used in the precincts of the *harîm* as a warning cry to give notice of the approach of a masculine presence, and when strange ladies were near, even the Pâsha was obliged to announce himself in this way. With little shrieks and cries of pleasurable alarm and excitement, the ladies hastened to wrap up their heads in the first rag that they could lay their hands upon,—antimacassars, napkins, anything that came handy—and one very particular old dame of seventy, not finding anything that she deemed a sufficient shield, jumped up and made a rush to hide herself behind the window-curtain.

Then His Excellency opened the door, and holding it slightly ajar, so that he could just see his wife, he addressed a few rapid words in Turkish to her. He spoke too quickly for Margaret to be able to understand, but Valda's replies were simple, and she used the stereotyped forms that are for ever upon Turkish lips. "*Pêkeh Effên', Êhvet Effên', Pêkeh Effên'.*"

Pékeh means very well, and *éhvet* means yes; and with these two words in combination with *Effên'*, which is an abbreviation both for *Effëndi* (my lord) and *Effenden* (my lady) Margaret had found it possible to go a long way in Turkish conversation.

The Pâsha, like most Turks of his class, was punctiliously polite and well-bred in his manner towards the ladies of his household, and Margaret noticed that his glance was steadfastly fixed upon his wife, and that he never permitted it to wander towards any of the ladies who were unknown to him. Hamîda Hânem, the wife of a rich Pâsha in Cairo, who sat in the place of honour next to Valda, was a frequent visitor at the *harâm*, and it seemed to Margaret that she rather enjoyed the opportunity of coquetting with her veil before the strange Pâsha. The law only requires that the Turkish women should have their hair covered up from the sight of men, and the delicacy of feeling that has impelled them to make a custom of hiding their faces as well did not seem to be strongly developed in Hamîda Hânem. She evinced great interest in the conversation, and, turning her head to listen, allowed her muslin scarf to fall away from her face as if unconsciously, then suddenly remembering, she dragged it hastily forward so as to shield her profile from view. She repeated this manœuvre several times, and it was an amusing little comedy to watch; but it was lost upon the Pâsha, and his blue eyes only melted into a smile of amusement as he permitted himself to glance for an instant at Margaret, and saw in her face some reflection of the humour of the situation. He had come to tell Valda of an engagement he had just remembered that would take him out for the whole afternoon, and he wanted to know if she would be driving out, and which carriage she would like him

to leave for her. When this was settled, he withdrew, closing the door carefully after him, and the slaves continued their interrupted occupation of handing round the dishes.

It was a sumptuous meal that was served, and on grand occasions the table would be covered with the heads of flowers packed together in tasteful geometrical designs, and there would be as many as fifteen courses. To-day there were only ten; but they were very good ones, and Hamîda Hânem congratulated herself upon having prolonged her call so opportunely. Lentil-soup, mutton-cutlets with green peas, broiled mutton in dice-like pieces on iron skewers, roast turkey with chestnuts, puffs of rich pastry with sweetened vegetable-marrow inside, a mutton stew with aubergines, stuffed tomatoes and asparagus, balls of puff-pastry floating in a clear white syrup of boiled sugar, and a semi-opaque jelly made of mandarine oranges,—this was the bill-of-fare, and last of all came *pilau*, the dish of rice which is the never-failing finish of a Turkish feast. The rice is boiled first, then mixed with oil, coloured pink, and baked in a large bowl of common brown earthenware, in which it is brought, smoking hot, to table; and a most appetising and satisfying dish it is,—the most effectual of all for inducing that plumpness of countenance and rotundity of figure which is considered so beautiful and desirable by Turkish ladies.

Unfortunately for Margaret her powers of appreciation were almost always exhausted long before the rice arrived upon the scene, and she found herself regarded with compassion as a poor little shrimp of a woman who could not eat, and who could therefore never hope to get fat. Valda tried in vain to persuade her to share with her some porter that an English lady had recommended.

"It is villanous stuff, certainly," Valda said. "It is black and hideous, and has a worse taste than any medicine; but that is no doubt why it is so efficacious. Madame Neville told me that there is nothing like it for giving one a fine figure, and I am resolved to give it a fair trial."

Valda therefore drank porter, and most of the other ladies had a little bottle of some special beverage recommended for their health placed beside them; but when they drank it they never forgot to screw up their faces and say "ugh!" so as to vindicate themselves as good Moslems, and to remind themselves and everybody else that it was only as medicine that they were taking it, and that they found the taste exceedingly nasty. Margaret was often the only person at table who abstained from doing violence to her feelings, and drank plain water.

On the present occasion she refused, as usual, about half the dishes that were brought to her, and she had leisure to observe Hamîda Hânem, who was a subject truly worth studying. This lady, who seemed to be a more intimate friend than any other visitor at the *harâm*, was in no danger of suffering from the wasting which was regarded as such a misfortune. She was an exceedingly stout woman of thirty with a face which might ten years ago have had the attractiveness of a certain *beauté de diable*. She had big eyes of a blue-gray steely tint under straight dark eyebrows, and her small, turned-up nose was not without a certain provocative charm of its own; but her face had grown puffy, her complexion had coarsened, and her hair, which looked as if it had not been combed for a week, was dyed yellow,—a terrible, dull tow-colour that did not suit her skin, and gave to her whole appearance an artificial effect that could

not fail to strike an unaccustomed beholder with something of a shock. She was dressed in a gorgeous Parisian tea-gown, carefully arranged so as to accentuate the exuberant proportions of her figure; and like so many owners of fine eyes, she was plainly quite convinced of her pretensions to rank as a beauty. Her manners at table were peculiar. She shovelled the food greedily into her mouth, pinching the meat off the bones with her fingers, and talking and laughing loudly with her mouth full, while her eyes travelled restlessly and observantly round the table. Several of the other ladies liked to disregard the knives and forks laid for them, and use their fingers instead; but they did it very delicately and deftly, wiping the rosy tips of their fingers continually on snow-white bits of wet muslin, and the action was not without a certain dainty grace. Valda, whose ambitions were all European, had taken careful observations of Margaret's manner of manipulating her knife and fork, and imitating that, and all the other little points of her behaviour at table, she had learned how to do everything with perfect refinement and propriety. The contrast between her and her guest was striking, and glancing from one to the other, Margaret could not help wondering what could possibly have been the attraction that had induced the friendship between them.

"What do you think of Hamîda Hânem, Mademoiselle?" asked Valda, detaining Margaret as she followed her out into the hall when luncheon was over.

Hamida had gone out first. She had got through the courses before anyone else, and the moment she had done, she called to a slave to pour water over her hands into the silver basin, and waddled out of the room.

She was now reposing on a divân in the boudoir of the Hânem Effendi; but Valda seemed in no hurry to join her. She was more inclined for a little conversation with Margaret, and she lingered with her in the hall until the Circassians appeared with the coffee.

"Stay and drink your coffee with me, Mademoiselle," she said, taking a tiny cup of the thick brown mixture from a round tray with gorgeously embroidered hangings, that a slave was handing round. The cups were of the most delicate eggshell china, without handles, and they were poised like eggs in wineglass-shaped holders of jewelled filagree-work. Margaret made a remark about their beauty and quaintness as she took hers.

"Ah, never mind the cups," said Valda laughing; "it is not of them that you are thinking, I know, and I shall not allow you to make them an excuse for not answering my question. I saw your face when you were watching Hamida Hânem at luncheon, and I had great difficulty in keeping my countenance. It is true that her manners are terrible."

Margaret said nothing, but she made a slight grimace that was expressive enough, and Valda burst into a little ripple of gentle laughter.

"She shocked you, I saw; but you know she is considered a fine woman, and she has kept her figure wonderfully. It is a pity she is so self-indulgent that she will not wear stays. She gets the best sort from Paris, but she won't keep them on for more than half an hour at a time, so what is the good of them?"

"She comes here very often," remarked Margaret, "and you visit her a good deal, don't you? Do you find pleasure in her society?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Valda wearily; "one must fill up the time somehow, you see, and she is not

worse than the others. She is more amusing than most of them, for she knows a great deal; she knows good and evil."

"It is better not to know evil," said Margaret with the quietness born of entire conviction; "it is happier not to know it."

"Is it? Well, perhaps, but undiluted good is not amusing, and we lead such shut-up lives. When one's life is dull, one needs some occupation for one's fancy, and forbidden fruit is sweet. I don't want to taste it, of course, but it is amusing to know and hear about things. And Hamida Hânem is a clever woman in her way. She understands how to manage her husband, and she has more freedom than most of the Egyptian ladies even, who are far less strict than we are at Constantinople. Her husband, Mûrad Âli Pâsha, is a fool, and she profits by it. She is very emancipated indeed."

"But you would not wish to enjoy that sort of freedom?"

"Ah, no; at the price of having such a fool as Mûrad Âli for a husband, certainly not! And I do not approve of Hamida's ways,—don't imagine that I should ever wish to imitate her. Her stories amuse me for a time, but they only make me feel more miserable and discontented afterwards, and I don't really care for her society. I much prefer to be with you, dear Mademoiselle." Margaret set down her empty coffee-cup with an incredulous smile, but Valda went on eagerly: "I do indeed! It delights me to hear your interesting stories about happy English girls who may choose their own husbands, and enjoy all sorts of exciting experiences before they are obliged to marry and settle down. I only wish I could spend more time with you; but I have so little time for myself. The *hammâm* (bath) takes up a great deal

of the morning, and I have to cut out the dresses and look after the sewing of nearly the whole household, and in the afternoon my mother likes me to be with her, to go out driving, or to receive visitors. You know they often stay on until quite late in the evening, and then I am tired out and I have to sit with the Pâsha. You know how somebody is always wanting me?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "I have noticed that your time is fully filled up. You have not much leisure."

"If I could have you to go out driving with me sometimes instead of Nâzia Hânem," Valda said upon a sudden impulse; "she has not a word to say for herself the whole time, and I am so tired of her. But I couldn't ask you,—you would not like to wear the *yâshmâk*, would you?"

She looked at Margaret with an expression of shy appeal in her beautiful eyes. She was always very much afraid of exceeding her prerogatives, and she was careful not to make any demands that could possibly be objectionable to the English lady, but her eagerness about this was evident, and Margaret could not help responding to it with a smile.

"I should not mind in the least," she said; "why should I? The *yâshmâk* is not a bit thicker than many English veils, and it is most becoming and picturesque. I should

like to go out with you, and I think it would be an amusing experience to dress up as a Turkish lady."

Valda clapped her hands with joy. "Delightful!" she exclaimed. "We will go out this very afternoon! I wish I had known that you would not object, I would have asked you before. The Pâsha doesn't like me to drive out with anyone in European costume, —it makes one so much more recognisable—but now he will be pleased. What a good thing that he has left me the *coupé*. Hamîda Hânem is not going to stay long this afternoon, and I will make my escape before any more visitors arrive. I will order one of the eunuchs to send word to the coachman, and you will tell Ayôosha to get Djemâl-ed-Din ready, won't you? It would be nice to take him with us."

"But the Pâsha," objected Margaret; "I haven't given him any English lesson this morning, and supposing he wants it this afternoon——?"

"He has gone out driving with some English officers to the Ghiseh Gardens, and he won't be back till late,—that was what he came to tell me at luncheon—so that is all right, my dear. And now I will go to Hamida Hânem; and will you see that Djemâl gets his sleep? Then as soon as he wakes, we will start."

(To be continued.)

THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE MUSKETEERS."

IN the now distant days when the First Republic was about to pass into the First Empire, in the small provincial town of Villers Cotterets, on the high road from Paris to the Belgian frontier, there lived a retired General and his wife. The soldier (son of a French Marquis who had settled in St. Domingo and married a native woman) was one of those fine fighting men the Republic had produced so freely,—men like Hoche, Marceau, Pichegru, and Kléber, whose bravery and patriotism deserved better than to be overshadowed and crushed by the rise of Buonaparte. His wife was a pious orderly soul devoted to her husband and the care of the house. To this couple was born on July 24th, 1802, a boy whose vigour and vitality as an infant aptly preluded the strenuous fulness of his manhood. From his father (who died three years later) the child inherited a sanguine temperament, the instinct of great deeds, and a name which, originally assumed from a family quarrel, is now illustrious in three generations. From his mother he derived an element of religious feeling and reverence for holy things, together with a capacity for continuous work not always found in impetuous natures.

In the grand forest of Villers Cotterets covering fifty thousand acres, where the trees were still uncut and the wild boar was still hunted, the boy flourished like a young plant and ran about the impartial friend of game-keepers and poachers. Buffon's *NATURAL HISTORY* with coloured plates in one

friend's house, in another's a fine illustrated Bible, a Mythology, *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*, and a *ROBINSON CRUSOE*,—these, together with solitary rambles in the great forest and constant visits to the cemetery where his father lay, combined to form the first impressions. They tried to teach him music but he was hopeless; arithmetic, but he could not master the multiplication-table. They tried to educate him for the priesthood, but rather than enter the Seminary at Soissons he ran away and hid in his beloved forest. He learnt a little Latin from one abbé, more shooting from another, and did a good deal of bird-catching on his own account.

Then came the crash of arms. It was 1814. The enemy entered France and swept through Villers Cotterets near which there was some fighting, and the boy had his first vision of battle, blood-shed, and fine uniforms. A year later the old Guard marched through and with them, a never-forgotten glimpse, Napoleon hastening to his last venture; a few weeks and then the same Napoleon again, the same sickly impassive face, hurrying back from the rout of Waterloo and the loss of his last stake. Thus childhood passed; the first act was over.

But the cupboard at home was bare, and the tobacco-shop, which since the General's death his widow had kept, yielded no great income. A stool in a notary's office offered something to do for a lad who showed no disposition to do anything in particular. Just then a chance visit to the theatre at Soissons, where the play happened to be Ducis's version

of HAMLET, revealed to the notary's clerk a world very different from that of the law. Friends from Paris brought glowing pictures of literary and dramatic life, and the fascination was completed by a brief stolen visit to the capital, an evening at the Théâtre Français to see Talma playing SYLLA, and an interview with the great man in his dressing-room surrounded by celebrities. Imagination, fed by desultory reading and an untrammelled life, now became purpose; ideas, formless and void, now shaped themselves into an ambition not (as might have been expected) of acting but of authorship. The youth was persuaded he had found his vocation; it was more difficult to impart this persuasion to his friends, but the mother yielded (as mothers do), the notary was rather relieved to be rid of his good-for-nothing pupil, the townsfolk smiled and shrugged their shoulders, and Alexander, at the age of twenty, set out to conquer the world. Thanks to General Foy, an old friend of his father, and to the possession of a fair clerical hand the youth obtained a small post in the household of the Duc d'Orléans. Forty-eight pounds a year, if not affluence, at least represented duties which left many spare moments. The time was utilised in self-education. Italian and German were resumed; Scott, Byron, and Fenimore Cooper were perused. Attendance at the theatres was a necessary instruction in dramatic rudiments, while visits to La Charité and the friendship of students supplied a foundation in anatomy and medicine. A beginning of business was made with two slight vaudevilles written in partnership with friends and ultimately accepted at the Ambigu Comique and the Porte St. Martin. Four years thus profitably employed closed with the greatest illumination of all, the

presentation of Shakespeare's chief plays by a company of English actors who visited Paris in 1827.

The epoch of production now began. Here it should be carefully noted that this young man, uneducated in the ordinary sense, had discovered a wonderful, in its degree a unique, gift of nature, the gift of assimilation. He listened, he observed, he read, and nothing was lost; he absorbed quickly and permanently. But he did more; memory was only one factor in the process of assimilation. The thoughts and words of others passing into his brain transformed themselves as in a crucible and came out again, in substance compound, in language indifferently his own or other people's, but distinguished always by a kind of dramatic moulding, the special contribution of himself. And as the most perfect digestion is the most unconscious, the subject of this mental process, though he knew it to exist, rendered no strict account of it to himself and recognised only its most general manifestations. Of these the first and most imperious was the necessity of self-expression. The moment could not have been more opportune. The air was charged with many contagious ideas; in many minds were the same thoughts, the same words on many lips. It must have been difficult for the most original spirit to preserve its originality, and what was to happen to the spirit of assimilation? Was it not bound to catch these ideas as readily and as plentifully as young blood takes and develops all floating germs? Scott had revealed the charm of history disguised in fiction, Shakespeare had shown the power of drama freed from rule and tradition. It needed only a casual visit to the Salon, an aroused curiosity, and a short reference to the articles on Christine and Monaldeschi in the Dictionary of Biography, to fashion

a tragedy in passable verse good enough to be accepted by the Théâtre Français. But accidents and disputes among actors intervening, the production of CHRISTINE was deferred, so that its author withdrew the manuscript and re-wrote the play for later representation in its present form.

Meanwhile he was not idle. A stray volume of Anquetil (the dullest of eighteenth century chroniclers) and a page or two from some ancient Memoirs provided the raw material, passages of Schiller and Scott suggested effective scenes, and the result was HENRI III. ET SA COUR, a drama which not only made the author's name, but served (with all due deference to Victor Hugo, be it said,) as the first tangible embodiment of Romantic principles. These early plays are examples of present ability as well as signs of the future. To be acquainted with them, especially with HENRI III., is to see in advance how the assimilative faculty and the theatric touch could deal with and transform matters of history or fact. Dictionaries and chronicles were always at hand, but the man who so dexterously manipulated them may be said without much exaggeration to have appeared at the outset as fully equipped for his peculiar task as Pallas Athene when she sprang from the head of Zeus. Other instances soon followed of the same process applied to drama in CHARLES VII. and NAPOLEON, to history in GAULE ET FRANCE and the CHRONIQUES DE FRANCE, to travel in the IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE. Besides the historical, there were two other tendencies of the Romantic spirit ready to be absorbed. One, coming from German influence, was the wild and fanciful, of which the chief exponent was Charles Nodier, and among the younger men Prosper Mérimée. To be fascinated by this vein is more

easy than to work it successfully, as DON JUAN DE MARANA bears witness. The other tendency, derived from Byron, was the glorification of passion. To this we attribute ANTONY and LA TOUR DE NESLE. Such, in brief, was the work which, in the first decade of his literary career, brought celebrity to the name of Alexandre Dumas. To no part of it, strange to say, did he owe his reputation so much as to the IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE, the first book (he has told us) which led the Parisian public to discover that he possessed the all-important quality of *esprit*.

Popularity was not slow to provoke hostility, in two ways. The old school naturally detested the upstart ring-leader of a reckless revolt. No true Classicist could ever forgive HENRI III. or the devils' dance round the bust of Racine. Then there were other enemies, less conscientious but not less bitter, who begrudged a renown lightly won and ostentatiously enjoyed. Hence arose an organised league for the demolition of Dumas. The attack was opened in 1833 by M. Granier de Cassagnac in the columns of the JOURNAL DES DÉBATS. It was partly a display of the patent obligations of Dumas to past authors, partly a depreciation of his talents. Dumas replied briskly enough in the pamphlet HOW I BECAME A DRAMATIST. He acknowledged his debts frankly, and so he did well: had he stopped there his position would have been impregnable; but provoked by the personal animus of his assailants he went further than was necessary or judicious. His references to the borrowing propensities of Shakespeare and Molière, however pertinent logically, were a mistake of tactics since they enabled his adversaries to infer a general comparison which he had never meant to invite, though with later audacity he braved it in his

collocation of Shakespeare and Dumas. Equally rash, as addressed to opponents without an adequate sense of humour, was his famous dictum, "The man of genius does not steal, he conquers," a phrase which supplied scoffers with a weapon destined to become blunt by excessive use. But such inflation of language must be discounted by the gratuitous nature of the attack upon a man who had never claimed to be an original genius. One extreme provokes another, and, of the two, that into which Dumas fell was certainly nearer the mean and the truth. He might have contented himself by replying that the point of originality on which, apart from verbal adaptations, Messieurs de Cassagnac, Loménie and the rest laboured so much, was mainly an affair of definition, since there is obviously one originality of the man who propounds ideas and another of the man who compounds them, just as the essence of each single idea differs from the essence of these ideas in composition. How far it is a reproach to be called a skilful adapter of other people's ideas depends on the nature of the skilfulness; but it was somewhat absurd to vilify Dumas for his skill in arranging other men's thoughts, and in the same breath to abuse him for his clumsiness in putting them together. The controversy, though as a matter of literary history it can hardly be ignored, has of course little present interest. In a general way we are less vehement or more liberal on questions of genius and talent; and in particular we cherish a conviction that, though now, as fifty years ago, there are plenty of people seeking the effective "arrangement of ideas," whether their own or others', yet the particular person who could do this as Dumas did has neither yet appeared nor seems likely to appear.

From this futile struggle, which dragged on for nearly two years, the curtain rises on the prosperous and prolific epoch which succeeded. Dumas did not exactly desert the field of strong emotions in which his early successes had been won, for he never deserted any good idea, cherishing it and returning to it and developing it again in the same or some other form, this terrible plagiarist who borrowed not only from others but from himself; just as, not to mention the Musketeer cycle, he returned to HENRI III. in *LA DAME DE MONSOREAU*, to ISABEL DE BAVIÈRE in *LA REINE MARGOT*, to the CHEVALIER D'HARMENTAL in *UNE FILLE DU RÉGENT*. Without relinquishing therefore the Romantic vein Dumas now combined his wit and his stagecraft in producing those delightful comedies of intrigue of which *MADemoiselle de Belleisle*, *UN MARIAGE SOUS LOUIS XV.*, and *LES DEMOISELLES DE SAINT-CYR* are specimens. But the theatre was only one, and a too narrow outlet for his multitudinous energy. A wider channel lay open in that universal taste for fiction which has always distinguished the inhabitants of the French capital. This channel had the advantage too of being a double one; there was the story in the *feuilleton* of the daily paper, and the completed story at the bookseller's. Not greed or even ambition, but the irrepressible instinct of the born story-teller led Dumas into that particular path of literature wherein his special fame was to be. Every incident of his own life, every incident gathered from the books or conversation of others assumed to him the form of a dramatic narrative. He told stories as naturally as other people chronicle facts; he regarded what had been merely as falling under the superior category

of what might have been. The commonplace had no existence for him. No human being to his fancy ever appeared as simply putting on his boots, or walking, or sitting down to dinner. These poor unadorned facts just served to evoke attendant possibilities. A happy kind of colour-blindness, one might call it, which, excluding all dull and neutral tints, admitted only the most brilliant prismatic hues. Gifted with this splendid mendacity, the genius of the true romancer, Dumas at once outstripped all rivals,—of whom but two could properly be considered such, Eugène Sue and Frédéric Soulié—and became the undisputed king of the *feuilleton* at a time when that institution was at its greatest glory. In quick succession came LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES, VINGT ANS APRÈS, MONTE CRISTO, LA REINE MARGOT, LES FRÈRES CORSES, LE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE, LA DAME DE MONSOREAU, all within three years or so. Truly a royal prodigality! Yet never was king less of a tyrant. Egotistic in the most harmless and transparent way, Dumas did not for a moment consider himself the sole repository of good things. "I am," he said, with more than sufficient humility, "the vulgariser of ideas." Anxious to do all and capable of all, it was physically impossible for him, working day and night, to supply alone the many demands that poured in. Naturally therefore he availed himself of services readily offered in a country where collaboration was quite usual, and offered in this case all the more readily because of the many struggling or rising authors who jumped at the double chance of securing a market for their products and a training in the school of success. They came of their own accord, they stayed as long as they liked, and they

went at their will, without any compulsion or monopoly. No doubt these helpers were useful to Dumas, especially for the exigencies of fiction delivered in daily instalments, a condition which obviously admits much editorial direction and supervision; but it is equally to be remembered how much, directly and indirectly, the subordinates owed to a principal whom they certainly did not join for the philanthropic object of supplying his deficiencies.

A familiar vision rises before us of the large hearty man working away at full steam, coat, vest and collar discarded, shirt-sleeves rolled up, finding enormous pleasure in his work, and ever and again roaring with laughter at the fun of the story he was writing. Round this burly form of physical and mental vigour flit at intervals, like the shades round Æneas, the thin ghost-like shapes of smaller men who wrestled with ideas and were perplexed, bringing with them, the one a plot, the other a suggestion, here a dialogue, there a *dénouement*. For each the master mind was ready. Improving what was good, re-making what was bad, fertilising what was barren, he set all these puppets in motion, holding the strings of each, taking a turn now with one now with another, himself equal to anything and everything. The picture thus called up is a pleasant one and capable (as Thackeray long ago pointed out) of much humorous development. Unhappily it lent itself also to malicious disfigurement. The enemies of Dumas, who had not become fewer as time went on, set themselves to create a scandal. They found an agent or spokesman in a certain person who, having discarded his own humble patronymic and taken to himself a fine-sounding aristocratic name, came forward as the purifier of literature and the champion of

oppressed authors. It is easy to persuade men that they are ill-used, and it needed only a little judicious pressure to convince Dumas's assistants, or some of them, of the following undoubted facts which out of pure Quixotic unselfishness they had, it appears, previously omitted to notice,—that they had done far more work than he, that they were the real authors of the books published under his name, and that they therefore, not he, deserved the chief share of glory. These points being settled, it remained to let the public know that Alexandre Dumas was a heartless swindler who gained his living by grinding his fellow-creatures, that he had no brains of his own, and was utterly incapable of writing a readable book. Such was the chivalrous spirit and such the convincing logic which, intermingled with all kinds of scurrility, animated the *FABRIQUE DES ROMANS* and the sketch by the same hand in *LES CONTEMPORAINS*. These wonderful revelations, when you have been through them, and tested their evidential value so far as is possible in dealing with a necessarily intangible subject, amount in the end not to the destruction of an individual, but to the exposure in sensational style of a loose and unsatisfactory system. Literary collaboration, except on a fixed and pre-determined basis, is pretty sure to generate disputes and ill-feeling. Dumas was the worst possible man of business, and we are not concerned either to defend the rashness of his haphazard engagements, or to maintain that he invariably was right in his dealings with subordinates. The point is that he fell into a system (originated by Scribe), the blame for which ought to be imputed not only to the author who signs, but equally to the assistants who do not, and more than

either perhaps to the editors, publishers, and theatrical managers with whom the commercial value of a name transcended every other consideration. But this laxity, however reprehensible, does not touch our estimate of Dumas's genius or the essential authenticity of all his greatest works; *essential* in the way that the differentia of a thing is its essence. Let Maquet have written parts of the Musketeers' story, let Fiorentino have counted for something in *MONTE CRISTO*, let Mallefilie and the rest have had their share in other books; we are still confronted with the eternal question,—how comes the difference so marked and so universally admitted between the works of these gentlemen in collaboration with Dumas and the works of their own unaided doing? The answer can only be that the greatness of this difference is the measure of Dumas. To account for the amazing productiveness of this period, I know no better theory than that of a rapid and extensive dictation, a method which would often leave gaps to be filled in, a method which a less fertile brain could hardly essay, but one in which the great story-teller would revel as he spun the threads of his different yarns. Is it possible, too, that Dumas, when he prefixed to one of his publications that much-derided motto *Dieu dicte et moi j'écris*, was not merely indulging in a characteristic Dumasism, but was reproducing an idea of inspiration familiar to his mind and suggested by his own relations to collaborators? But whether this explanation be preferred or some other, it matters little. Time, co-operating with equity and reason, has long since levelled down to its proper proportions a molehill which malice tried for a while to elevate to a mountain.

Before, however, we part finally from this controversy and the other which preceded it, it may be interest-

ing to apply to each a simple concrete test. In regard to the first charge, roughly speaking that of using as his own the brains of dead authors, it may be timely to cite that greatest of his romances, the interest of which is so conspicuous at the present moment. We happen to know pretty exactly the sources of the Musketeer stories, which may very handsomely be stated thus: for the idea of an historical novel, Sir Walter Scott; for the idea of four brother-like adventurers, the old twelfth century romance *LES QUATRE FILZ AYMON*; for certain elements in D'Artagnan's character, the model of Don Quixote; for the principal names, some incidents, and the general historic background, the *MÉMOIRES D'ARTAGNAN*. The latter is of course the chief of the sources. As Dumas referred to it in his preface (mentioning at the same time by way of mystification a certain imaginary Memoir of the Comte de la Fère), and as a condensation of the D'Artagnan Memoirs by Eugène d'Auriac was published in Paris just after *LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES* and *VINGT ANS APRÈS* had appeared, the enquiring mind has had no difficulty from the first in judging the extent of Dumas's indebtedness. It may safely be said that no one who has been at the pains to do this can have risen from his study without a vastly enhanced opinion of Dumas. To have animated the rather dry bones of Sandras de Courtiliz is a proof of the highest creative capacity.

To confute the point of the second charge, that of a success solely due to the work of others, it is sufficient to bring forward a book of which the sole authorship was never questioned, a book which is itself a monument of literary talent. Not the bitterest enemy ever alleged that any other hand than Dumas wrote his Memoirs; and *MES MÉMOIRES* contain in them

every quality which the most ardent admirer can discern in the novels. For supposing the authorship of *MONTE CRISTO*, *LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES*, and the rest to be absolutely unknown, yet possessing *MES MÉMOIRES* we should possess evidence of the very qualities with which our fancy would invest the author of those romances. Therefore we accept with pleasure the only hostile criticism to which Dumas's wonderful account of his father, himself, and things in general has ever been subjected, content if its exact veracity be doubted by reason of the brilliant imagination of the writer. It is not from a love of archaeology that I refer to this subject, but partly because the question can no more be ignored in writing of Dumas than the Homeric question in writing of Homer, and partly because (except for a rather inadequate version of a portion of *MES MÉMOIRES*) the only professed narrative of the great man's life existent in English, if indeed it still exists, must be described either as an egregious parade of unsifted scandal, or at best as a mere compilation of the more or less amusing gossip freely circulating round a character which gave itself away with the simplicity of a child. It is not however the child, but the genius of the child that demands consideration.

We have now, dramatically speaking, reached in Dumas's career the close of the third act, an act generally critical and often one that might best have ended the play. Let us, at any rate, assume an interval in which to recall a familiar glimpse or two of the romancer in practical life. Think of him, for example, realising for a brief space, within the commemorative walls of the Château Monte Cristo, all that lavish disposal of wealth and luxury his imagination had conceived, surrounded by his ivory, apes, and

peacocks, entertaining high and low, rich and poor, prodigal of gifts, confident of repairing the waste of to-day by the labour of to-morrow. Or see him as he rushes to a rehearsal at the Théâtre Historique, that theatre constructed on a new and quite impractical plan, and intended to provide France and the world with a liberal interpretation of history. He has come from his friend the Duc de Montpensier, and he is discoursing his other friend the stage-carpenter. The Duke and the plebeian have both contributed ideas. Certainly that tableau might be improved; there are forty minutes to spare; he sits down and re-writes it. At this interruption of rehearsal the actors are amazed, Mélingue rather cross, Mme. Guyon rather sulky. "What a man he is!" they say, but before grumbling is over the man has re-appeared, the tableau is re-written, and Dumas is off to do his three *feuilletons* for the next day. It was at the Théâtre Historique that MONTE CRISTO spread itself over two nights and that LA JEUNESSE DES MOUSQUETAIRES,—the author's own adaptation of LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES, the first and by far the best of its many stage-versions—was enacted with a success which Théophile Gautier called "Californian," an ill-omened word, for the theatre, like the château, was destined to consume more gold than it brought.

At another time the hero appears as a man of war, a valiant D'Artagnan among the barricades in 1848, a hungry and thirsty Porthos when the day is over and, "I gulp down a bottle of Bordeaux and swallow off a bowlful of chocolate." Or again, it is the fancy to be a politician that seizes him as it did Victor Hugo and other of the Romantics. He harangues the electors in a wonderful speech, justifying his own Republi-

canism, though he was the Marquis de la Pailleterie and had been the secretary of the Duc d'Orléans; but he did not convince them that he was the proper man to be their deputy. It mattered little; he was well aware that neither he nor politics had lost much thereby. And then his travels in foreign lands, his adventures as a sportsman, his relations with Garibaldi, his debts and his difficulties,—all these have been told and talked of a hundred times. The notable thing is that, wherever you find Dumas, or whatever doing, he is still and always the romancer. No incident in his middle or later life can be picked out, of which you can say, "Here is the man himself as distinct from the man in his profession." The distinction does not exist. Metaphorically we speak of other men as absorbed in their work and identified with it; with Dumas it is literally true. Twenty years of constant converse with the immense and the improbable, with startling scenes and effective situations, had ended in a singular fusion of the ideal and the practical, most interesting psychologically but by no means convenient in daily affairs. To call him *farceur*, *blagueur*, etc., is merely to state this truth in an offensive way, just as it is only a hopeless person who doubts the sincerity of Dumas's grief at the death of Porthos.

Let us now resume the fourth act of his career, and enter upon a period beginning about 1850 which his critics have usually considered one of decadence. No doubt the tide of popularity had begun to ebb for most of those who had been prominent in the fervid literature of the past twenty years. Whatever the force of such re-action, Dumas, most of all men, was bound to be affected by it. He had never heightened his value by rarity; there was no reserve

of strength, no economy of effort about him. Yet it would be hazardous to assert that a talent less ingenious or less fertile than before is shown in books like *ISAAC LAQUEDEM*, *LA TULIPE NOIRE*, *LE VICOMTE DE BRAGELONNE*, and *MES MÉMOIRES* (the greater part of which were written after 1850). The river, its source undried, still flowed on, though the people no longer jostled one another in their eagerness to drink it. What must be said is that the river had now broken up into many streamlets, some of them rather insignificant. All those prefaces, those translations, those editions of other people's Memoirs,—we could have done without them or most of them; nor should we have thought less of Dumas if his journalistic record had been wanting, and the *D'ARTAGNAN*, *LE MOUSQUETAIRE*, and other sheets had never run their brief expensive course. All these things might have been otherwise. Dumas might have been, of course, jealous of his fame, critical of his work, fastidious of the future. In that case he would have been like other prudent authors, but he would not have been the Dumas we know,—the phenomenon, the man who was proud of his quantity, the man who started life by saying "I live now by my penmanship, but I mean in future to live by my pen," and who carried out this purpose in his own wholesale, regardless fashion. Nothing is easier, moreover, than to exaggerate the inferiority of this miscellaneous mass. One ought rather to be surprised at the readable quality of it all, the invariable absence of dulness, and the constant charm of a story, whether old or new, always well told. You pick up, for example, one of Dumas's less-known works, say *LE FILS DU FORCAT*, and open it at random. You get interested in M. Coumbes Millette and Pierre Manas,

with the result that you go back to the beginning and then on again to the end. Meanwhile possibly the latest volume of current fiction, which it was your duty and intention to read, has lain neglected on the table, and it is all the fault of that fatal Dumas. It is to him again that we owe principally our knowledge of Talma, Napoleon's friend, the great actor of the Revolution and the Empire. There is much about Talma in *MES MÉMOIRES*, and after his death who but Dumas should collect the scraps of biography and publish them as the *Memoirs of Talma*, an important contribution to the history of the stage as well as a grateful acknowledgment of early kindness? It would be a pity therefore to despise without discrimination the minor works of the great Dumas,—the sparks that fly at random from his mighty anvil.

Now come to the last act, a short and rather sad one. Dumas had in a way bounced through life. He had spent four or five fortunes, he had written four or five hundred volumes, he had touched the height of prosperity and very nearly the depth of adversity. Through all vicissitudes he had been gifted with splendid health; not a day's illness in the ordinary sense had marred his vigour. It is recorded by M. Blaze De Bury, whose semi-physiological study of his friend first struck the proper keynote for the appreciation of Dumas, that in later years he became subject to a strange kind of fever recurring about once a year and lasting two or three days during which he lay prostrate with his face to the wall, taking no nourishment except occasional sips of lemonade, until the fever worked itself off. This was the only sign of physical revolt ever discernible in a constitution which, though not exactly injured by riotous

living, must have been fully strained by the racket of ceaseless action. Then suddenly the collapse came, with common symptoms of a failing brain, clearness of past things, oblivion of the present. It was 1870, and Paris was no place for euthanasia, so the old man was moved to his son's house at Puy, there to be tended with loving care by that best of sons. Gradually he sank. It was a long dull torpor with times of uneasy rest,—nightmare visions of countless books rising up pyramid-like, then tottering and falling, uncertainty of self, reproachful thoughts of what might have been. Now and then there were flashes of the old lucidity and eagerness. One such occasion is well known. The thought, *non omnis moriar*, had been vexing him in secret, changing from hope to doubt, from doubt to despair. At last he forced it into words. "Tell me," he said to his son, "tell me on your soul and conscience, will anything I have written survive?" The conviction of truth coincided happily with filial piety to prompt an answer which cheered the father's heart. In a few days he passed away,—his death hardly noticed amid the din of battle—and was buried near Puy. So soon as it was possible, fifteen months later, knowing what his wish had been, they took his remains back to Villers Cotterets, and laid them in the old cemetery his childhood had known so well, that the end might be equal to the beginning.

"Will anything of mine survive?" The question is superfluous. Yet it is worth observing that few authors have had their vitality more severely tried. Besides the warfare of his lifetime he has had to undergo a certain superior tone of toleration which anyone may have noticed in the literary articles of French magazines during the last twenty or thirty

years. If mentioned at all it is with an air of gracious patronage as one no doubt a sufficiently good amuser of children but not seriously to be considered in the hierarchy of Literature. That an author should hold his own against hostility is not surprising, but that he should survive so much condescension is little short of miraculous. Dumas has fared better, of course, in this country where his merits have been proclaimed by men like Thackeray in the past, by Mr. Swinburne and many other good judges among the living. Still even with us the superior tone may be found at times, and it is not many years since a Quarterly Reviewer could find nothing better to say of him than that he was a "frivolous doubter,—a purveyor of fiction which he did not write—a tawdry mock-heroic imitator of Walter Scott," and so forth. On the whole then, neither here nor elsewhere, neither alive nor dead, has Dumas owed much to the higher criticism. On the other hand (as the translations, English, German, Spanish, Italian, Greek, and the multiplied editions of his principal works testify) he has had the more substantial advantage of being read in the four corners of the earth, and that not only spasmodically, as might happen at the present time, but with a steady persistence untouched by the changes of literary fashion. The reasons for this persistence of Dumas might fill a volume, but they must be reduced now to a few plain propositions.

In dealing with the primary emotions he worked on a material little affected by differences of position or education. Most people at some time crave for the wonderful and the sensational; MONTE CRISTO appeals both to the philosopher and the housemaid. It matters not how much their impressions of it diverge;

they have both been touched at some common point, probably that need of occasional desipience which Horace long ago observed to be an instinct of human nature. The popular if vulgar ideas of Wealth, Power, Justice, or its "wilder kind" Revenge, have never had a more skilful manipulator than Dumas. One or other such abstractions may be noticed as the foundation of his most popular works. MONTE CRISTO stands for several, a human Providence operating by effective contrast amid ordinary circumstances; JOSEPH BALSAMO represents Magic and Fate; LE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE, Love and Loyalty; LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES, Crime and Retribution, in the person of Milady; VINGT ANS APRÈS, in the person of Mordaunt, Vengeance and Nemesis. The man who used these themes with no moral purpose in view, but for the simple sake of entertainment, offers us a perpetual refuge from the dulness or troubles of life in spheres where the improbable only just stops short of the impossible. With the exception of MONTE CRISTO,—one of the best-known, if not the best, of his novels and at any rate a marvellous *tour de force*—the chief romances of Dumas are set in a frame-work of history, an alliance the value of which Scott had first shown. But with Sir Walter Romance was the handmaid of History, with Dumas History existed for the benefit of Romance. The one was spiritual, the other ethereal; the one used his qualities of poet and student to enrich fiction, the other used his unrivalled dramatic instinct to enliven history. The admirable thing about Scott was that his seriousness never spoiled his imagination, about Dumas that his levity did so little harm to his facts. It is true that he treated history in a free and easy

fashion, *les manches retroussées*, and that in details he assumed a licence of invention regulated only by his conception of the principal characters and their surroundings. Yet by intuition, it seems, he reproduced these surroundings,—the age of the last Valois sovereigns for example or that of Louis the Thirteenth—with rare felicity and with admitted fidelity. And as to his great personages it must be for experts to decide how far Henri Trois, Catherine de Médicis, Richelieu, Cromwell, Marie Antoinette have been distorted. Dumas's view of them was generally the popular and traditional one, which is not always incorrect. His witty, but perhaps best unquoted, reply to Victor Hugo's accusation of having violated History illustrates his own somewhat incurious attitude on that point. But for the less indifferent conscience of an un-Romantic age it is pleasant to believe that our judgment has not been seriously perverted by certain early and inefaceable impressions which we owe to the brilliant pages of Dumas.

His superficiality has often been remarked, but there is one point about it which should not be overlooked. No one has accused Dumas of profundity; width not depth was his characteristic. "I am all above-board (*Je suis tout en dehors*)" he said of himself, indicating thereby his distaste for mental analysis or subtle distinctions. In all respects the very antithesis of Balzac he is so especially in this, that, while the feeling left by any one volume of the COMÉDIE HUMAINE is that of a subject completely exhausted, the effect of Dumas is rather to open out prospects by a suggestiveness which, if it disappoints our reason, attracts and stimulates our imagination. With imagination, that precious relic of a pre-scientific age, Dumas was richly endowed, but

he had the equally valuable gift of telling a story. This is only to say that he was first and last a dramatist, and indeed his dramas are (as he himself considered) his best, certainly his most proper and distinctive work. Clever as he was in filling out, interweaving, and elaborating to any extent, we should not go for the best examples of his constructive skill to the long romances spun out for a special purpose, but rather to his plays and certain of his shorter novels. An amiable horticulturist, his jealous rival, a gruff gaoler, his charming daughter, and William of Orange,—these are the figures of one of the prettiest and most self-complete stories possible. Compare it with another delightful flower-story,—admirable too and full of poetry, philosophy, and botany—but compare them in the matter of workmanship, and *LA TULIPE NOIRE* will appear far superior to *PICCIOLA*. A similar conclusion might be drawn from a comparison on this point between *LE CHEVALIER DE MAISON ROUGE* and *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*. It is impossible indeed to emphasise too much the richness of Dumas's dramatic faculty as explaining the success with which he used (*tout en dehors* again) all the conventional effects of surprise, suspense, and contrast. And as the qualities of the good playwright also make the good story-teller, it follows that Dumas was (as Abraham Hayward said) "the best possible story-teller in print," the one who could from the least make the most. We like him none the worse because he

was only a story-teller,—an entertainer pure and simple, but a God-given entertainer as befitted his family motto *Deus dedit, Deus dabit*, spontaneous and unforced, always working and never labouring. "One of the forces of Nature," that happy phrase of Michelet, itself inexplicable, explains everything about Dumas,—his fertility, his inequality, his waste-fulness. For the order of Nature (as a philosopher has remarked) though beneficent is not optimistic. And this man was like a tree bearing fruit abundantly in its kind, from which all men pluck at their will, keeping the choice and flinging away that which is over-ripe or under-ripe, but sometimes abusing what they have flung away and forgetting how good was what they kept.

Such was Alexandre Dumas. Take from him the elements, extravagant or grotesque as they may strike us, common to the ecstatic age into which he came; take from him that kind of abnormal fascination under which a serious man-of-letters could arouse his wife in the dead of night to tell her that the prisoner had escaped from the Château d'If; take from him whatever attraction may accrue from a weariness of other writers and other aims,—take all this away as temporary and accidental, and there still remain imperishable qualities which belong not to the province of criticism or even of praise, but to that of admiration and perhaps reverence.

ARTHUR F. DAVIDSON.

GIFFORD'S GRAVE.¹

(A STORY OF SIR GEORGE NAPIER.)

MANY a hero, born and bred
 By Irish waters, has worn the red,
 Many a soldier wise and good ;
 But never was bred a nobler brood
 Than grew in times of a troubled state
 Amid the anguish of 'Ninety-eight,
 And wore the blazon *Without a stain*—
 The eagle-featured Napier strain.

Wide as the world they spread their praise,
 Heroes three in heroic days ;
 Three names written in living gold ;—
 This is a deed of the second told.

To Torres Vedras in evil hour
 Massena led Napoleon's power,
 Baffled and beaten, back again
 Turned the invading host to Spain,
 And through the lands that their rapine wronged,
 Fierce pursuers, the British thronged :
 Fierce pursuers ; yet on the trail
 Of such a quarry might hunters quail ;
 The rearguard, veterans led by Ney,
 At Cazal Nova were held to bay.

Napier had seen a brother borne
 Back for dead from the field that morn,
 Brother dearer than life or limb,
 Not than the friend who fought by him :
 For at his side was Gifford,—one
 Brave as a Napier, that had done
 Things surpassing belief that day,
 Leading his men in the bitter fray
 Over hillock and wall and trench :
Kill that officer ! stormed the French.

¹ See LIFE OF GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, i., 162, and EARLY MILITARY LIFE OF SIR GEORGE NAPIER, p. 156. George Napier was at this time a captain in the 52nd, and his brother William a captain in the 43rd, the two regiments forming with the 95th Crawford's famous Light Division. Both brothers were wounded in this engagement.

Gifford's Grave.

The fight had joined with the rising sun ;
By noon the powder was almost done.
Napier was bidding his men retire
To come again with a fiercer fire,
And called to Gifford, who, farther still,
Stood to the front on the vine-clad hill.
Gifford turned ; and from ambush close
Unseen behind him Frenchmen rose.
Help there was none ; a crash, a flare,
A cry ; and Gifford was lying there.
And out of the bushes, where they crept
Hidden, four of the enemy leapt,
Leapt, and swift on the spoil they ran
Bending to strip the fallen man.

Napier looked : they were four to one,
His friend lay dead, and the harm was done ;
But while his body held living breath
That friend should suffer no shame in death.
He asked no aid, and he spoke no word,
But charged the foe with his single sword ;
He scared the vultures, and steel met steel,
And, one to many, he made them reel.
Two of his men had seen, and back
Followed swift on their captain's track.
Vengeance was done ; they raised their dead,
Tenderly raised the shattered head.
Napier could hear the bullets fly,
But he lifted the body fair and high,
And bore the dead, death screaming round,
To where his company held their ground.

Rough they were from the battle-time,
Their mouths were black with the cartridge-grime,
Bloody and black their hands ; each eye
Lit with the light that sees men die ;
Rough-looking, rough-worded ; and yet they knew
To give to a hero's heart its due.
For they gathered and swore no kite should tear
The man they honoured, but even there
He should have burial fit and fair.

For him they did what of him alone
In history's golden page is shown.
There they paused, with the storm of war
Raging about them near and far ;
There, in the front where he fought so well,
There they buried him where he fell.

Hard was the sod ; red bayonet blades
Were fitted ill for the work of spades ;
Shallow the trench was dug ; but deep,
Deep in their hearts his name they keep.
No prayer was said, and no bell rang,
And nothing there but the bullets sang.
But as they levelled the latest sod
Three cheers commended his soul to God.
Silently then they formed, nor stirred
Till they fired a volley at Napier's word ;
A man would have thought they were on parade
Who saw not the gaps their volley made.

The brave to the brave had done their rite,
And Napier led them again to the fight ;
The bayonets, drouhty with soil and dust,
Drank deep and deeper at every thrust.
Forward they surged ; they fought to kill,
Cleared the copses and swept the hill ;
Dearly by nightfall their debt was paid,
When far in the front their camp was made ;
And in the wake of that fiery wave
Lone in its glory lay Gifford's Grave.

S. G.

THE COLLEGE AT KHARTOUM,—AND AFTER.

THE Arabs say, "When Allah made the Soudan he laughed." It was the laugh of derision that said there should be no peace, no plenty, no freedom from terror in that most miserable of all lands. This truth has proved itself through years of savagery, but now the English have come back it will be true no longer.

So soon as General Kitchener had finished his campaign against the Dervishes, he set himself to the far more difficult task of re-making (for it is nothing less) the Egyptian Soudan. The two weapons for its accomplishment are education and the railway. The last is well begun, and it can only be a question of time before it stretches its civilising length right down Africa. Of education in the Soudan there is as yet none, but the College at Khartoum will begin that work. This project of the Sirdar's is one that reaches the heart of England, for, apart from the civilisation it inaugurates, it will stand as a great and fitting tribute to the memory of Gordon.

But it is well to consider what its results are likely to be, and whether it will work in exactly the way most people expect; and in order to do this it is necessary to go back a little into the history of the Soudan before the arrival of the Mahdi. Since the Arab conquest of Egypt and the establishment of the Mameluke dynasty at Cairo, the people of the Egyptian Soudan have been Mahomedans. The faith of Islam is one that by its very simplicity takes hold of the imaginations of savages, and

the Soudanese have always been more fanatical Mahomedans than those in Egypt, for the obvious reason that they were entirely removed from external influences. Though practically shut off from Upper Egypt and left very much to its own devices, the Soudan was nominally under the control of the Khedive, and according as he was weak or strong his grasp of the country was relaxed or tightened. The upholders of his authority were the Governor-Generals who ruled the province from Khartoum. Gordon was the last representative of a civilised power, when in 1886 the whole of the Soudan up to Wady Halfa was abandoned to the rule of the Mahdi.

To the general reader the Mahdi now means Mahommed Ahmad of Dongola. But in all Mussulman countries there have been many Mahdis; Mahommed Ahmad was only more fortunate, and therefore more prominent than his fellows. In the latter years of the Khedive Ismail's reign a Mahdi appeared who was promptly suppressed, and if similar measures had been taken when Mahommed Ahmad first called upon his followers to raise the standard of Allah among the Infidels, many things would have been different; Gordon's life would not have been thrown away, and also, probably, the conquest and civilising of the Soudan would have been deferred for an indefinite time, and the black ways of the slave-hunters have remained unchecked.

The question of slave-trading has been, and still is to a certain extent, the crucial factor in the affairs of the Soudan. It has long been the one

great traffic of central Africa, the principal export and means of livelihood of the powerful African chiefs. Natural causes, as well as the avarice of the chiefs, fight for the slave-trade and against all attempts to uproot it. In their raids into the savage interior for ivory the Arabs, finding that human transport was the only means available, impressed the natives to carry their booty, and then, discovering that what is grimly known as black ivory was more valuable, they gradually confined themselves to slave-raiding; and thus grew up the most terrible curse of the Soudan. The horror and desolation spread by this fearful trade will probably never be even guessed. Gordon, who knew more about it than any other Englishman, said in one of his letters: "I am a fool, I dare say, but I cannot see the sufferings of these people without tears in my eyes." When Sir Samuel Baker was Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces he dealt some blows at the trade, but finding the evil so deeply rooted, he in despair gave up any attempt to radically alter things.

Gordon went out with a freer hand than his predecessor, and indeed, if the freedom had not been granted him, he would have made it. He was determined to put down slave-raiding at all risks, and the Khedive was entirely with him. Ismail had in truth good reason to fear for his authority. A small Egyptian army, which he had sent into the Bahr-el-Ghazal to overthrow the great slave-chief Zobeir Rahamah, had been absolutely annihilated, and Zobeir had become in fact, if not in name, the real ruler of the Soudan south of Khartoum. As their power increased, the chiefs waxed rebellious and refused to pay their tributes to the Khedival treasury. In supporting Gordon therefore Ismail saw that,

while earning the approval of Europe by suppressing the un-Christian traffic, he would be at the same time removing a menace to his own authority.

It is difficult to judge impartially of what Gordon's labours in the Soudan actually achieved. But it is beginning to be seen now that, herculean as his efforts were, and greatly as he alleviated the misery of the poor natives, he dealt his blows at the effect and not at the cause of the traffic. Gordon suppressed, but did not uproot the slave-trade; he kept the evil under with a strong hand, but when that hand was removed the evil sprang to life again. The root of the matter lay in the fact that slave-porterage was the only available means of transmitting ivory and other valuables from the interior to the Nile; and as long as that was so, no considerations of humanity would prevent the Arab chiefs from using it. The only effectual and enduring way to check this was by making roads and railways, and thus, while removing the necessity for human porterage, providing the means of capturing and punishing those who still tried to adhere to the old and evil order of things. If Gordon's rule could have lasted he would have made the slave-trade impossible by his own exertions without the aid of roads and external power. As he said, "Not a man could lift his hand without my leave throughout the whole extent of the Soudan."

But there was no other Gordon to follow him, and in the hour of Egypt's weakness and of England's indecision came the Mahdi. He gave his support to the disheartened slave-dealers and thus drew them to his standard; and the fanaticism which is so quick to spread in any savage country brought the rest of the powerful and discontented tribes to his camp.

Among the ignorant Egyptian

populace it was greatly feared that the triumphant Dervishes would overrun Upper Egypt. That it was the Mahdi's own ambition at one time is clear; a song called *To Cairo* was freely sung in his camp by his too-confident warriors. The English command to evacuate the Soudan was received with the utmost consternation and protest in Cairo. Even the Khedive Tewfik remonstrated as strongly as he dared with the British Government, believing, as he did, that the abandonment of the Soudan was a most dangerous thing for Egypt. But Tewfik had not the money for a campaign against the Dervishes on his own account, and though England had she would not use it for that purpose. How shortsighted her policy was, the history of the last fourteen years has most amply proved. The whole effect of Gordon's work in the Soudan, and of his sublime self-sacrifice, was nullified by the hurried evacuation of that country. His vigorous efforts to destroy the slave-trade were snapped off short and rendered entirely useless,—and worse than useless, for the flood broke out again with redoubled violence when that dauntless figure no longer barred the way. The policy of evacuation was intended to be permanent, but Gordon's desertion and death at Khartoum prevented that. It was as sure as the rising of the sun that some day, whether soon or late, England was bound to retrieve that disgrace, and put an end to the Dervish triumph.

And now that has been done. The day of the Sirdar's entry into Omdurman began a new era for the Soudan; the stately requiem before the ruins of Gordon's palace was the burial of past mistakes. That the future is full of difficulties is obvious, but the British Government have at last settled their policy with regard to the Soudan, and

given that, they have the strength to carry it out.

The Sirdar's scheme for the civilisation of the country is a comprehensive one, and, like all he has to do with, thoroughly practical. So simple a scheme, as this of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum, hardly, at first sight, seems to hold the seeds of so great an undertaking as the regeneration of the Soudan and its people. But in the very simplicity of the idea lies its best earnest of success. The strange and seemingly rough ways of Western methods must be smoothed and made plain if they are to take any permanent and acceptable hold of Eastern minds.

Almost the first question to be considered is whether the education given is to be combined with any attempt to introduce the Christian religion into the Soudan. Not a small portion of the British public would look upon any other idea with horror. Clear the way with the Maxim and then follow with the Bible: our wars, they think, are for the purpose of making the path of the missionary easy; and how wrong or incongruous, they would add, that any memorial to Gordon should not be of a professedly religious character. Now all who have studied Gordon's life must reverently recognise how great a thing his religion was to him, and how truly he followed its teaching. But if we ask whether he wrenched away their faith from the savages he went among and forcibly substituted his own, the answer must be that most assuredly he did not. Do these narrow-minded Christians remember that Gordon himself built a mosque for the Mussulmans he ruled; and that in the mosque at Mecca, where his name is written on the walls, he is yearly prayed for by the followers of the Prophet?

And there is another and more serious side to this question. It is

not to be expected that any attempt to tamper with their faith would be taken calmly by the Arabs, who are most devout Mahomedans. At the best it would successfully alienate these races from the English who are trying to teach them, and thus prevent a growing sympathy which would be the best safeguard for future peace. At the worst it would mean a repetition of our past troubles. Let the people once be disturbed by any suspicion of proselytising, and sooner or later another Mahdi will arise, and the quick flame of fanaticism leap once more from end to end of the Soudan. It may be said that this is impossible, that Mahdism was crushed out at Omdurman, that, in fact, there are no Dervishes left; but these people are not as we are, fanaticism is part of their daily life, and the possibility of Mahdism can never die. Of course such a rising could have no ultimate chance of success, but the Arabs can fight a lost battle, as they showed on the Atbara and at Omdurman, as fiercely as if they had all the chances of victory on their side.

The history of the world shows that a religion flourishes most vigorously under persecution, while in prosperity it is apt to fade into a form. So will it be in the Soudan. If the English try to wrest their faith from them by force, the Soudanese will but the more fiercely cling to it; but a purely secular education will, without disturbing their religion, rob it of its fanaticism, and thus of its danger. Lord Kitchener's own words put this point on its noblest and truest basis: "Any attempt to raise the moral and intellectual tone of the people must be doing God's service, and if we can teach the inhabitants of the Soudan to be reasoning, thinking people, we shall be giving them the foundations of what I believe is our religion."

One thing is certain, the natives of all savage countries, however ignorant and wild, are not slow to recognise the value of a just Government; and in the dark recesses of the Soudan and Equatorial Africa those who pursue the work of civilising will find that the first seeds were sown and the path made clear by Charles Gordon. If the government they bring to the black people is Gordon's government of pure justice tempered with patience and understanding, it will not be rejected by the people who still cry out for his return: "If we only had a Governor like Gordon Pasha," they say, "then the country would indeed be contented." But at the best it can be no easy thing to manage the conflicting prejudices of all the peoples of the Soudan. Gordon's own words must have a weight beyond those of all others:

I feel sure that a series of bad governments have ruined the people. Three generations of good government would scarcely regenerate them. Their secretiveness is the result of the fear that if they give, it may chance that they may want. Their indolence is the result of experience that if they do well, or if they do badly, the result will be *nil* to them, therefore why should they exert themselves? Their cowardice is the result of the fear of responsibility. They are fallen on so heavily if anything goes wrong. Their deceit is the result of fear and want of moral courage, as they have no independence in their characters.

These are all faults very difficult to deal with, but it should be remembered that they are bred in the natives by the cruelty and avarice of a long series of bad governors. By the exercise of endless patience and judgment these faults can be civilised away, and self-respect and courage put in their place. It has been done by Englishmen before, as the Egyptian Fellaheen have conclusively proved at Firket, at Dongola, on the Atbara, at Omdurman; it can be done again.

The Soudanese are naturally more teachable than the Fellaheen. They are quicker, more imitative, more alert. They adapt themselves to changed conditions more easily than the majority of uncivilised people; and, strongest point of all, they soon grow to like and admire the white man. The devotion with which the Soudanese battalions followed their white officers in this recent campaign could not be surpassed. "When it was over," writes Mr. Steevens of the battle on the Atbara, "their officers were ready to cry with joy and pride. And the blacks, every one of whom would beamingly charge the bottomless pit after his Bey, were just as joyous and proud of their officers." The remnant of the Dervish tribes are more difficult to deal with; but even before the close of the Dongola expedition it was evident that the Jaalin tribe, goaded to rebellion by the Khalifa's tyranny, were only waiting the first opportunity to come over to the English. The Baggara Arab is the fiercest, cruellest, and most implacable of all the Mahdi's followers. But his courage is something superb, his endurance and devotion touch the heroic, and under a wiser rule than heretofore such strong material should not be wasted. If his allegiance can be secured he will fight as splendidly for the British as he fought for the Mahdi.

It is the unborn generations of the Soudan that the Gordon College will teach and benefit; it is for the sons that it will be built, not for the fathers. The only teaching that can be given to the adult Soudanese is military, not educational,—speaking, of course, in the restricted sense of the word, for military training is an education in itself to untaught blacks.

If the education follows the lines at present laid down by the Sirdar, the natives will truly be happier and wealthier and wiser for it. With a

simple people, whose living must come from the land they till, all good education must tend to make them better husbandmen, not superficially learned, office-seeking drones. India is a warning of the effects of over-educating the natives. Let them keep their own virtues, which in the best of them are simple and manly enough, and not try to make brains where muscle is the most useful.

In this College the departments of Irrigation and Forestry are of the utmost importance, not only to the Soudanese themselves but to the whole of Egypt; for the problem of the adequacy of the Nile to the increasing demands upon it is one that yearly grows more pressing. That the Nile has shrunk considerably since the days of the Pharaohs is proved by the old high-water marks, while some of the great rivers which used to feed the Father of Egypt have sunk deep underground. As the Soudan is opened and cultivated, the water taken from the Nile for purposes of irrigation will increase each year; the railway which is to be made will devour all the forests in its path, and it is the forests alone that safeguard the feeders of the Nile. From Abyssinia, Darfur, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal come the rivers that swell the Nile, and it is the forests on their banks that make and feed these rivers. The progress of civilisation will inevitably clear away most of these wooded places, for in a tropical country almost the first weapon of civilisation is the axe; and in Abyssinia the natives are themselves gradually using up the water-preserving forests.

The end will not be yet, but if this goes on the result is clear to see, and it is a terrible one. Egypt depends on the Nile; the gradually lessening streams in the highlands of Abyssinia may not seem to matter in cosmopolitan

Cairo, but Cairo itself lives as much by the Nile as the meanest village huddled on its banks hundreds of miles south of the great city. That the re-conquest of the Soudan, British money and brains and pluck, the richness of the undeveloped provinces south of Khartoum, the lives and happiness of the natives, should all be thrown away because of the helpless want of water is not to be thought of; and the remedy is a very simple one. By establishing the Forest Conservancy, by preserving the existing forests and planting new ones to store and gather the tropic rains, the streams that feed the Nile will be increased in volume, the empty beds filled with water again, and the great river be equal to the increasing demands upon it which prosperity will bring.

There is another, and at the present moment a more imminent danger which threatens the Nile. It is essential to Egypt's welfare, to Egypt's very existence, that the sources of the Nile should not fall into the hands of any foreign Power. Egypt and Great Britain must hold and control the entire area of the Egyptian Soudan, must hold and control, that is to say, all the provinces that have ever owned the rule of Egypt. The country can never be successfully administered under a policy of graceful concessions. It must be the whole or nothing. Those who control the sources of the Nile control Egypt. Were its waters cut off or diverted from their proper course, Egypt, down to Cairo, would be turned back to the desert where no man can live. The Nile is the keynote of Egypt, and to

allow it to be tampered with by other nations is more than dangerous; it is fatal.

That the Soudan south of Khartoum is well worth protecting and cultivating is fully known. Sir Samuel Baker spoke of it as one of the world's most productive granaries; two crops of corn can be raised in a year, and it is rich in cotton, tobacco, coffee, and maize. The regions round Khartoum are called the Garden of the Soudan, and not a few nations would be glad to relieve us of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Thus in time even the miserable and stricken Soudan will pay its way, and cease to swallow English gold like a morass giving no return.

However, there is much work to be done before this result can be reached. Fourteen years of licence and barbarism cannot be civilised away in a day, and it will be years before the effect of Gordon's College at Khartoum can be felt by the great mass of the people. But even now, before the making of the new Soudan has begun, England has won back her national self-respect, and in so doing has set her hand to a plough from which she may not turn back. She is irretrievably committed to the work, and it is this that makes the future of the Gordon College so sure; for it is not merely an educational system, it is to be the very life-blood of the new Soudan, and a mighty weapon in the hands of the English against all the old wrongs and oppressions. It is this that Lord Kitchener means it to be, and in this larger sphere of usefulness lies the way to make this College a lasting and increasing good.

THE ARMY-DOCTOR.

THE one fact above all others which the Dreyfus case has, during its many phases in the past few years, brought to light is that in the French War-Office expediency is supreme. Honour exists there only in name, and equity is an unknown thing. In this country we have naturally grasped the opportunity of thanking God that we are not as other men are, and chances of self-complacency are too rare to be lost. It has occurred to few to inquire whether there is any justification for the easy confidence which has been placed in our own military righteousness. Our War-Office it is true does not commit the clumsy blunder of forgery, and the Government razor is reserved for shaving only. We do not have recourse to the expression on the honour of a soldier when we fail to produce evidence in support of an allegation, because we believe, or feign to believe, that honour is too great a thing to be split up into compartments, and because we have not the nice sense of discrimination which characterises our neighbours. But, for all that, expediency dominates all else at the English War-Office every whit as much as it does at the French War-Office.

The doctor in the Army has, after many years of moderately successful agitation, and after a few months of an absolutely successful strike, become a real live officer. He is no longer after some twenty years' service a Something-Colonel or a Colonel-Something; he is a Colonel pure and simple. The Commander-in-Chief himself would hesitate to affirm that this concession of rank has been

granted the Army-doctor as a matter of equity. The reverse indeed is the case. The history of the Army Medical Department is on all fours with the history of all other Service departments, except the clerical branch. The chaplains have never agitated, and though they have probably refrained from doing so from a proper sense of decorum, such action would have benefited them nothing. It is of no official moment whether the chaplain is good or bad, and, more still, the matter is one of opinion. A good or bad Army-doctor, or Supply-officer, is a matter of fact. The departments have induced legislation on their behalf in the simplest fashion. They have done their work badly, or omitted to do it at all. Tradition is the most stubborn foe which the present race of War-Office politicians have had to fight. The combatant branch of the Service, (though still, except in cases so rare as not to merit attention, without emoluments, and shorn of its ancient honours) and the combatant branch alone attracts the young man of military ardour. But, Dr. Johnson notwithstanding, a man must live, and feeling that the axiom was unimpeachable the youth of England came in and the departments were served. "My poverty and not my will consents," whined the boy, who had visions of greater things as he submitted himself to the non-combatant yoke. "I pay thy poverty and not thy will," said the War-Office, and the result of work undertaken in this spirit can be readily imagined.

Modern inventions and increase of empire enhanced in a few years the value of the Supply and of Departmental officers to an extent for which the authorities were utterly unprepared. The Army clock refused to go fast enough, and the War-Office commenced a long system of tinkering at the works without perceiving that it was the mainspring that was at fault. The Ordnance, Commissariat, and Transport branches they succeeded in getting into something like shape by means of a system of bribes, which were grossly unfair from the standpoint of equity, to the combatant officer. Their action was as illogical as it was unjust. The laws of supply and demand are simple enough in themselves, but they do not bear the introduction of extraneous matter in their administration. "I can officer the regiments to-morrow for nothing," Lord Wolseley is reported on good authority to have said. If this be so, a second-lieutenant in a Line battalion receives 5s. 3d. a day on the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire. The payment of this sum commits the War-Office at least to a policy of equity. That being so, arguments on the subject of the market-value of a chattel or an individual fall to the ground. The Regimental officer had admittedly done his work satisfactorily, but there were a great many of him always forthcoming, so there was no necessity for him to come under review. The misdeeds of the Departmental officer cried aloud, and as a simple commercial transaction the War-Office proceeded to pay a higher price for a better article. The doctors observed the development of this state of affairs, and profited by the lesson that was taught. A very large number of them invariably come from Ireland, and the name and story of Boycott were familiar to them. They

combined, and refused to come in. Little wars increased in frequency, and the War-Office became seriously alarmed. In vain they offered to widen the gold stripe on the doctors' trousers, and to reduce to such infinitesimal proportions as would escape the observation of a sentry the thin black line on their forage-caps, which alone proclaimed that they were not Staff-officers. Their cry was *rank, rank, and nothing but rank*. Matters came to a crisis when at a certain examination there were less candidates than vacancies. Then the War-Office capitulated, and a few months of action brought about the result which years of petitioning had failed to accomplish. The hateful title of surgeon has disappeared, and they are henceforth captains, majors, colonels.

Surely it is a curious history, and one of which there is absolutely only one explanation. The men who wish to obliterate all allusion to their profession are ashamed of it. This state of affairs is hard to be understood of the people, and the simple layman need not be mocked for holding that the relief of suffering and the saving of life rank high in the list of human deeds. I do not say that this cry for the elimination of all allusion to their profession in their official title was universal. It was not so. Many excellent men, who were proud of being soldiers, but who were proud of being doctors as well, were much in favour of retaining a designation which marked them as both. But the contented man seldom agitates one way or another. Another considerable section of the Department were at the end of their service. They knew that the War-Office wheel turns slowly, and, thinking that the matter would not affect them one way or another, they were indifferent. Thus

the promoters of the new movement met with no organised opposition from within, and the authorities at the Horseguards were prevailed upon to issue their famous warrant of surrender.

There is a miserable fallacy that the doctor was what is called in ordinary parlance "looked down upon" in the Service. The most cynical combatant officer would admit that the calling of the doctor (and the chaplain) was higher than his own, and, if they could be persuaded to believe it, it is only when the doctor neglects, or by his actions and demeanour belittles, that calling that he falls in military esteem. Surely this extraordinary greed for rank is a poor thing. We excuse it in women, for, either by reason of lack of opportunity or want of ability, their sphere of action is limited; and it is invariably the case that the woman who fails to do something wants to be somebody. But for man there is no such excuse. However, the desire to be labelled, and, as the Army-doctor thinks, to be honourably labelled, is increasing.

The peculiarity is that the War-Office apparently fails to perceive the inevitable result of giving way to a desire on the part of a body of their servants to conceal what they are, and to be known as what they are not. It may be argued, and of course officially it is so argued, that such a description does not represent the state of affairs truthfully. Everyone, however, acquainted with military social life knows better. Take a simple instance. Let a sympathetic lady ask a Medical captain (in the presence of others) how that poor man is who was injured at the Sports yesterday, and see if he looks pleased, or is inclined to be talkative. When the same lady asks the Line captain if this morning's parade was not an

unusual one, she had perhaps better make up her mind to be bored.

Military rank was, until quite recent times, the right and the distinguishing mark of the combatant Regimental officer. Indeed it was more; it was part of his pay. Young men of education since Marlborough's time have been content to take commissions in regiments for a wage which a respectable artisan would scorn, to submit themselves to a discipline which has no counterpart outside the Services, to be hunted without warning from one corner of the globe to another, and to undergo risks which an Insurance Company very practically regards as extreme. Their reward has been the honour of their profession and the recognition thereof in military rank. Not unnaturally Society began to extend a good deal of hospitality to the soldier, and to treat him with a kindly consideration which he could not fail to find pleasant. It was not on account of his rank, but on account of the conditions and circumstances under which that rank was conferred that these little courtesies were extended to him. Then in the midst of an age of labels and advertisement the Volunteer movement began; a grand practical illustration of English character, but one from which a section of its members, who are not careful to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, have already detracted sympathy. It soon became evident that it was the rank of an officer, and not a modified form of his duties, which attracted a large number of individuals into this unpaid Army. The communities in which these gentlemen live are for the most part busy, and have neither the time nor the inclination to analyse. So it soon came about that the opulent merchant, who sat at home at ease, who neglected or performed his self-imposed military

duties as he felt disposed, who did not rudely expose his constitution to the biting blasts of Wimbledon Common, and who retained the unalienable right of the British civilian to say *sha'n't* under all circumstances, dined comfortably in his own castle and was received by his friends in the evening as the Colonel. Sometimes he carried the craze for rank into his daily life to an extent which became absolutely exasperating, as the following story will illustrate.

A man suffering much from tooth-ache once went to a firm of dentists, all three partners of which were ardent volunteers. "Is Mr. Osgood at home?" he asked. The footman who opened the door to him had also military tendencies: "Captain Osgood," he replied, "is at Bisley for the Cup competition." "Oh, is Mr. Hapworth in?" "Major Hapworth, sir, is undergoing a course of instruction at Aldershot." "Ah, can Mr. Dixon attend to me then?" "Colonel Dixon is on battalion-parade and cannot possibly be disturbed." The poor man was in great pain; he spoke wildly: "Look here, have you an Admiral on the premises who can take my tooth out?"

We have now arrived officially at this state of things in the case of the Army-doctor. The operator who removes the British soldier's tooth has not yet been advanced to the rank of admiral, but he is already a colonel, and doubtless he thinks that there are possibilities in the future.

If the doctor is likely to be more useful to the Army now that he is called Major or Colonel than he was when he was called Surgeon-Major and Surgeon-Colonel, the privileges of the combatant Regimental officer would suffer in a good cause. The complaint in the Service is already that the medical man is more of the officer than the doctor; is he

likely to attend more to his profession now that all allusion to it is obliterated in his title? As a matter of fact it is most unjust to blame the individual military doctor, as he is freely blamed, for carelessness and incompetence. True the Army does not attract the best men from the hospitals, because its prizes cannot compete with those which civil practice offers to the man of energy, ability, and research. In fact the conditions of the Service themselves put a premium on stagnation. It is almost impossible to expect any scientific man to put forth his best work on a regular salary. In every other branch of life one does not hesitate to appeal to a man's interest in preference to his sense of duty. Why should an Army-doctor be placed upon an impossible plane, and execrated when he slips off it? There is no stimulus for industry in the life of the Army-doctor, and the War-Office know perfectly well that they are engaging men who do not wish their industry to be stimulated. Commercially nine out of ten earn their money; that is to say, a similar amount of time and attention to that which they expend in the Army would at least gain them a similar income in private practice. A pennyworth may not be a great deal, but it is as much as a man, even if he be a high military official, has a right to expect for a penny.

Discipline goes hand in hand with rank, and the ordinary discipline of the combatant officer is not always suitable in a branch where individual opinion must reasonably count for much. Yet such is the training of the Army-doctor that the senior grows to resent any divergence of view on the part of the junior, and a question which is often purely a medical one is distorted by the introduction of a false sense of discipline. Once upon a time in Burmah an officer's pony

tumbled over, and the officer injured his arm. He was attended by a doctor who prescribed. That doctor went on leave in the evening, and another doctor attended next day. The second doctor, a senior man, altered the course of treatment, and told his patient that he should not be back for a few days. On the following morning a third doctor came in, and was vastly surprised to find the injured officer lifting heavy weights at much personal inconvenience. The third doctor was a cheery young fellow and a friend of the patient; he tersely asked him if he was mad or drunk. The officer explained that he was obeying the orders of the surgeon-major who had attended him on the previous day. The cheery doctor at once looked grave and after a pause commenced to chat on social matters. But it was too late. "Is this treatment right or wrong?" said the officer. "I'm not going to countermand Jones's orders," said the young man. "He'll be back in a couple of days, and you can talk to him." "Yes, but I'm not going to make a fool of myself for a couple of days, old chap, for the sake of preventing your boss from jumping on you, you know." Then the officer went on to point out, in vigorous Saxon, that the weight-lifting operation was a particularly painful one. Finally he apologised for being compelled to become official, but he felt bound to desire a direct expression of opinion. The young doctor was equal to the occasion: "I endorse Surgeon-Major Jones's treatment," he said coolly.

The incident is not unique, but merely illustrates a state of affairs that is known to exist. It is but fair to admit that the consequences of divergence of opinion are sometimes more serious to the patient than those of endorsement. Some years ago in India I was a member

of a European District Court-Martial which was trying a native soldier on the charge of malingering. The man had received a bullet wound in the Soudan, and for two years, on the recommendation of the Station-doctor, had been excused the heavier portions of his military work. Then the doctor left for Burmah and his successor at once certified the man to be fit for duty. The colonel of the regiment thereupon had that sepoy brought to justice. The prisoner very naturally called in his defence the doctor who had attended him for two years. That doctor being hundreds of miles away, the application was referred to headquarters. Three months elapsed and at last a lengthy document arrived from Simla. It was too clever for the simple court-martial officer to follow, but it concluded with what seemed to our limited capacities the inconsequent ruling that the Burmah doctor's attendance was unnecessary. The chief witness for the prosecution was the new doctor, and he said simply that he had examined the man on arrival and found him suffering no pain. Whereupon the prisoner put the very natural question, "How do you know that I was suffering no pain?" It was an awkward retort, but the new doctor had plenty of pluck. "I do not know what he meant to say, or if his reply, as delivered, is a sound medical axiom, but he answered: "Pain is accompanied by redness and increased suffusion of the joint; these symptoms I found to be absent." A flippant young officer on that court had a pin in his hand, and he ran it into the knee of his next neighbour as the doctor spoke. The wounded officer made an irrelevant exclamation and was very properly reproved by the President. Nor could he be persuaded, when we at once inspected his knee (we had just

reached the luncheon interval) and pointed out to him that it was an entire mistake on his part to suppose that he had suffered any pain. The prisoner received a severe sentence,—two years' imprisonment and dismissal from the Service—and thus it would have been far better for him had the new doctor sunk his independence.

A great deal is heard about the responsibility of the Army-doctor. The young doctor on joining, however, is rapidly reminded that responsibility must only be undertaken as a last resource, and that the important thing is to learn and comply with the regulations, regardless of result. It is better to illustrate. A junior officer serving on the Staff, while walking to the office with his Chief, slipped and fell just outside the Cambridge Hospital at Aldershot, and injured his knee. His Chief, with the assistance of an orderly, got him inside the hospital and met the Surgeon-General in command of the District as he entered the door. As the said Chief occupied a high official position the Surgeon-General accompanied the party into the waiting-room and chatted suitably upon general subjects. But he had no intention of doing any doctor's work. He sent an order, and received a reply that a medical officer would shortly be forthcoming. In vain the senior Staff-officer hinted that it would be a kindness if the great man himself would condescend to place his hand on the spot. Half-an-hour or so elapsed, and finally a young doctor appeared and prescribed. The injured officer was fortunate, for he had fallen into extremely good hands. He spent some weeks on the sick-list, it is true, but was much pleased when his adviser told him that (it was the fourth or fifth time that the knee had given way) he hoped to effect a permanent cure. I

speaking with all the becoming diffidence of a layman upon a technical point, but I understand that the doctor recommended that the cartilage should be wired, though he was careful to say that a stiff knee might result from the operation. The officer was ready to risk the consequences, but directly higher authority learned the proposal, that young doctor received a severe reprimand. Were the attempt unsuccessful, questions of pension would be involved, for the patient would naturally have to be invalided out of the Service. Supreme medical authority and supreme administrative authority were careless as to whether an officer had a good knee, but they were not prepared to take the consequences of his having a bad one. There is no trace of the principles of the Employers' Liability Act in the Queen's Regulations. The poor young doctor pleaded that he had only recommended what he believed to be best, and was sternly bidden to get out of that habit. He is trying to do so, I hear, but he has a conscience which is not under proper military control.

The responsibility of the doctor with the officer sometimes pales in importance when compared to that of the officer with the doctor. I again lapse into anecdote. Some years ago I was in camp, with about a hundred men, somewhere in the North West Provinces. The doctor detailed for duty with us asked for forty-eight hours' leave. I do not believe I had any authority to give leave, but I felt I could spare him, and a man who cannot put equity before regulation in the jungle cannot do so anywhere. Having consented, however, I felt inclined to shirk my responsibilities as his substitute. As he was going I asked him what I was to do in case of emergency. "Come to the Hospital-tent now and I'll tell you,"

he replied. He was an Irishman, and I will ask the reader kindly to supply the necessary *bedads*, *begorras* and *at-all-at-alls*, without which no Irish story in print is artistic, together with the proper pronunciation. "Here are two bottles now. If a man comes to you and says, 'Oh I fale any'ow in the head—everythin's buzzin and I'm not drunk,'—give him some of this bottle." "Yes,—how much?" "Oh, as much as you like; it won't hurt him. And if he says he's all crumpled up in his belly and turns sick at the sight of a canteen-mug, give him some of this bottle." "Yes,—how much?" "Oh, be easy with it; I've not a pint left. And if he comes in and sits down and says nothing and don't give a dam for anything, get a *dhoolie* and send him into Benares." He departed, and I soon had a patient. He appeared to display symptom No. 1, but my courage failed me and I gave him treatment No. 3 and procured a *dhoolie*. No further catastrophe occurred, and the next evening the doctor returned. He brought with him some twelve couple of snipe which were useful in the mess-tent during three days and a stock of *shikar*-stories which lasted the ante-room a week.

Undoubtedly the possibility of seeing active service attracts a certain number of men at the hospitals into Government employ, and it is on Service that the doctor is seen to the greatest advantage. In the field he triumphs over the regulations and does grand work in spite of them. Like the Regimental officer he knows that a campaign is his only chance of distinction. The case is different in other military departments and on the Staff of the Army; there a man may win fame, honour, and preferment in the piping times of peace by adding elegance to a tunic-button, or by re-

ducing the circumference of a cooking-pot. But the doctor and the Line subaltern must learn to be shot at with equanimity, and do their work the while, if they wish to attract that most dangerous of all attentions, official notice. The complaint sometimes goes forth that, when the war is at an end (I should say when military operations have terminated) the proportion of rewards and decorations given to the doctors is largely in excess of those distributed among other branches of the Service. Undoubtedly such is the case, and were that proportion doubled no injustice would be done. It is one of our pleasantries to assume that the personal courage of the Englishman is greater than that of any foreigner. Be this as it may, a study of the military history of Continental nations leads one to the indisputable conclusion that the self-devotion of the British doctor on the field of action, putting aside all questions of skill, has no parallel in the armies of France, Germany, or Russia. One is not at pains to inquire why this should be so; it is sufficient to notice the fact. What the doctors do well under the trying conditions of active service, they could certainly do well in the easy surroundings of the hospital that abuts on the barrack-square. It is the regulations that let and hinder them. The fatal and futile struggle for uniformity, into which the War-Office for ever plunges with desperate courage, is nowhere more noticeable than in their medical arrangements. In vain the young doctor complains that he cannot fit the square man into the round hole; he only gets himself into trouble. Let him but know the Medical Regulations, and the works of Thomson, Quain, Richardson and others need never litter his bookshelves. Driven by stress of circumstances from a legitimate and

natural interest in his professional work, he takes refuge in the pleasures of social life, and tries to master the difficult art of killing time agreeably. Increase of pay might assist him much in this pastime, but that he knows is out of the question. So he asks for more feathers, more lace, more frogs, and more salutes, and these have one after another been conceded to him. Now he has asked for real rank ; and he has got it. What he will do with it, is the question of the day ; and what the War-Office will do with him, now that he has got it, is the question of the future. Medical work is increasing in the Service just as it is in civil life. It is an uncivil proceeding to give a child new toys and to reduce his playtime. Signs are not wanting that the latest concession has already begun to tell its own obvious tale. Certain proceedings, which were matters of daily routine formerly, have now been discovered to be either beneath, or out of keeping with the dignity of a captain or a major in her Majesty's Army. He is a dreamer who regards the present state of affairs as anything but a phase. Fortunately the whole history of military administrative experiments points to a return of the old order of things when matters have become

sufficiently unbearable. Second-lieutenants were abolished ; in nine years' time they were reintroduced. Two lieutenant-colonels and an unlimited supply of majors per battalion was another departure. Then the value of Mr. Gilbert's adage was recognised : "When everyone is somebody then no one's anybody." Once more therefore the order was *As you were*. So there is still hope.

In the Guards the system of the Regimental doctor worked well and happily long after it was abolished throughout the rest of the Army. In the future professional men may be less susceptible to sentiment, at any rate in official matters, than they are at present. Money has now been the measure of value in civilised communities for many hundreds of years, and it is not improbable that the doctor of the future may refuse to accept the rank of archangel as part payment for his services. His remuneration will therefore have to be increased. Competition will ensue : the best men will come in ; and possibly the Army will once more be served by those who regard doctoring as their profession and who are not unwilling to be known as doctors.

PHILIP C. W. TREVOR.

THE PRESS OF PARIS.

WHEN the inexperienced traveller reaches the capital of a strange country, he finds in its newspapers a short cut to a knowledge of its inhabitants. He has neither the time nor the talent to understand the unaccustomed manners and the novel methods of thought which, if he had an eye to see and an ear to hear, would force themselves upon him at every turn. But his ambition to understand is not limited by his incapacity. For very shame refusing to return home without a carefully docketed, well-assured account of his vague experiences, he precipitates himself upon the journals, confident that he will discover in their columns a perfect reflection of the truth which eludes his hasty vision. Should Paris be the end of his pilgrimage the multiplicity of opinion, revealed in the daily Press, might baffle anything less resolute than the zeal of the tourist. But the tourist is always sanguine enough to defy confusion, and after a long course of journals he is prepared to avouch that France is gay and sombre, Royalist and Republican, amiable and insolent, generous and prejudiced. In a week he has made so many discoveries that he reckons not of their contradiction, and he generally seeks his own fireside, brave in the certainty that he has learned in a week all that is to be learned of France.

Yet the Press of no capital is so misleading as the Press of Paris. Each journal, no doubt, has its own peculiarities, but without a wide experience and a balanced judgment it is impossible to make up from these varying features a physiognomy of the

country. None the less, if we leave out of account the more violent organs of party-feeling, which are rather pamphlets than journals, we may detect a common character of gaiety and carelessness which belongs to the popular journals of the Boulevards. Above all, when you pick up at your breakfast a French newspaper of the better sort, you must forget the vast sheets of your own country. Paris will give you no news that is not belated, and very little opinion. The wise man, however, easily dispenses with the hasty opinions of others, and the appetite for news, grossly overfed in London, soon dies if it be not pampered. What, then, do we get from the FIGARO and its colleagues? We get a vast deal of amusement. For those who are eager for fiction, there are instalments of two works, as different as possible in style and temper. At the foot of one page is found a masterpiece of the new school; at the foot of another M. Xavier de Montépin unfolds his interminably elaborate plots. The leading article (the article *en tête* as they call it) is generally signed by one of the greatest names in France. The article, to be sure, may be jejune enough, since grandeur is no guarantee of spirit or intelligence; but at any rate it is signed and notorious, and rarely (if ever) is it intimately related to the question of the hour. Thus, with luck, we may encounter the delicate wit of M. Anatole France, the refined verse of M. de R  gnier, the cultured observation of M. Huysmans, and the somewhat boisterous humour of MM. Allais and Auriol. That is to say,

the French journals preserve a literary point of view, wholly lost in our larger machines contrived chiefly for the dissemination of news. Again, such comments as there are upon current events are brief, pointed, and not too serious. The holes and corners are filled with stories told in four lines, a Gallic joke, or a scene crystallised in a tiny dialogue. Thus as the citizen sits in his tavern he may fill his eyes with print and yet escape the boredom of argument or information. The news which Paris affords is set forth with a certain completeness, though short-hand reports of speeches and such-like trash are unknown. The Frenchman seldom makes speeches, and when he does he attracts small notice. But the French, like the Greeks, close their eyes to the outer world of Barbarians, and the news of that world reaches them slowly through an English channel. In brief, then, the respectable part of the French Press aims at gaiety rather than improvement, and would rather raise a laugh than instruct its readers.

But a newspaper cannot live on gaiety alone, and a large circulation does not unaided ensure wealth. In England the newspapers grow rich upon advertisement. Everything that is wanted, and many things that are not, are daily announced in the vast columns which threaten to invade the territory of inapposite gossip and gratuitous discussion. But in the journals of Paris a very modest corner is reserved for advertisement, though the ingenuity of the staff is spent upon the concoction of paragraphs, which appear to be the expression of a free opinion, but which are really highly-paid announcements. How, then, do the newspapers of Paris reward their avaricious staffs, and discharge their printers' bills? By a system of modified blackmail, which is less offensive by its very

cynicism. The city page, as we call it, is commonly let out to the highest bidder for the week, the month, or the year. A lady, greedy for notice, gives a dinner, and she pays the paper to applaud her entertainment. And there are many other methods of turning the power of publicity to account. In the palmy days of the Panamists the journals of Paris were fortunate indeed. They received their stipend from the coffers of the company, and while on the one hand they helped to destroy a great enterprise, on the other they had all the more to spend upon the encouragement of literature. When ruin overcame M. de Lesseps and his colleagues, other enterprises, such as banks and railways, appealed to the forbearance of editors, and later an attempt was made (alas, ineffectually), to force the patronage of letters upon the Parisian clubs. But the clubs not only declined to part with money, but entered so little into the spirit of the game as to bring charges against several eminent editors, and more than one literary gentleman took refuge in prison or in flight.

We record these facts not in any spirit of antagonism to France, but merely because they prove a state of mind which is not ours. Not that we would blindly plead the cause of our own Press. There are many methods of blackmail practised in London with brilliant success. We are all familiar with the disreputable advertisement, for which a higher rate is expected than the ordinary; we all know the simple puff of the new company, which pays for a whole page of "facing matter." But the French, logical to the last, have practised the art of blackmail with a more honest effrontery and to far better purpose. Nor are we speaking without authority. Some years since, when France was perturbed by the charge of blackmail brought against the XIXME

SIÈCLE, the FIGARO assumed the guilt of the accused, and then with astounding candour justified their wrong-doing. For many years, said the first journal of France, journalists and politicians have met upon common ground, where conscience is voiceless, where honesty is ridiculed, where money alone is king. Ministers accept cheques, deputies sell their votes, the officers of the police betray their secrets, and blackmailers obtain the Legion of Honour that they may carry on their trade with greater dignity and security. Is it then astonishing that the director of a journal should make what he can out of banks, or companies, or clubs? No, it is not astonishing; only when a responsible journal puts so infamous a question, we may answer with another, and ask whether honour is not too high a price to pay for our morning newspaper? But the admission of the FIGARO is at least characteristic, and if it be founded upon truth, the remedy is simple. The police is organised to catch thieves, and so long as the newspaper is our servant and not our master, the police will not always suppress the laws of honour that the blackmailer may drink champagne and wrap himself in fur.

But if we sometimes wonder how the Press of Paris keeps itself in affluence, we need not wonder how it contrives to entertain its readers. It achieves this purpose by the rare talent of perfect arrangement and a light hand. That part of it at least which is not polemical never approaches a serious topic with a serious frown. The citizen may read his FIGARO without lashing himself into a fury or cramming his indolent brain with the platitudes of the political leader-writer. And it is because the FIGARO professes an interest in something else than the scandal of the moment that its influence has endured

for forty years. It does not represent Parisian journalism, for its tradition is all its own; it represents the middle-class intelligence of France. It has no principles and no views. As a rule it is content to follow the lead of its readers; and on the rare occasions on which it has attempted to shape public opinion, it has retreated from the truth directly a falling circulation proved the truth unpalatable. But the real distinction of the FIGARO is the continuity of its method. It remains to-day very much what it was when M. de Villemessant founded it, and M. de Villemessant was a man of genius. Like Delane, he was a master of the ceremonies rather than a writer. He never contributed a single article to his own journal, but he handled his staff as a practical coachman handles a four-in-hand, and not for an instant did he relax his control. If he could not write he could suggest, and many of his most famous articles were inspired and even phrased by the man who never wielded a pen. He was brutal, unscrupulous, self-centred; he knew but one ambition,—success, and but one god,—opportunity. For a while failure dogged his steps, but when once Fortune had smiled upon him, he became the masterful tyrant whom all men feared, and whose posthumous influence still rules the FIGARO. He was hampered neither by loyalty nor respect. A contributor was nothing to him; a single word of disapprobation heard, as M. Daudet says, between the cheese and the pear at breakfast, was sufficient to ensure the discharge of the most trusted colleague. One interest alone dominated him,—the prosperity of the FIGARO, and his judgment told him that the FIGARO was better served by a brilliant succession of occasional contributors, than by the continual scintillation of the same talents. “Every man,” said he, with his

habitual frankness, "has one article in his belly;" and it was Villemessant's business to get that article out. One day, for instance, he picked up a sweep in the street, brought him to his office, had him cleaned, and set him down to a writing-table. The sweep achieved his article, and Villemessant was rewarded by the curiosity of all Paris. Thus, while the world of letters passed through the FIGARO, nobody stayed there long, and this fierce editor never hesitated to destroy contracts or to forget services. He professed few opinions, and the one principle which he cherished until the end was to preserve the popularity of his journal. He fought no battle, he led no forlorn hope; he recognised the existence of no man, writer or politician, until he had arrived. To vaunt his skill in prophecy, to say exultantly "I told you so!" was no part of his ambition. He did not gird at the rising generation, he merely ignored it; and thus he fulfilled a useful mission, since it is but just that the old, as well as the young, should have their champion in the Press. He admired fine writing, or said he did; but he knew that it was of no use in his "shop," and the profit of his "shop" was superior in his eyes to the credit of literature. None the less the result of his government was a colossal triumph. He made the FIGARO the perfect representative of the well-fed, gay, intelligent Parisian. The writer, maybe, despised it, but he read it none the less, and he used it too, whenever it served his turn. The first article in the FIGARO was for many years, and still is, the end of every man's desire. To sign it is to pose oneself definitely before the public, whether for praise or blame. To be criticised in it, an honour only paid once in a life-time, is to taste the perfect joy of arrival. Such in brief was the end attained by Villemessant's

cynical opportunism, and it is to the founder's undying glory that the tradition he established remains unbroken to this day.

At Villemessant's death the torch was handed to Francis Magnard, who, besides being an editor cut to the very pattern of his predecessor, was also a writer of force and concision. For many years he contributed a daily comment upon the situation to the columns of his journal, in which he brought to perfection the art of jumping with the cat. He, too, was called a cynic, and a cynic he was, but at least he preserved the FIGARO at the high level of cunning opportunism at which he found it; and he was never persuaded by any private or public interest to outrage the worldly conventions of the founder. Indeed, it was not until last year that the FIGARO for the first time sacrificed its subscription-list to what appeared the cause of truth. It espoused, for a brief week, the cause of M. Zola and of Captain Dreyfus, not, we may well believe, for any abstract love of justice, but because it imprudently thought that it was following the popular lead. However, reparation was speedily made. The editor offered a temporary resignation; the FIGARO printed a public recantation, and hastily brought back its allegiance to the Army. To our more literal appreciation this conduct seems cowardly, or even treacherous. We should argue, and argue sincerely, that before it undertook to be the mouthpiece of M. Zola, the FIGARO had examined the soundness of the novelist's charges, and that once convinced of a judicial error, it could not in honour recede from its campaign. But, would object the editor, the FIGARO's one duty is towards its subscribers, whose approval is more precious to it than the holiest cause; and in accordance

with this doctrine it has occupied a comfortable position on the fence while the French nation has been sundered by strife and scurrility. During the long year of dissension its leading-articles have been written by one hand, and they have varied from day to day according to the supposed demand of the public. The style is always the same: it is only the point of view which shifts; and it is impossible to overpraise the coolness wherewith M. de Cornély (that is the writer's name) endorses to-day the opinion which yesterday he held in horror.

This brief history explains better than pages of commentary the firm grip which the *FIGARO* retains upon modern France. The best writers (of a certain age) are among its contributors; such criticism as it presents is amicable and old-fashioned; its news is not much less trustworthy than the news provided by its rivals; and at any rate it makes no profession to govern the country or to keep the conscience of the citizens. M. de Cassagnac, the other day, charged it, in a page of brutal logic, with caring for nothing but the till, and of course the charge is well justified; but then M. de Cassagnac is a fierce moralist, who would lay down his life for his gospel, and perhaps when he takes the *FIGARO* as seriously as he is bound to take himself, he loses the sense of humour. However, let us not forget that the *FIGARO* represents exceedingly well the respectable, half-informed, semi-cultured good sense of France, and that he who would understand the golden (or leaden) mean of French life, cannot do better than consult its columns.

Next after the *FIGARO* come the *JOURNAL* and the *ECHO DE PARIS*, whose sympathies are wider, and whose resolution to entertain is even more loudly pronounced. In their

columns you may encounter much that is best in the lighter literature of France, and if the wit is commonly too Gallic for our timid taste, he is fastidious indeed who cannot find some amusement in these trivial sheets. A single halfpenny will buy you half a dozen articles, dainty stories, or witty criticism of life, and if in the columns of these prints the reporter has no scope, you can easily dispense with his ministration. But in no sense are they newspapers; a handful of paragraphs records the progress of the world; and each employs a gentleman to misunderstand foreign politics. Moreover, they have both thought fit to take a position, more or less violent, against the champions of Dreyfus, and the *ECHO DE PARIS*, which should be content with the elegancies, has been charged by the other side with being the creature of the General Staff. But even the Affair will pass away, and then these amiably ribald sheets will again discharge their proper office of frivolity.

Of newspapers as we understand them, there are but two in France, the *TEMPS* and the *DÉBATS*, and curiously enough they are both published in the afternoon, not at eleven o'clock, like the second edition of *THE PALL MALL GAZETTE* or *THE GLOBE*, but at half-past five, that they may be soberly discussed at the hour of absinthe. These two journals hold aloft the banners of sound Republicanism and patriotic aspiration. Not for them the Gallic wit and the lively jest which are characteristic of the *FIGARO* or the *JOURNAL*; their real distinction is an informed severity, which they bring to the consideration of every question. In their columns we meet with our familiar friend, the leading-article, as just, as heavy, as barren as the leading-articles which regale the British citizen as he sits over his plate of ham and eggs. Their

contributors at least know where England is, aye, and could point out the limits of British South Africa on the map. Of course they are hostile to Great Britain, but their hostility does not irritate us so bitterly as the violent ignorance of the FIGARO. They are adversaries with whom discussion is possible, and from whom we may dissent with courtesy and understanding. Their criticism matches their politics; it is sedate, well-informed, and never sensational. The TEMPS, for example, has entrusted the drama for the last forty years to M. Francisque Sarcey, who has won, with the contempt of the intelligent, the genuine admiration of the people. The FIGARO would have thrown over so ancient a contributor long ago, though it does for the moment print M. Sarcey's good-humoured commonplaces; but the TEMPS cherishes another continuity, and is loyal not only to its opinions, but to its staff. The same careful information, the same rather dull and safe comment, may be noticed in the DÉBATS, and it is with these two papers that France challenges comparison with the graver journals of our own country. The MATIN too, owes something to rivalry with Great Britain; but it is little more than a summary of news, and though it appears a modern invention to Paris, it is rather enterprising than characteristic.

But the most astounding newspapers of France are the daily pamphlets, written to enforce a particular opinion or to damage a particular party. Their unscrupulous virulence has never been surpassed in the world's history. They would be impossible in England, first because nobody cares to be confronted every morning with twelve or sixteen columns of abuse, and secondly because, though the duel is unknown to us, we still have our law against libel. Their vast popu-

larity in France proves more eloquently than records or statistics the nation's decadence. Go where you will in the country, you will find the clergy and its flock reading with common consent and enthusiasm *LA LIBRE PAROLE*. Now, this journal exists for no other purpose than to fight the Jews, and to advocate in plain terms a new St. Bartholomew. To M. Drumont the Jew is the machinator of universal evil, guilty, without a trial, of every charge that can be brought against him, and whatever you may think of the Jew, it is very easy to make up your mind concerning M. Drumont. The Jew, a poor (or rather a rich) vagrant upon the earth is not, and never has been, a sympathetic figure. His ways are not as our ways: his methods of thought are too subtle even for the comprehension of a French Jesuit; but to see in life no other duty than a combat with Jewry, is to run straight upon imbecility. The only rational explanation for such an attitude as that assumed by *LA LIBRE PAROLE* is furnished by Lord Beaconsfield in an essay upon his father. "My grandmother," said he, "had imbibed that dislike for her race which the vain are too apt to adopt when they are born to public contempt;" and we can best understand the fanaticism of *LA LIBRE PAROLE*, if we assume that it is conducted by a staff of disappointed Jews. Whenever a misfortune seems to threaten France, the handiwork of Israel is apparent to these self-styled patriots. For evidence they have no regard; the just statement of a case seems to them superfluous; they are quick to suppress an inconvenient truth, and never once have they been known to retract a false statement. Argument, statesmanship, real love of their country are nothing to them; they have but one feeling of hatred, the Jew, and one method of battle,

abuse. Yet the influence of *LA LIBRE PAROLE* is supreme in France. The Dreyfus Affair was invented by M. Drumont as an opportunity to flout his enemies. Had he not, in 1894, gained a first intelligence of the treachery, and condemned the accused before his name was known even to the Ministers, there would probably have been a fair trial and no scandal. Yet he is perfectly content with the part that he has played, and having been the means of embroiling France in civil war, he still proclaims himself a patriot.

Close upon his heels marches M. Rochefort, whose daily bread for more than thirty years has been scurrility. His method is the method of M. Drumont, but he appeals to a different public. On the eve of his return from exile some years ago a news vendor on the Boulevard said to the present writer, "You won't be able to get a cab to-morrow," and she gave as a reason that Rochefort was the hero of the cabmen, who were resolved to put up their horses and go on foot to meet their idol at the railway-station. So while the priests of France read *LA LIBRE PAROLE* in interludes snatched from their prayers, the cabman devotes whatever time he can spare from the destruction of foot-passengers to the study of M. Rochefort's periods. Doubtless, it is from that master that he has learned the trick of abuse wherewith he discomfits a timid fare, and truly he could not find a better model. For M. Rochefort has but one talent, invective, and that is growing old. He has no principles, no policy, no knowledge; he has simply a vocabulary of insult. Once he used it at the expense of the Emperor; then he turned his gracious attention to the Army and the Church; now his hatred of the Jew has driven him into a tardy alliance with holy-water and the sabre,

and we suppose he would call himself a patriot. Every day he writes in his paper, *L'INTRANSIGEANT*, a diatribe which states little that is true and which proves nothing. He merely gives us a fresh sample of his remarkable talent, and his talent, if limited, is certainly remarkable enough. The man with whom for the moment he does not agree is a "crapulous Jesuit," or a "half-witted, doddering lunatic." To-morrow the same man may appear to act in unison with M. Rochefort; he is then a simple soldier, a brave patriot, a hero burning for the blood of Jews, Freemasons, and Englishmen. The inconsistency counts for nothing; it never does in journals of this kind; the cabman, no doubt, has a short memory, and so long as the gall is in the article, he asks for no other ingredient. For the moment this astounding editor is incensed against the justice of his country; it may be he will champion it to-morrow, but that does not matter. And this was his method of condemning the members of the Court of Appeal. He suggested that they should be drawn up before the Law-Courts, that their eyelids should be cut off, and that walnut-shells, containing venomous spiders, should be tied over the wounds until the eye-balls were greedily devoured. Of course such stuff cannot carry any weight. Words and ideas, so loosely employed, are deprived of meaning, and they would not be worth quoting were it not true that M. Rochefort's influence in France is second only to the influence of one man,—M. Edouard Drumont. In fact, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that for the last four years these two gentlemen have intimidated France. Ministers have hesitated in the execution of their duty to think, "What will Rochefort say of me?" "Shall I win the approval of Drumont?" Secret documents have

been despatched for the contemplation of these two patriots, documents so secret that had they been presented to any other eyes they would have the same effect as the spider in the walnut-shell. Stranger still, when some time since M. Rochefort dragged into a political controversy the name of Mademoiselle de Munster, and when the German Ambassador demanded an apology for this defiance of good manners and international etiquette, the Minister who made the amend dared not mention the name of M. Rochefort. He was content to throw the blame upon an evening paper, which had copied the paragraph from the morning's INTRANSIGENT, and thus he escaped what doubtless seemed to him a terrible possibility of revenge.

So they continue, chartered libertines, abusing what they will, and whom they will. Nothing is sacred to M. Rochefort, and M. Drumont keeps no respect for aught save the Church. Both the one and the other are to-day clamouring that the Chiefs of the Army shall be respected; yet nobody has vilified the Chiefs of the Army so bitterly as M. Rochefort, unless it be his friend and colleague M. Drumont. The champions of the other side limp after these masters in vain. Elsewhere than in Paris they might appear miracles of invective. They, too, Radicals and Socialists and Dreyfusards, were once the friends of M. Rochefort, and they have been reared, so to say, in the same school; but for the moment they are out-matched. Perhaps their cause to-day is so strong that it can be moderately urged; perhaps a sense of logic tells them that M. Rochefort must be fought with other weapons than his own. But the truth is that the fighters of the AUREOLE, the SIÈCLE, and the PETITE REPUBLIQUE employ eloquence rather than vilification,

reasoning rather than personal affront. They do vilify, they do affront, all of them, every day; but they make a poor show beside their adversaries, and their very failure is half a proof of a just cause.

But it is a sorry spectacle, this government by intimidation, and we are content to turn aside from these journals, which have no resource save invective, to the AUTORITÉ and M. de Cassagnac. Now, M. de Cassagnac is a pamphleteer too; he, too, regards his journal as a platform; he, too, excludes light literature from his columns, and is content that the *feuilleton* should be his readers' sole diversion. But he is a pamphleteer with a purpose, with conviction, with a style. The champion of the Napoleonic idea, he has fought the Third Republic with a strenuousness which none of his rivals can surpass; but he fights, and he has always fought, like a gentleman. Honourably impartial, he criticises all parties with the ferocity of a convinced philosopher. He is neither for Dreyfus nor against him. From the very beginning of this dreary business he has pleaded the cause of fairness and no favour. At the first trial he demanded open doors and publicity, and since revision has become necessary he has bowed to revision, asking only that if the generals be proved guilty of misconduct, they shall one and all be shipped to the Devil's Isle. But he is a sane man, M. de Cassagnac, who would fight England like a man, and doubtless accept the inevitable defeat like a hero. He is not anxious, after the manner of MM. Rochefort and Drumont, to suppress the truth; rather would he know the worst, and have time to combat his enemies. Of course the cause which he keeps at heart is not likely to prevail. But for thirty years M. de Cassagnac has been the bitterest and loyalest critic of his

country's misgovernment, and not even his enemies could reproach him or his spirited sheet with dishonesty or lack of patriotism.

But the journals of Paris are like the sand for number, and we can but refer to those that appear characteristic. Yet the pompous GAULOIS, with its advocacy of royalism, its lack of humour, its devotion to the aristocracy, must not be wholly forgotten. It is a sad paper, and it pleads a sad cause. Not even its warmest friends can find much sympathy for the anti-Semitism of M. Arthur Meyer, an acknowledged Jew, nor for the Duc d'Orleans his master, who has committed the sin, unpardonable in France, of seeming ridiculous. Nor must we forget the PETIT JOURNAL, the best organised paper in France, with its million subscribers and its correspondents in all the provinces. Its narrow views and bitter Chauvinism are the more to be regretted on account of its vast influence; but at any rate it is a vast triumph of commercialism, and a newspaper which can charge £4 a line for advertisements is enough to turn the most enterprising proprietor green with envy. Then follow the unnumbered sheets devoted to *le sport* in all its branches, the JOCKEY, the OUTSIDER, and countless others, which have an English sound and yet are very French. But these, characteristic in their lack of knowledge and their hazardous prophecy, are not essential to the nation, and at best, or worst, are but an echo of our own sporting-prints.

Is a comparison then possible between England and France in this matter of newspapers? By all means, if we leave out of account the violent pamphlets which have no counterpart on our side of the Channel, and which, having exhausted in times of peace the lees of abuse, keep nothing but

gasps for the moment of panic. The TEMPS and DÉBATS differ little, as we have said, from our own journals; but they are hardly the vividest reflection of France, and for the purpose of comparison we will choose the half-dozen which appear most genuinely characteristic. We shall then find that the differences existing between the two sets of newspapers correspond closely to the differences which distinguish the two nations. The English newspapers are more practical, but less amusing. If you wish to know how far the door of a Chinese port is open, it is idle to consult a journal of the Boulevard. On the other hand, should you desire an hour's recreation, it will profit you nothing to open the unwieldy pages of THE TIMES. In other words the English editor spends his money on telegrams, the French editor is extravagant only in the matter of intellect. The practical Englishman, the artistic Frenchman,—that distinction is carried through the whole of life. We do not say that the JOURNAL is the best possible paper; we do say that it could not exist in London with any better hope of prosperity than the FIGARO itself. The Englishman wants news about his friends, about his country, about other peoples' countries; and he wants his news clearly set forth and (to his shame be it spoken) horribly mauled, in Yankee-fashion, with headlines. This love of news too often sinks with us to the lust of gossip. It seems to give the gentleman who never strays further from Norwood than the city, a precious pleasure to know that "Mr. 'Tommy' de Montmorency was looking his brightest and best in the Park on Sunday." Such statements, characteristic in their vulgarity of England, but unknown to France, are, in deed, the vice of our favourite quality. *News, news!* we cry, even though it be unimportant and indiscreet; but,

in revenge, we know what happens in every corner of the globe, and are the better able to fight our battles and to defend our empire. France on the other hand, as represented by her journals, is notoriously ignorant. Her foreign correspondents flatter their editors by gratuitous mis-statements; the gentlemen who daily explain the crimes of England to their readers, are inspired for their task by a monumental lack of knowledge. It was England, for instance, which not only organised the war between Spain and America, but which, also, for some obscure purpose of her own, delayed the signing of the peace. It is England, again, which at this very moment is conspiring with Don Carlos to rob poor Spain of the Balearic Isles. Wherever disease appears, it was brought by England; all the bloodshed and disaster which dishonour the world are due to the guile and cunning of perfidious Albion. But this ignorance is not limited to our serious shortcomings. Sometimes the errors of the French journalist are prodigies of unconscious humour, and we find it hard to reprove the writer who not long since solemnly informed his readers that Lord Salisbury was the son of Disraeli. Does not that make quite clear our brutal success at Fashoda?

In the matter of information and

accuracy then, France is far behind England; in all the qualities of style and arrangement she is infinitely superior. By talent or habit the French journalist writes with better skill and with better taste than his English colleague. True, the leading-article is practically our own invention, and France may congratulate herself on that; but the common police-report, the mere record of a squalid suicide, the latest achievement of Jack Sheppard,—all these are served up to the French public with a daintiness and a wit which are wholly strange to London. Then, again, the French newspaper, by encouraging literature, lays both its readers and contributors under a debt, which in England is imposed by the magazines and reviews. In brief, the Frenchman wishes to smile, the Englishman desires to know. For our part we may be thankful that we are guarded against the scurrility of MM. Rochfort and Drumont, since that way lies national degradation and ruin. We may also render to the FIGARO and its colleagues the admiration which they properly exact. For the rest, let us hope that both French and English will jealously guard their distinguishing characteristics. The differences are in the blood, and no profit ever came of insincere imitation.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IV.

I, PAOLO ROSSI, write this memoir that the knowledge of the strangest of mortal experiences may not die with me. Yet so convinced am I of my enemy's wonderful foresight and the unscrupulous use he will make of his power, that I feel sure no other eye (save his, and then but for one reading,) will ever see this paper. Could I fulfil my intention, this should reach your hands, Raffaello, to whom it will be addressed. But this man aims at universal dominion; there is no limit to his ambition; is it likely that he will allow a scrap of paper to stand in his way?

I was seventeen years old when my uncle Luigi died; I am now seventy-eight. I shall not live, nor do I care to live, to be seventy-nine. Nearly seventy years of my long life, as I look back upon them, are commonplace, the ordinary career of a comparatively successful man, born of good family, with wealth, influential connections, and a fairly able mind. Were it not for the occurrences of the past ten years my life could add absolutely nothing to the sum of the world's knowledge, for though respected and deferred to in my time, there have been greater politicians, more successful statesmen than myself, and the name of Paolo Rossi will tell nothing to succeeding generations.

But these ten years! As I look back, they seem so crowded with strange experiences that it bewilders me merely to attempt to set them down.

The very day my uncle died I

mounted to the grotto-chamber. My boyish curiosity was so excited, my imagination was so inflamed by that which he had written, that I could not eat nor sleep nor rest till I was satisfied. Indeed, the thought of the sleeping bandit was the only thing that could distract my mind from its burden of sorrow; for I devotedly loved and sincerely mourned my great uncle, and there never lived a man worthier of the deepest affection, the highest honour, the most lasting esteem,—but I need not praise him to you, Raffaello.

My eyes were red with weeping and my brain was hot and troubled, but as I turned the curious key and entered the lofty chamber, my grief seemed to fall from me. So still, so cool, so airy, so majestic was the place where the bandit had lain nearly half a century, my own personal woe became trivial and passing, the common, universal sorrow, in the austere presence of Death personified.

I carefully closed the door behind me and stepped to the middle of the room. There enclosed in a sealed glass case, so large it was like a small crystal chamber, was Zojas.

He lay upon a sort of couch, his body relaxed but seemingly not rigid, his hands by his side, his head thrown slightly back. The face and hands lacked something of the ghastly pallor of death, and this fact aided perhaps by the soft dim light, which fell only from above, made the figure look like that of a sleeper, not of one who had died more than thirty years before I was born.

My heart fluttered as I stood gazing

upon him, and panic-stricken I was on the point of turning to fly when the exceeding grace and beauty of the figure struck me ; the pose of the shapely body so well displayed in the soft, full flowing shirt and tight knee-breeches, the large bright red kerchief knotted loosely about the bare throat, the haughty serenity of the large head with the inscrutable frown of the eye-brows, the stern mouth and chin, and the dark, thick hair falling over the brow. "Oh to see him open his eyes !" I exclaimed in my agitation, and then, fearing that my wish might be granted, I stumbled from the room, hastily locking the door behind me.

I never visited the room from curiosity again. There was something about this man, so feared during his life, which made his rest respected after death. Only when compelled to see that the supply of chemicals piped into the glass case was complete, did I mount to my uncle's laboratory, which adjoined Zojas's chamber. But through all the years there was never a change. The bandit lay there calmly waiting resurrection, all function arrested but seemingly not for ever. Some slight thing, — the wonderful powder my uncle had given — had stopped the mainspring, but the watch was there, apparently as capable as ever. When this strange numbing power should lose its effect, when the hundred years should have passed, would the wheels revolve again, the hands move, the watch resume its busy record of time ?

That grand old uncle of mine had already achieved a miracle, for there was not the slightest symptom of decay. Zojas's body lay there unaltered. His soul,—ah, whither had it flown ? And suppose my uncle's experiment a failure, what would be the result, simply dissolution or everlasting, unchanging repose ?

In time the strange situation familiarised itself so that my mind no longer refused to admit the possibility of an awakening. In fact, I became so interested in the result that that fear of death came to mean for me only the balking of my curiosity ; and I grew to comprehend my uncle's intense interest, approaching his point of view more and more nearly as the years more widely separated us. I jealously guarded my health so that I should be the one to witness this great miracle ; but I made careful provision in case I should die before Zojas's awakening, bequeathing my house and all its contents to you, Raffaello. You will remember a conversation the meaning of which will be clearer to you now. This memoir and my uncle's last letter, which I have ever kept with me, I intend for you. Yet you will never receive them ; of this I feel sure, yet do I write, that haply one chance in ten thousand may bring them to you.

How would it have been if that one severe illness or some accident had carried me off, and you had taken my place ? Who can say ?

As you know, I busied myself as other men, and the years brought me pain and sorrow, joy and gladness, my small share of fame and my portion of misfortune. I had inherited my uncle's fortune ; I could not inherit the mind which had acquired that fortune and made the Rossi name venerated in San Marco and enduringly great throughout the world. I am more practical, less imaginative ; my mind is of more tenacious if less elastic material. My uncle hoped that I might follow the profession he graced, and all my early education was toward that end, but my tastes and instincts were all unscientific. His mind spent itself on immaterial things ; my life's energies found a natural outlet in

action. My interest in political questions has ever been keen. I served his late Majesty and his father before him. But all that I have done, all that I have suffered in the cause of the State will be forgotten long, long before the glory of Luigi Rossi shall become dim.

V.

CARRY your mind back, Raffaello, ten, fifteen years. You will recall the unsettled state of our country. Everything seemed breaking up; respect for the Government, loyalty to the King,—all had vanished, Heaven knows where! Of a sudden, the people had gone mad. That which they had venerated they now derided; that which they had worshipped they now trailed in the dust; and the higher a thing had been placed, the lower it fell. As the King's minister I laboured with all my might to quell the disturbance, to turn the tide. I have been accused of patricianism, of despising the common people. They call me "Bloody Rossi," remembering how I stamped out rebellion in the west twenty years ago; but I failed to exterminate the rebels, as you know, as all the world now knows, and events hurrying on brought the crisis nearer and nearer. A few of us on one side, the brains, the experience, the culture of the kingdom, and the mad populace on the other; we striving to maintain the old state of things that had endured for centuries, under which our fathers and their fathers had lived in comfort and died peacefully, to preserve the kingdom and loyalty to the King; they surging against and smiting down every barrier we erected, crowding in upon us, driving us further and further back, insatiably exacting privilege after privilege, encroaching, entreat-

ing, threatening, riots in the south-west, rebellion in the mountains, and anarchy in the capital. The crisis came at length; they called upon our King to abdicate.

I laughed aloud when the report was brought to me, and hurrying to the palace, I saw his Majesty. Ah, had he been such a king as his grandfather! I stormed, I ridiculed, I entreated, I wept; I begged to be put in command of the army and in six months, I swore, we should be at peace. The result was merely what it had always been. The King would consider what I had urged; the King would also consider what the Radicals had demanded. In the meantime his Majesty would wait; no good could come of precipitating matters; and he would consider and compromise, compromise and consider, till all option of considering and compromising was taken from him. At length, in despair, I resigned my post.

He tried force when it was too late; he abdicated when it was too late; he was equally unsuccessful whether he tried to pacify or to punish. I knew the abdication would not content them, and when word came that the streets were blockaded and that San Marco, gone mad, was storming the palace, I felt that all was lost. For hours I stood behind the curtained window that fronts the square, not daring to show a light, watching the mob stream by. I would have given my life to be with the King, but I could never have reached him; I should have been hacked to pieces by the savages, had I shown myself.

That night I thought my last hour had come, and after the streets became quiet I sat alone in the dark, (the servants had all fled) waiting, cogitating, planning, regretting. Yet I knew that the monarchy was doomed,

and with bitterness I realised that I had had my share of fortune's favours. After a long, prosperous life misfortune had come to me in my old age, when I could bear it least. Death lay before me, I thought, a violent, hateful death,—or escape and exile. It was like tearing up a tree long planted. We Rossis have lived in San Marco for four centuries and we have rooted deep; the old house was full of memories, freighted with stories of past ambitions, alive with the history of our race. It seemed easier to die than to leave San Marco for ever.

Suddenly a confused murmur came to my ears. It grew louder and louder, and presently the din and turbulence out of doors drew me again to the window. The triumphant people were returning. The glare from their torches flickered into my windows, lighting up the beautiful old, spacious, tapestry-hung apartments. The street was alive with armed men, and I could hear the steady tramp of the militia. I saw the King seated in his carriage, his benevolent, if somewhat weak, face, looking flushed but composed. The tears filled my eyes as I saw him so degraded, so abandoned to his fate. Loyalty, fealty, habit,—what you will—tugged at my heartstrings, and I turned from the window burying my face in my hands.

A shout from without brought me to my feet. Ah, the Guards, the faithful Guards! They had hurried to their King's assistance, and they poured down upon the irregular, half-armed mass of leaderless peasants, mowing them down like grass. The blood leaped to my face at the sight; I forgot my seventy years, and dashing out through the open window I appeared upon the piazza, and, sword high in hand, cheered them on.

A last chance and but a chance, I

kept repeating to myself; for even should they rescue the King, what then? The tide of revolution had set in too strong. Would it sweep all before it, or might it yet be stemmed?

How they fought! It seemed victory must be theirs. And so it should have been, for the mob wavered and fell back, and in a moment the Guards would have been victorious, had not a tall, swarthy savage leaped into the thick of it, bearing all down before him. I myself saw him seize a sword from a soldier, whom he felled with his naked fist. He sprang forward, waving his sword, turning to urge his companions on, and I caught a glimpse of a face that was half-mad, half-dreamy, alive with excitement yet seemingly dazed and bewildered; a strangely foreign face but familiar, with dark flashing eyes that were fearfully compelling. The people dashed after him with a mad yell and he led them on, reckless, bullet-proof; a mark for death in his white shirt,—he wore no coat—yet nothing stayed, nothing injured him. In a moment all was over, the Guards slaughtered, dispersed, the mob triumphant again, bearing the King to his death.

But now it was my turn. They had seen me on the piazza: they had heard my voice urging our gallant Guards on; and with shouts of "Down with bloody Rossi!" they stormed the old place. So it had come. The stout oak doors, built at a time when doors were made for just such usage, would resist for a time, but soon 'twould be all over with me. I stood still, breathless, awaiting them. What could an old man of seventy do against a mob like that? It was ridiculous. In my excitement I laughed aloud, hysterically, angrily, and the clock just

then striking eleven, there was an odd, bizarre combination of sound at which I paused and listened.

I don't know how it came to me ; life had been so full, so troubled this past six months that I had forgotten what once had most interested me. The time I had looked forward to since boyhood, longingly, eagerly, had passed in the excitement of a falling kingdom and my own peril.

And Zojas, what of him ? At least I would know the end before I died, so that uncle Luigi might not question me in vain when he and I should meet twenty, ten minutes hence.

I hurried up the stairs, forgetting my own agony in anxiety on the dead bandit's account ; for there were certain directions I should have followed, certain precautions I should have taken. As I sprang up the last short flight of stairs, I was struck first with horror and then with relief. Yesterday and to-day, I all at once remembered, I had forgotten to supply the chemicals which kept the chamber at the required temperature. Yet by a lucky chance, my unpardonable negligence had been unwitting wisdom. I recalled now my uncle's directions, that I should permit the chamber to gradually resume its normal temperature, and that when the hour struck for the resurrection, the room should glow with warmth ; and this was summer. How wonderfully fortunate !

I reached the laboratory door and slammed it behind me ; I passed on into the secret chamber. Ah ! The room was warm, delightfully warm ; the rays of the August sun had beaten down upon the roof all day, and now the atmosphere was palpitating with heat, yet beautifully fresh, so perfect was the ventilation of the great lofty apartment.

I was so delighted that I chuckled with satisfaction ; evidently not yet

had good fortune deserted the house of Rossi. I lit the lamp and looked around.

Zojas was gone !

VI.

BUT how was such a thing possible ? Who could have removed the body ? Who knew of the existence of this chamber but myself ? Bewildered, I put my hand to my head and tried to think.

I remembered having opened the glass case several days before, when, in fulfilment of my uncle's orders, I had made preparations for the resuscitation. I had restored the tongue to its place, removed the specially-prepared cotton from nostrils and ears, placed liquors and restoratives at hand and such apparatus as might be necessary should breathing at first be defective. I recalled now how these preparations had absorbed me at the time, how I had lingered, almost lovingly, over this strange work, wondering what the end would be. I hardly hoped for success ; I could not bring my mind to realise that changeless recumbent figure, upon which I had looked for half a century, rising, moving, living, speaking. Nevertheless, my curiosity was intense ; something would happen,—what ?

And after all these years of waiting, after my uncle's minute instructions, his foresight, his exquisitely complete arrangements, the perfection of circumstance for such a trial, my selfish pre-occupation of yesterday and to-day, the cruel chance that had brought about my King's downfall and my own, must happen upon this very day,—almost at the very hour ! Ah, Uncle Luigi, can you forgive me ? Your great work undone, your hopes blasted, your wonderful experiment a failure ! And I whom you

trusted, whom you benefited, whom you loved as a son,—I to blame! My grief and remorse were so great that I fell exhausted, almost fainting, into a chair.

Then suddenly there came a crash; the door had given way! Again I had forgotten. Here was I, a man of seventy weeping over the failure of a scientific experiment, not my own, while in ten minutes, five, nay now, this very moment death stood before me. I heard them storming up the staircase, scattering from room to room like a pack of pestilent animals; destroying what they could never recreate, ransacking the fine old place that the Rossis have loved to beautify, which centuries of intimate association have rendered almost holy. They are at the door! Well, I have lived seventy years; it is enough. Life holds nothing more for me; I am ready.

A crash! The laboratory door is down. Again, that tearing sound of splintering oak, and their leader, bloody sabre in hand, is before me. He is dressed oddly, theatrically, in white flowing shirt and dark knee-breeches, and about his neck—Good God! Am I losing my mind? Then the sooner death comes the better, for if Zojas's face were lighted up by such blazing, imperious eyes, if Zojas were living, this should be he!

I rose and rushed toward him as he stood in the doorway, the swarming, eager crowd behind him. I believed I was going to die, and I sought death; my brain had borne too much, I was mad for rest. But at the sight of the room, the glass case, the couch, my face perhaps, he staggered as if struck. A shout went up from without. They thought I had wounded him, and swarming into the room they bore me down before them. I closed my eyes.

"Off!" their leader yelled. "The

prey is mine, harm him at your peril. Off, I say!" He struck about him with the flat of his sword and raising me from the floor, stood before me. "Comrades," he commanded, beckoning the regular soldiers in, "take this man to the jail. Guard him, let him not escape, but kill, kill without mercy any one who tries to take him from you. Your heads or mine if you fail."

When I reached the prison and was placed in a crowded cell (for the Revolutionists had dragged the city and caught all that was highest and noblest in their net) I fell exhausted upon a cot in the corner, and there despite my terrible situation, the stifling air of the close cell, and the excited, hushed whispering, the moaning and sobbing about me, I fell asleep. My age, the terrible fatigue, the strain of the past six months, and my overwrought condition had prostrated me.

I dreamed all night, but not of my own troubles, nor of the King, nor of the country which was aflame with anarchy. I dreamed of Zojas, always Zojas, fighting like a demon at times, then sleeping his long sleep as serenely, as calmly as during the past years I had so often watched him. Time after time, in my dream, the moment came for his awakening. There seemed to be a faint glow upon that impassive, bronzed face; surely his great chest heaved, his long, brown hand moved, his eyelids twitched; at last I should see the eyes they hid. I bent over intent, breathless,—and waked with a start, to turn uneasily upon my hard bed and fall feverishly to sleep once more to dream the same dream again and again.

Then my dream of the night became my delirium by day, for I fell ill, desperately ill; and through all that terrible time when the King was executed, my old associates in the

ministry murdered, you and all my friends banished or in exile, my beautiful old palace razed to the ground, and the new government established, I was hovering feverishly at the brink of death, babbling of Zojas and my uncle Luigi,—as dead to the great events that were taking place as though I had been a contemporary of my dead uncle, and of the bandit who gave his life to science.

VII.

AN, how slowly the aged come back to life! Even now I cannot disassociate the reality of that time from delirium. For a time, while I was recovering, I lived in a half-world where facts seemed monstrously unreal and fancy was all I had to build upon.

Truth to tell, the world I had entered was so changed that a sound man might disbelieve the evidence of his senses. Our laws and customs had shaped themselves logically, naturally, through the course of centuries. Our form of government had rested upon a broad base,—the great mass of common people below, and above, graduated with almost mechanical accuracy, the superior classes, labourers, merchants, seignors, the priests, the nobility, and at the apex of the governmental pyramid, the King. Now my poor weak, fever-sick brain must suddenly realise that all in a moment, in a mighty convulsion of society, the pyramid had been torn from its solid foundation, hurled aloft and thrown again to earth. But so great had been the force of the overturning that the apex

had been driven deep, deep into the earth,—where our martyred King lies buried. The royal princes come next, they too buried deep. Above, hardly venturing as yet to peer above the ground, comes the old nobility. The parvenus and the rich, who dare not yet proclaim themselves rich or noble, trample upon their superiors, while they in turn are trampled upon by the middle classes. And above all rages the rampant multitude, the ignorant, bestial populace,—the people forsooth!

And how long, pray, can this unnatural state of affairs last? How long can the apex of the social pyramid point downward and serve as a base? Not long, not long; you and I know what the end will be. At first the broad base will lie absolutely level, unnaturally exposed to the light of day. And the ugly crawling things, which have germinated and pullulated in the crevices where in the damp darkness the pyramid's base has rested close to earth, so long undisturbed, these now are at the surface. Now the demagogues rear their brazen heads; little by little they will press upon the mass beneath; each stratum will bear upon the one beneath it; and presently little by little, the old apex will sink lower yet, and little by little, very gradually, a new pyramid will be formed, whose base shall be the old base of society. And when the space on the top becomes too limited, the monsters will turn upon and devour one another, and at length there will be a new apex.

And who will stand on the top?—Zojas!

(To be continued.)

DIPLOMACY AND JOURNALISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF "MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."

SIR,—Everyone will cordially acknowledge the weight which must belong to any expression of opinion coming from a writer of Mr. Frederick Greenwood's ability and reputation; yet I doubt whether, outside Fleet Street, anybody will care to go with him all the way in his article on PUBLIC OPINION IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS in the last number of this magazine. It is not perhaps so much to any individual proposition that we (for I find many in like predicament with myself) are inclined to take exception, as to the general tone of the paper. Frankly speaking, it is a condemnation of British Diplomacy and a glorification of British Journalism based on no better grounds than those Lucetta assigned for her opinion of Proteus:

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.

Everything is for the best in this best of all possible Presses; everything is for the worst in this worst of all possible Foreign Offices. That is the humour of it. In short, Mr. Greenwood's attitude as the champion of Journalism against the charges of Diplomacy reminds me of nothing so much as of one of Leech's inimitable drawings (during the Chartist riots in 1848 I think it was, but I am quoting from memory,) in which a valiant but very diminutive Special Constable observes to a huge brawny ruffian, "Now, my man, if I kill you it's nothing, but if you kill me, by Jingo, it's murder!"

Mr. Greenwood does indeed admit the possibility that from the restless enterprise of the Press mischief may sometimes come to the country's interests,—by the inopportune disclosure, for example, of pending negotiations; but he considers that it is only in the rarest instances that injury actually occurs, instances so rare indeed that he is unable to call to mind a single recent case. The truth is, he says, that Journalism far more generally assists than thwarts the efforts of Diplomacy. His denunciation of a complaint, which is not infrequently heard, that the activity of the Press has of late years been detrimental to the foreign policy of the country, culminates in the following remarkable passage.

Apparently, therefore, if "Journalism continually undoes the work of Diplomacy," as was said the other day, its worst way of doing it has been hitherto unsuspected. The work of British Diplomacy for many years before 1898, though not its aim, of course, was to bring its own august self to decay and the country to the condition of the negligible. To *undo* this work it would have been necessary to thwart the whole course and intent of Government policy,—the Gladstonian recedent, the Salisbury concessional. Not to undo but to prosper these foreign policies, Journalism should have tolerated, excused, supported them unceasingly. Inasmuch as it did so it did the right thing, according to what we now hear, but, alas and alack, in aiding the work it helped to destroy the aim. How much better, then, had it "constantly undone the work," instead of combining to put a stop to it at the last moment and after so much mischief!

The inference intended to be drawn from this passage would appear to be that, until the difficulty with regard to Fashoda arose, the foreign policy of the Government had received the consistent support of the Press, but upon that event, public opinion, speaking with the voice of the Press, compelled the Government to abandon the concessional policy (which had hitherto been adopted and would probably have been followed in that instance as well) and maintain a firm front against French aggression.

But what are the facts? In the first place, there are probably very few persons who were aware of the kindly attitude which the Press had taken up towards the Government previously to the autumn of 1898. The majority of us, I fancy, considered that, except for a very few months when the present Government came into power, Conservative and Liberal Ministries alike had had a very fair share of criticism, whether deserved or undeserved. But assuming that Journalism has unceasingly "tolerated, excused, supported," the Ministry of the day, that fact would appear to be due to one of the following causes: either that the "Sovereign People," despite its "good sense and courage" appreciated the policy of the Government; or that Journalism preferred the policy of the Government to the good sense and courage of the Sovereign People. Whichever hypothesis be correct, it would seem to show that, assuming, with Mr. Greenwood, that our foreign policy was wrong, the Ministry was not the only body in error.

In the second place, it must be remembered that on no other occasion, within the last ten years at all events, has there been so unanimous a manifestation of public opinion on a question of foreign policy as was exhibited in the case of Fashoda.

Rarely has the Opposition come so entirely into line with the Government, and the Press of all parties so warmly supported it, as in that instance. Much credit is undoubtedly due to the leaders of the Liberal party and to the Press for that support, since the hands of the Government were thereby strengthened, and its burden most materially lightened. At the same time there is nothing to show that the result would not ultimately have been as it was, even had the Government been left to deal with France single-handed. There is nothing to prove either that the Cabinet of this country would have made any concession in the Soudan, or that the French Government would finally have refused to take a reasonable view of the situation. Negotiations, no doubt, would have been more extended, for the ways of Diplomacy are gentler and more circuitous than those of Journalism; but that the upshot of the affair would have been as it is I, for one, can see no reason to doubt. Fashoda was one of those cases in which Journalism dovetails into and renders more certain and speedy of fulfilment the aims of Diplomacy; but neither in that nor in any other instance could Journalism supersede Diplomacy. Both may work for the same end; but the one does so incessantly and suavely, the other abruptly and intermittently: what in fact is the essence of the one, is merely an accident of the other.

At the commencement of the Fashoda difficulty a complaint was made by some of the French newspapers that, so soon as Lord Salisbury found the country unanimous in supporting him, he assumed a far more decided tone on the question of evacuation than he had ventured upon at first. That he should do so was only to be expected. The great difficulty of a

Foreign Minister, in a country enjoying the supreme blessings of a free Parliament and a free Press, is to ascertain how far he may safely go in putting forward demands and insisting upon them. To threaten a rival State with war, and then to find yourself unsupported by an overwhelming majority of the population, is, as Lord Salisbury recently pointed out, merely to humiliate and injure the prestige of the country. Caution, therefore, is above all things needful in the conduct of foreign affairs. The Minister can seldom make an unalterable demand until he has probed public opinion upon the point. The rival Government is also watching, and if it sees the Press taking divergent views it will, of course, be encouraged to resist the Minister's demands. How often does the Press exhibit that unanimity of opinion which would enable a Minister to insist upon a disputed point without fear of being subsequently compelled to change his tone? In the initial stages of the dispute, at all events, Mr. Greenwood would, I suspect, be puzzled to find more instances of such unanimity than he is able to recall of the mischief wrought to Diplomacy by the indiscreet activity of Journalism. It is but rarely indeed that the various sections of the Press join hands with such speed and determination as was shown in the case of Fashoda. More often the fact that one section of the Press advocates one course of action is sufficient, when combined with constitutionally differing standards of judgment, to induce another section (no doubt in perfect honesty) to suspect the wisdom of that course and advocate a diametrically opposite one. Although all are for the State, their views of what is for the State's welfare differ considerably; and so, even in the direction in which Jour-

nalism might most assist Diplomacy, it usually fails to have that effect.

So far, then, although Diplomacy and Journalism do not combine to forward the interests of the country so often as they might do, that is not on account of any natural hostility between them. Their aims are not antagonistic, but they lie on entirely different planes. It might be that if more communication between them were possible, Journalism might assist Diplomacy more frequently than it does. If official communications could be issued to the Press without detriment to the public interest, much good might be done both by satisfying public opinion that things were going well, and by showing foreign Governments that the country was agreed upon the main issue of its foreign policy. But unfortunately a communication of any importance to the British public is also a communication to every foreign Government and people. That is the whole crux of the situation. No Minister would be averse from communicating the secrets of his policy to his own people if he could be sure that the information would go no further. It would relieve him of an immense load of responsibility if he could take the opinion of the nation upon every matter of difficulty; but whether such a scheme, if feasible, would make for the welfare of the country in the long run must remain a matter of speculation. Personally I should prefer too much to too little secrecy.

Having admitted that there are directions in which Journalism may, and sometimes does, work in common with Diplomacy, it remains to point out a field in which their interests seem destined to be in a continual state of opposition. I will not now lay stress upon the fact that at times revelations in the Press may open the eyes of a foreign Government to the

conduct of negotiations between the home Government and a third Power, and so prevent them from being brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Upon that point I will only say that the possibility is too obvious to be denied, and that, although Mr. Greenwood is sceptical as to the actual occurrence of such a state of things within the past twelve months, many of his readers will possibly doubt whether his scepticism be well founded. With that I will pass to a question of more immediate moment, because it more often arises, and is at the moment of writing threatening our relations with France.

The main function of an Ambassador is to smoothe the relations between his own Government and that of the country to which he is accredited. He must watch for possible points of disagreement, and do his utmost to prevent them from developing into active hostility, and his efforts towards this end are not generally rendered more easy of accomplishment by the comments of the newspapers at home. It is, I believe, the opinion of an eminent journalist that the entire crusade of the Press and of the leaders of the Opposition in the Fashoda crisis was unnecessary and undesirable. I do not share that opinion; I think that it assisted the Government out of a difficult situation by proving to French politicians that this country's mind was fixed for evacuation or war. But, at the same time, that the comments of the Press went further than was absolutely needful to attain the aims of Diplomacy, and in consequence produced an unnecessarily embittered feeling, it is impossible to doubt. And after all it is not to be wondered at. A newspaper is not a philanthropic but a commercial undertaking, and the primary object of its directors must be to obtain financial support. That

support can only be gained by catering for the tastes of the public; and the public, whether it be English, French, or German, looks for a little sensation in its newspapers, and likes its mental sustenance somewhat highly spiced. Editors cannot afford to ignore a subject because it may irritate foreign opinion. Their readers expect information upon it, and are dissatisfied if they find that information in some other paper and not in their own. No doubt many an Editor honestly recognises, and does his best to conform to his responsibility as a citizen, though I cannot but think that Mr. Greenwood's ideal Editor, who would appear to combine in his single person the special knowledge, foresight, and experience of a whole Cabinet, must be somewhat rare even in Fleet Street. But the difference between an Editor and a Foreign Secretary in such matters is, I should suppose, this: first, that the Editor, not having so wide a horizon as the Secretary, may not see the harm of publishing a piece of news, although it would be obvious to the Secretary; and, secondly, that if there was a doubt as to the risk of publication, the Editor would be certain to take it in the interests of his journal, while the Secretary would be equally certain not to take it in the interests of his country. Both would be right, each in that state of life into which he has been called; but which would be playing best the part of the good citizen?

The fact of the matter is that the Editor has to serve two masters, his country's welfare and the reading public; and that while secrecy best promotes the first, at any rate in the sphere of foreign politics, publicity is most pleasing to the other. If the information, and the comments thereon, went no further than those for whom they were originally intended, no harm would be done. But the

information occasionally (I do not say often) puts a rival Government on the track of negotiations of which it was previously unaware, and so assists to foil them; while comments irritate foreign politicians and inflame public passion abroad, and so render the diplomatist's work more difficult. Writing to Bismarck in 1879, the Emperor of Germany is reported by Dr. Busch to have said: "The Emperor [of Russia] regrets having written the letter, as it has given rise to misunderstandings; as the words *ce qui doit avoir des suites fâcheuses et dangereuses* should absolutely not be regarded as threatening a rupture, but only as directing my attention to the fact that if some restraint were not placed upon the Press, ill-feeling might arise between our two countries, which neither of us desired, and therefore measures should be taken accordingly." Much as this country owes to Journalism, beneficial as the liberty of the Press has undoubtedly been in most directions, I cannot but think, Sir, that in foreign politics its tendency is to hamper our diplomatists in their dealings with the statesmen of such countries as Russia and France. To say this, is merely to point out that even democratic institutions have drawbacks as well as advantages.

Is there a remedy for this, and if so what is it? Mr. Greenwood asks for permission to know just as much of the outlines of British foreign policy as every intelligent Russian peasant knows of what the Czar intends to make of Russia. That is, indeed, a moderate request, — so moderate, in fact, that it is impossible to regard it seriously. Are we in all gravity to be asked to believe that the educated Englishman understands less of Lord Salisbury's intentions than the Russian peasant, illiterate and half-starved, compre-

hends of the aims of the Sovereign of the largest military power in the world, unhampered by constitutional and Parliamentary limitations, or, as perhaps one should more truly say, of the aims of that most astute of Foreign Ministers, Count Mouravieff? The idea is too preposterous to be entertained for a moment, and one can only suppose that Mr. Greenwood has allowed a facile pen to run away with him, as facile pens occasionally will. "What is not imposture is willingly respected;" but who is to say whether information is rightly kept back until he knows what that information is? And even then the question must be largely a matter of opinion, which it is idle to pretend that even Carlyle's (or Mr. Greenwood's) ablest Editor can have the means of forming enjoyed by a Prime Minister. The truth is that, as in matters of business shareholders must repose confidence in the discretion of their directors if they do not wish to injure their company's interests, so, in matters of foreign policy, a nation must be content to trust mainly to the discretion of the Ministers whom it has appointed. Every business man knows that in business matters secrecy is at times essential to success, and secrets confided to a large number of persons are secrets no longer. All that can be done is to elect men of ability and honour, and to give them a free hand. To attempt to dictate to them how much they shall tell and how much keep secret is merely to hamper their movements. There is much in Diplomacy, as Mr. Greenwood admits, which cannot be divulged without mischief, and it is surely for those who have the knowledge, and not for those who have it not, to say how much may be revealed with safety. They bear the burden of responsibility

if things go wrong; assuredly they ought to be allowed considerable latitude in the methods they may see fit to adopt to bring the affairs of the nation to a successful issue. If Ministers are wrong, they pay the penalty by dismissal from office; but to be continually finding fault with them is in all probability to drive them into mistakes which they would not otherwise have committed.

If further information could safely be given, no doubt, Sir, it would be to the advantage of everyone, but, as I have already said, if that were the case such information would presumably be given in order to relieve the Ministry from responsibility. One cannot, however, I fear, expect much more openness in these matters, the greater complexity of our foreign relations in recent years leading one to look for more secrecy rather than less in the future. A possible way out of the difficulty would be to

create a small joint committee of the two Houses, corresponding to the Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States. The members would, of course, be bound to secrecy, and to them the Government might confide its difficulties. As they would not be holders of office it might be that the public,—or, let us say, the newspapers, for it is from them, I suspect, that this cry comes, the public being, I take it, in the main very well content with things as they are—that the newspapers, then, would place greater confidence in their power of discriminating between what should be kept secret and what revealed, than they apparently do in the discretion of the Cabinet. The experiment at any rate might be worth consideration.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

TEMPLAR.

London,
January 14th, 1899.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON AND HIS REVIEWERS.

BY A COUNTRY COUSIN.

LIVING almost out of the world, a student of old books rather than of new ones, I yet became aware last autumn that some event of unusual importance in the history of literature had taken place. Something had happened, something very delightful yet rather solemn, for which "that microscopic section of the public which concerns itself with nothing that is not 'literature' in the highest and best sense of the word" (I owe this effective phrase to *THE LITERARY WORLD*) had long been waiting; something in which even we of the common herd, who are concerned with so many things which cannot be called literature in any sense of the word, were to have some small part.

The microscopic section had known, it seemed, for years that Mr. Watts-Dunton had in his possession a hidden treasure which it was hoped he would some day consent to reveal to a wondering universe; to the rest of us, the uninitiated, who are not intimately acquainted with "the inner world of contemporary letters," the appearance of *AYLWIN* was fraught, at first, with no particular significance. My attention, in fact, was only drawn to the book by the acclamations with which the reviewers greeted it. I am not a very determined novel-reader, and a considerable amount of contemporary fiction passes me by unheeded, but the terms in which *AYLWIN* was described awakened my curiosity. In the opinion of the critics it was

a very remarkable work; and very remarkable too, in its way, was the generous unanimity which ran like a golden thread through all the newspapers from *THE TIMES* to *THE ECHO*. We hear a good deal of the jealousies which are reported to disfigure the literary profession, but there was no trace of them here; the reviewers all vied with one another in their eagerness to do honour to their illustrious colleague. Nothing so moving as *AYLWIN* had appeared, it seemed, for a very long time,—one writer thought since *HAMLET*; the value of the work to English literature could hardly be over-estimated;¹ there was not a character in it which was not life-like, distinctive, and original; there was humour in it, rising at times to high comedy, but no sensitive person could read it without scalding tears; it was full of allegorical significance, it revealed a penetrating philosophy, it reviewed the intellectual movements of the age, it might be regarded as an optimistic confronting of the cosmogony; and still, as a story, it was passionate, convincing, absorbing, enthralling, vivid, noble, and intense; every page bore marks of the ripest maturity, and yet if it had been published anonymously, it would have been hailed by all our leading critics

¹ This and the following phrases are quoted from *THE BOOKMAN* (November), *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* (December), *THE DAILY NEWS* (October 15th), *THE DAILY CHRONICLE* (October 15th), *LITERATURE* (October 29th), and *THE LITERARY WORLD* (October 28th).

(but is not this a little hard upon our leading critics?) as the first-fruits of the genius of some new marvellous boy; there were great painters in it who were also great thinkers, and the great thoughts they thought; and no one but Mr. Watts-Dunton could possibly have written it. Six or seven weeks after its publication, it went into its ninth edition; and we were told that we "might conjecture" that the author "was not too much numiliated" by this fact.

Naturally the reviewers differed on points of detail. LITERATURE called AYLWIN a poem in prose, while THE ATHENÆUM warned us that the manufacture of poetic prose was not one of the author's aims; THE DAILY CHRONICLE thought it in some sense a didactic novel, though "the writer shrinks from asserting more than the spiritualistic conception of the cosmos;" to THE DAILY NEWS it seemed in the main "a novel of recollections," "eminently reminiscential in suggestion;" THE BOOKMAN prettily termed it "a novel of the two Bohemias;" and LITERATURE again questioned whether it were a novel at all. Most of the writers hinted that the book was "occasionally autobiographical;" it was left for THE ATHENÆUM to assure us authoritatively (and who should know if not THE ATHENÆUM?) that AYLWIN has taken us all so far into Mr. Watts-Dunton's confidence, that we may henceforth identify ourselves "to an almost painful degree" with him, as well as with his creations,—a very exciting prospect. There was some uncertainty about the real people who are introduced into the narrative. When a friend thrusts a photograph into one's hand with an enthusiastic cry of *Isn't it like?* it is always a little awkward to confess that one has no idea whom it is intended to represent; and some

such air of embarrassment seemed to hang about AYLWIN's reviewers. They evidently felt that they should have been able to recognise the portraits at a glance, but had not succeeded in doing so. They were all certain that D'Arcy stood for Rossetti,—he is so happily associated with an Indian bull and a wombat that there is no mistaking him; and THE DAILY CHRONICLE, with native audacity, declared that if the other painter, Wilderspin, had been or could have been a Wesleyan-Methodist, he might perhaps have represented James Smetham. But beyond this they did not care to go, contenting themselves with hinting that they could if they would, but they wouldn't, or, as THE DAILY CHRONICLE put it, "conjectures might be hazarded, but we refrain."

Even those characteristics which in another writer might have appeared defects, were applauded here as ornaments. LITERATURE asserted (in what seemed for an experienced reviewer an incredibly sanguine spirit) that "from the ordinary novel one expects coherency of plot, a stern attention to probability, and a clear presentation of understandable facts;" "viewed from this standpoint the book suffers from comparison with many of its inferiors," and it was apparently all the better for that. "To the up-to-date novelist," said another critic, "rapidity of development is everything. The characters are not many and are brought upon the scene in the early pages of the story. This is as it should be;" he goes on to explain that the method adopted in AYLWIN is the reverse of this, but that is also as it should be. THE ATHENÆUM noted the "comparative absence of the purely literary quality" from the style and seemed to congratulate us upon it; "it would have been easy," it continued, "for Mr. Watts-Dunton to endow his work

with patches of rhetoric more or less ornate,—such patches as might have been looked for in ordinary circumstances from an acknowledged master of English prose,” but he has “disregarded this temptation.” I venture to suggest in passing, that it is a mistake for literary journals to assume that their readers are as familiar as themselves with the best models. I, for one, have no idea of the kind of patch with which a master of English, or of any other, prose endows his work in ordinary circumstances; I did not even know that he was expected to endow it with patches at all, and I doubt if I am alone in my ignorance.

The author of this masterpiece was compared or contrasted in turn with many notable writers—with Shakespeare, because Ophelia was mad and so was Winnie Wynne; with Borrow, because there are gipsies in *LAVENGRO* and gipsies in *AYLWIN*; with Balzac and Ibsen, because there is heredity in *LA COMÉDIE HUMAINE* and in *GHOSTS*, and something that passes for heredity in *AYLWIN*; with Prévost, because there is sentiment in *MANON LESCAUT*, and sentiment (but of a better quality) in *AYLWIN*; with Goethe, because,—I forget why the author of *AYLWIN* was like Goethe, but I remember that if Tennyson had kept *MAUD* by him for some years before publishing it, there would have been some ground of comparison between him and Mr. Watts-Dunton. I was particularly impressed by the tribute offered to *AYLWIN* in the journal which pledged itself, not long since, to oppose the common vice of extravagant laudation. “The passion of love revealed in this book” says the writer in *LITERATURE* “is that of noble strength on fire. Beyond, but rising out of this, is a new and convincing spiritual outlook; new because it is above and beyond the narrow outlook which prevails in contempo-

rary literature, convincing because it comes out of the depth of spiritual emotion and so has a sweep and intensity of vision that none may wholly withstand. The spiritual intensity of the book indeed is its fundamental strength and the root of its strange flower of beauty. *AYLWIN* is in this respect a fitting book wherewith to let the passing century stand as it were a-poise.”

I laid down the review and tried to picture to myself the passing century,—the century of Byron and Scott, of Keats and Shelley, of Wordsworth and Tennyson, of Dickens and Thackeray, of Macaulay and Ruskin and Newman—standing as it were a-poise with Mr. Watts-Dunton’s volume in her hand; but my thoughts wandered to nothing more consequent than a couple of lines which have as fair a chance of immortality as many more ambitious efforts,—

The carpenter said nothing but
The butter’s spread too thick.

The only note in this harmonious chorus that gave me a moment’s uneasiness, was a phrase in *THE ATHENÆUM* which spoke of *AYLWIN* as a prose counterpart of *THE COMING OF LOVE*. I must explain that, although I had long heard of Mr. Watts-Dunton, not merely as our greatest critic but as almost our only living poet (not counting minors), I had only recently read his poems. This was not due to any particular prejudice, but to a general disinclination to acquaint myself with any poetry that is not at least five years old. We can not all read everything, and some are too indolent to try; so for the most part I leave the newest bards respectfully alone. In view however of the commotion caused by the approach of *AYLWIN*, I had departed from my usual practice and had resolved to study *THE COMING OF*

LOVE. "A work to which the student and the literary historian must turn with feelings of reverence for many generations to come" — "In Coleridgean mastery of supernatural glamour, the poems are amongst the most remarkable published for many years" — "Superb writing with its chances for all time" — these were some of the utterances to be found among the Press notices at the end of the volume, and thus inspirited I made a gallant attempt to read it. Had I known then what I know now, namely that *THE COMING OF LOVE* is "an attempt to deal with the deepest enigmas of human, indeed of cosmical destiny, and at the same time to write an almost realistic poem about a gipsy-girl,"¹ I should have been saved the useless effort, but I was not warned in time.

Thanks to the prose directions with which the course of the poem was plentifully interspersed, I had but little difficulty in following what there was of the story; nor was I dismayed by the gorgeous regularity of the imagery or by such lines as these which occasionally relieved it,—

'Tis I, thy friend, who once, a child of
 six,
 To find where Mother Carey fed her
 chicks,
 Climbed up the boat and then with
 bramble sticks
 Tried all in vain to scull—

and this which I came upon by chance
 in the middle of the book,—

Again I feel the pang when trying to
 choke—

which have as much of the Wordsworthian simplicity as of the Coleridgean glamour. It was not till I encountered such passages as,—

De blessed chi ud give de chollo
 O' Bozzle's breed,—tans, vardey, greis,
 and all,
 To see dat tarno rye of hers palall—

and,—

Bal, danniers, canners, yockers, moey,
 nock:
 My daddy's bort me sich a nicet new
 frock—

that I fell back daunted. These metrical beauties did not, in truth, inspire me with any great passion to read their prose counterpart, but I overcame my misgivings, arguing with myself that an indifferent poet may yet be an admirable novelist, and that it was unlikely that Mr. Watts-Dunton's name on a title-page should so dazzle the critics a second time as to make them mislead the simple souls who look to them for guidance. I sent therefore for *AYLWIN* and read it with the greatest attention.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE, in its large-hearted advocacy of the work, declares that it is the author's lot to please everyone, including the superior person, providing only that the superior person is honest. I have no claim to a place on that superior journal's list of superior persons (Heaven forbid!), but I do try to be honest and sometimes I really believe that I succeed. Honestly, then, I cannot agree with those critics who seem to regard *AYLWIN* as a flawless masterpiece; and before condemning me as captious, perverse, or dishonest, I would plead with them to remember how few things there are in this world which answer exactly to that description. The part of *Devil's Advocate* is never an amiable one to take upon oneself, yet since there are always a few persons who are interested in hearing the views of the minority I venture to indicate what seem to me some of *AYLWIN*'s shortcomings.

¹ See *THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for December, 1898.

I should say first that I am considering the book as a novel, or at least as a romance. Several of its reviewers in their "first fine careless rapture" described it as a novel, and immediately proceeded to criticise it as something else. To do this is to ignore the first principles of criticism. Imagine for a moment the confusion which must result were Whitaker's Almanac to be reviewed, say, as an epic poem. Regarded in that light, it would be a most inadequate performance; we should miss in it the heroic stuff of which epics are made, the stately diction, every element in fact of the lofty and the sublime. It would be useless for Mr. Whitaker to urge that his volume was running over with valuable information about the Patent Office and the City Companies and tides and tidal waves; the presence of such extraneous matters in an epic would only aggravate his offence. There is no critic capable of doing Mr. Whitaker so flagrant an injustice, but there are many who see no harm in reviewing a novel as an autobiographical sketch, or as a prose poem, or as a concrete expression of the author's theory of the universe. If the arbitrary limits of time and space permitted, I would gladly join them (in defiance of critical principles) in discussing AYLWIN as any or all of these things; but at present I can only judge it in its primary aspect, that is to say, as a romance. For the benefit of those who have not read the book (and the number may be larger than is generally suspected) I had better begin by giving some account of the plot.

At the time of his first wife's tragic death, Philip Aylwin, of Raxton Hall, was "a simple, happy, country squire;" but Henry, his son by a second marriage, was still a boy when his father was already a fair Hebrew scholar, an ardent numismatist, and an

extremely learned Latter-Day mystic, with a knowledge of Sanscrit, Arabic and Persian, a deep-rooted passion for philology, and the largest collection of St. Helena coins in England. He was in the habit of going to Switzerland to indulge in "spiritualistic orgies" without his wife's knowledge, and it was during one of these expeditions that Henry was entrusted with the sacred secret on which the story turns. His father showed him a jewelled cross which had been the first Mrs. Aylwin's most cherished possession, and asked him to promise that it should be buried with him. It seemed a harmless fancy, but Henry who was eighteen and a confirmed materialist thought it "savoured of superstition" and "hesitated to become a party to such an undertaking." He pointed out to his father that the cross would certainly be stolen, but Mr. Aylwin had foreseen this objection. His coffin was to be guarded by a curse written in Hebrew and English; he had "printed the English version in large letters so that any would-be despoiler must see it and read it at once by the dimmest lantern light." He had not taken the same trouble with the Hebrew, perhaps because it was unlikely that the intending despoiler would be able to read Hebrew however plainly it was printed. "If on my death-bed," he continued, "I thought this beloved cross would ever get into other hands, I should die a maniac."

This appeal only "irritated and hardened" Henry, who thought his father was behaving like a maniac already, but he ended by giving the required promise. It is easy to guess the sequel. Mr. Aylwin died and was buried in the crypt of the old church on the cliff, but even on the day of the funeral Mrs. Aylwin was uneasy about the jewels. She suspected Wynne (the disreputable

father of the beautiful Winifred whom Henry had loved from childhood) of evil designs, but Henry told her she was unjust; "Wynne," he said, "though poor and degraded now, is a gentleman born and is no more likely to violate a tomb than the best Aylwin that ever lived." That evening, however, a sense of undefined dread came over him. "Why did I move from room to room? What was goading me? . . . It was too hideous to confront. Why *should* I confront it?" Then he decided that the idea was "a figment of an over-wrought brain." "Destiny would never play any man a trick like that which I have dared to dream of. Among human calamities it would be at once the most shocking and the most whimsical. . . . For a man to love, to dote upon a girl whose father is the violator of his own father's tomb [his emotion here got the better of his pronouns but we know what he meant], a wretch who has called down upon himself the most terrible curse of a dead man that has ever been uttered,—that would be a fate too fantastically cruel to be permitted by Heaven."

He then thought of going to bed, but instead he leaned out of the window and gazed towards the church where, he reflected, "the sin of sacrilege might at this moment be going on." And so indeed it was. The degraded and ungentlemanly Wynne opened the coffin that night and stole the jewels, apparently without sitting down first to read the curse which began to work without loss of time. It overtook the robber in the shape of a landslip which killed him on his way home; and the discovery of his body, with the cross upon it, was too much for his daughter's brain. Winifred had previously found the curse blowing about the beach, and knew too well the fate that must

befall the despoiler's child; she wandered distraught into the Welsh mountains, and Henry, ordering a portmanteau to be packed and placing in it all his ready cash (an imprudent thing to do), set out in pursuit.

He did not discover her until her senses had been restored by the self-sacrifice of the gipsy Sinfi, who fell in love with Aylwin and resolved to make him happy at any cost. Sinfi overheard the painter D'Arcy and a Doctor Mivart discussing a means, known to the staff of the Salpêtrière, of transferring hysterical symptoms from one patient to another by a powerful magnet, and she says in her simple way: "Gorgio cuss can't touch Romany. But if you find you can pass the cuss on to me, I'll stand the cuss all the same." Her offer is accepted; two couches are placed side by side, with a large magnet between them, and presently Winifred is perfectly sane, while poor Sinfi is, in her own words, "a-grinnin' and a-jabberin' under the cuss." The curse, however soon works itself out of her system and the book ends happily and morally with Winifred saying to her lover, "Become a painter, Henry! Become a painter! No man ever yet satisfied a true woman who did not work—work hard at something—anything—if not in the active affairs of life, in the world of art."

"Thus crudely put," says THE BOOKMAN (referring to its own summary of the story, not to mine,) "the plot may sound sensational, melodramatic," and here the BOOKMAN and I are agreed; "but that," it goes on loyally, "is where the master's art comes in," and about that I cannot feel so certain. However, the plot of a romance is not generally considered its most important point; it is the vitality of the characters, the brightness of the narrative, the charm of the style which decide its fate. All

we ask of the people in a romance is that they should do something interesting and do it as if they were alive. In these respects, I regret to say, *AYLWIN* is a failure. As a romance, it is dull,—and let me observe here how advisable it is to define one's position at the outset, for if we were considering it in one of the many other aspects in which its reviewers have beheld it, as an optimistic confronting of the cosmogony, for instance, we could not justly find this fault with it; it would be unfair to expect a confronting of the cosmogony, however optimistic, to sparkle with wit or to throb with passion. But a romance is a very different thing; at least it should be different, though in this case it is not. "The reader," says *LITERATURE* hopefully, "soon gets into the right spirit;" but this is only true if the right spirit for novel-reading is a resolute determination to complete an undertaking, however difficult or distasteful it may be.

It may seem paradoxical to attribute the dulness of *AYLWIN* partly to the fact that there are too many lunatics in it, but the truth is that, while one lunatic is always welcome in a work of fiction, particularly if he has a homicidal tendency, five are more than enough. In *AYLWIN* the father of the hero is a monomaniac; the heroine loses her reason on page 118 and does not recover it until the end of the story; the mind of Sinfie the gipsy is temporarily unhinged; the painter Wilderspin is sufficiently off his balance to believe that his dead mother, the female blacksmith of Oldhill, has sent him a "spiritual body" to serve as a model; and when the hero "bounds along the pavement, as though propelled by wings, scarcely seeming to touch the pavement with his feet," uttering meanwhile "mad peals of derisive laughter" and stopping (as we might have been left to

guess for ourselves) "in a cold perspiration," he must have been within measurable distance of bounding into the nearest police-station, to be relegated thence to Hanwell. The presence of so many deranged persons in a story produces an atmosphere of oppressive monotony; and when it is added that Winifred's father was a drunkard, that Mrs. Gudgeon, the model, was another, and that Henry's mother was a prey to the agonies of remorse, it is not surprising that some of us find the novel rather heavy reading.

Another explanation of the dulness of *AYLWIN* may be found in the high moral key in which the conversations are pitched. When Henry told Winifred he loved her, at first she only said, "Oh, sir! Oh, Henry!" and when he asked her to be his wife, "she gave one hysterical sob, and swayed till she nearly fell on the sand, and said while her face shone like a pearl, 'Henry's wife!'" But she soon recovered sufficiently to reply in a manner which convinced Henry that she was "more than his own equal in culture." She told him she could not marry a rich man because her Welsh aunt had told her "dreadful things about the demoralising power of riches in our time." "Dreadful things?" says Henry; "what were they, Winnie?" "She told me," says Winnie, "how insatiable is the greed for pleasure at this time. She told me that the passion of vanity . . . has taken the form of money-worship in our time, sapping all the noblest instincts in men and women. . . . She told me dreadful stories about children with expectations of great wealth . . . who counted the years and months and days that kept them from the gold which modern society finds to be more precious than honour, family, heroism, genius, and all that was held precious in less

materialised times." Yet there was a chance for Henry. "But still I hope and believe that in a year's time prosperity will not have worked in you any of the mischief that my aunt feared. For you have a noble nature, Henry, and to spoil you will not be easy." The young man was profoundly affected, as well he might be, by these sentiments. When she announced her intention of becoming a governess, he answered bravely, that "to show you that the leprosy of wealth you dread has not destroyed me as a man," he would still marry her in a year's time; and when they met after their sad separation, one of his first questions was, "Has the hardening effect of wealth coarsened my expression?"

This is a tone too lofty to capture the sympathy of the ordinary reader, perhaps because the materialised times, in which, by no fault of his own, he lives, have hardened his sensibilities. It seems to him impossible to imagine a girl of seventeen talking as Winifred does; and if it were not impossible, it would still be extremely unpleasant. It is only fair, however, to add that she could unbend on occasion. She had proposed, for example, to make Henry's pies when they were married, and to this he had objected. "Because," said he, "let me once taste something made by those tanned fingers and how could I ever afterwards eat anything made by a man-cook? I should say to that poor cook, 'Where is the Winifred flavour, cook? I don't taste those tanned fingers here.' And then suppose you were to die first, Winifred, why I should have to starve, just for want of a little Winifred flavour in the pie-crust." This ponderous playfulness amused Winifred immensely. "'Oh, Hal, you dear, dear fellow,' she shrieked, in an ecstasy of delight at this nonsense."

We are a little prejudiced against Winifred ("the dream creature" of LITERATURE) by a "pale-faced lady of extraordinary culture," who tells Henry that "the sweet girl he is seeking is one of the most gifted young women living." I cannot believe that to call any girl a gifted young woman is to do her true kindness; but even that is less objectionable than Winifred's habit of uttering "heart-quelling yells" as she leaps away (she is extremely agile) from her pursuers. A modern heroine is permitted a large amount of licence: she may be anything from a telegraph-clerk to a pirate; but there are still a few things she must not do if she values the reader's regard, and this is one of them. Winifred might have wept or wailed to a considerable extent without estranging us from her; we cannot like the dream-creature when she yells. But perhaps this habit of hers is significant of the deliberate unconventionality at which the author aims. "AYLWIN is not quite like,—in fact it is most unlike—any book that ever preceded it," says THE BOOKMAN, and in some respects this is certainly true. I cannot recall any hero of romance who is permitted to behave as Aylwin does, for instance, when he discovers his lost sweetheart alone in a Welsh cottage. Plunged in meditation, she cannot be induced to take any notice of him, so he goes outside and thunders frantically on the front-door, and when that has no effect, he re-enters the house. "There [curiously enough] she was, sitting immovably before the fire, in the same reverie. I coughed and hemmed, softly at first, then more loudly, finally with such vigour that I ran the risk of damaging my throat. . . . That she should still be unconscious of my presence was unaccountable, for I stood at the end of the rug gazing at

her. Again I coughed and hemmed, but without producing the smallest effect. . . . Finally I gave a desperate 'Halloo.' This description of the devoted lover coughing and hallooing at his betrothed, at the risk of damaging his throat, has no parallel, so far as I know, in romantic literature. It is, as *THE BOOKMAN* says of the whole volume, "all Mr. Watts-Dunton's own."

Almost as trying in its way as Winnie's excursions into the field of comparative morality, is Henry's habit of halting on his way through the narrative to utter reflections which he, poor boy, evidently believes to be perfectly novel. "Among all the agents of soul-torture that have ever stung mankind to madness, Remorse is by far the most appalling; of all man's faculties imagination is the most lawless; human personality is the crowning wonder of the universe;"—these are conclusions at which he arrives after much intellectual effort, and he records them with a confidence in their complete originality which would be pathetic if it were not pretentious and tiresome.

The two least depressing people in the book are the gipsy Sini and Lord Sleaford. I cannot go quite so far as to join the writer in *LITERATURE* in ranking any of Mr. Watts-Dunton's women with "the few immortal women of the imagination,"—with Desdemona and Rosalind, for example, with Beatrice Esmond and Diana Vernon—but if Sini had been a little less loquacious, and her English a little less grotesque, she would have been a delightful girl. Lord Sleaford, too, is quite entertaining; but he is only dropped into the middle of the story for the double purpose of assisting Mrs. Gudgeon in her strenuous efforts to provide comic relief, and of lending his yacht to the hero when his health requires a cruise; and he is whisked out of it

again before we have seen as much of him as we should like.

With the style of *AYLWIN* the reviewers are all very much pleased. "It is written," says *THE BOOKMAN*, "in flawless English." "The narrative as supplied by *AYLWIN* is characterised," says *THE ATHENÆUM*, "by the qualities of narrative at its highest, the qualities by which the great story-tellers have held their readers." Here is a specimen of it.

I returned to Raxton a cripple no longer. I returned cured, I say. But how entangled is this web of our life! How almost impossible is it that good should come unmingled with evil, or evil unmingled with good! At Margate, where the bracing air did more, I doubt not, towards my restoration to health than all the medicines,—at Margate my brother drank in his death-poison. During the very last days of our stay he caught scarlet-fever. In a fortnight he was dead. The shock to me was very severe. It laid my mother prostrate for months.

So far as my experience goes, this does not hold the reader at all. On the contrary, he finds himself presently offering to bet that *AYLWIN* has more jerky little sentences in a page than any other novel of the day; and although this wager might create an interest in the work, it would not really be of a legitimate kind. Take again an example of the style at a higher level.

In a few days I left London and went to North Wales. Opposite to me in the railway carriage sat an elderly lady, into whose face I occasionally felt myself to be staring in an unconscious way. But I was merely communing with myself: I was saying to myself, my love of North Wales, and especially of Snowdon, is certainly very strong; but it is easily accounted for—it is a matter of temperament. . . . Much has been said about the effect of scenery upon the minds and temperaments of those who are native to it. But temperament is a matter of

ancestral conditions; the place of one's birth is an accident. . . . And then I laughed at myself and evidently frightened the old lady very much. She did not know that underneath the soul's direst struggle—the struggle of personality with the tyranny of the ancestral blood—there is an awful sense of humour—a laughter (unconquerable and yet intolerable) at the deepest of all incongruities, the incongruity of fate's game with man.

These are fair specimens of the narrative, and most readers will, I suspect, agree with me that THE DAILY CHRONICLE is correct in stating that "the writer's close fellowship with some of the most powerful men of his time, has apparently never touched his style." The passage quoted reminds me less of the great story-tellers of the past than of a popular writer of the present time, who seems likely in the matter of editions to find the author of AYLWIN a dangerous rival. When Henry Aylwin talks, as he often does, to his mother and his aunt ("a commonplace slave of convention" with "an inferior intellect and an insect-soul," as well as a stupid prejudice in favour of dressing for dinner,) of "a flunkey society like this of ours, —a society whose structure political, moral and religious is based on an adamant rock of paltry snobbery," and of "the tyranny of the blatant bugbear called Society," we can hardly fail to recall the impassioned denunciations which were heaped upon the same corrupt, unhappy abstraction in THE SORROWS OF SATAN. And when Aylwin grinds his teeth and mutters, "I am in the toils!"—when he snaps his fingers and says, "*That* for the curse!"—when the painters address each other as *mon cher* and speak of a meeting as a *rencontre*,—when Mrs. Aylwin (a lady with "patrician features") alludes to the despoiler's child with a haughty glance

of ineffable scorn, we are tempted to question THE DAILY CHRONICLE's other assertion that Mr. Watts-Dunton reminds us of no one except Ebenezer Jones.

Nor can I think the creator of AYLWIN always happy in his imagery. When Henry, in the character of the Prince of the Mist, clasps the distracted girl to his breast,—“Dear Prince,” said Winifred, “how delightfully warm you are! How kind of you! But are not your arms a little too tight, dear Prince? Poor Winnie cannot breathe. And this thump, thump, thump, like a—like a—fire-engine—ah!” One hardly requires to be either a poet or an artist, or even to have the critic's firm grasp of the principles of æsthetics, to realise that a fire-engine is an incongruous object to introduce among the mists of Snowdon; but the author is so pleased with the comparison that we meet with it more than once. “But, Henry, you surely are still very unwell,” says Winifred on another occasion. “Your heart is thumping underneath my ear like a fire-engine.” “They are all love-thumps for Winifred,” said he “with pretended jocosity,” “they are all love-thumps for my Winnie.” And when unseen he watches her dancing on the beach (“to amuse poor Snap, who is out of sorts”) “she redoubled her gymnastic exertions, she twirled round with the velocity of an engine-wheel.” Given a lonely shore, a moonlit sea and a Cymric maid, might we not fairly expect some more ethereal picture than Winifred going round with the grace of a bit of machinery and stopping presently to pant?

To many people the fact that some of the characters in AYLWIN are believed to be drawn from the life seems its chief attraction. It was, apparently, a certain doubt as to the morality of this method of bidding

for the popular vote which withheld the author from publishing it sooner ; and if it be true that De Castro is the easily recognisable portrait of a "remarkable man who died some nine years ago," his scruples were not without justification. "It is not to be supposed," says the DAILY CHRONICLE warmly, "that the man who in spite of his qualifications, his right, and it were almost said his duty, has refused to write Rossetti's life, should drag him into a novel to give zest to a narrative otherwise over tame." It would probably never have occurred to anyone to suppose anything of the kind, but it is exactly what has been done ; it would be difficult to describe it more precisely. If those who knew Rossetti best are content with the portrait of him which is presented in these pages, no one else surely need complain ; but in the name of humanity I must protest against the unkind treatment dealt to the other painter, Wilderspin. Mr. Watts-Dunton wished (according to THE ATHENEUM) to portray in him "an eccentric man of genius, respected and admired and beloved by the men of genius among whom he moved." By a curiously abrupt adoption of the realistic method, he not only allows Wilderspin to bore us, but exhibits him boring everyone else in the book. In common justice the painter should have been provided with at least one sympathetic listener, but his fervid monologues seldom enlist anyone's attention. "'I had few purchasers,' says Wilderspin, 'till Providence sent me a good man and great gentleman, my dear friend—' 'This is a long-winded speech of yours, *mon cher*,' yawned Cyril. . . . 'And so you failed after all, Mr. Wilderspin?' I said, anxious to get away that I might talk to Cyril. 'For God's sake, take the good madman away,' I whispered, 'you don't know how

his prattle harrows me just now.'"

These are certainly some of the most lifelike passages in the book, but they do not produce a very strong impression of respect and admiration. Wilderspin's lowly origin is neatly indicated by the care with which he introduces Sleaford's title into every sentence which he addresses to that nobleman.

Much has been said of the high pure teaching of AYLWIN and the author has been warmly welcomed as a champion of the spiritual (or the spiritualistic, as his friends prefer to call it,) against the materialistic view of the universe. To a dispassionate reader, AYLWIN hardly seems to justify these rejoicings. The spiritual outlook which the writer in LITERATURE hails as new and convincing lies mainly, so far as I can see, in the assurance that every man believes in a future life when he stands by the death-bed of the woman he loves, or as D'Arcy puts it, "at that moment he feels he must either accept a spiritualistic theory of the universe or go mad." But this outlook is no new one ; it is probably "as old and new at once as Nature's self ;" it certainly does not date from the 15th of last October. And if any outlook could be "convincing," this, as presented in AYLWIN, would still be nothing of the kind. What theory of the universe did the rationalistic hero accept in the end? It is impossible to say. There are moments in which he is more than half persuaded of the efficacy of the curse which at first he despised as "a mere collocation of maledictory words ;" and in one of these spasms of credulity he replaces the stolen cross in his father's coffin, urged by Sinfi and D'Arcy who assure him that Winifred cannot recover till this is done. But between Winifred's recovery and the replacing of the cross, no connection can be traced. Her

cure is wrought by no mystic means but by the material aid of a large magnet, and the professors of Salpêtrière appear to convince Henry that his first view was the correct one. "You must not talk of its being a curse, Sinfî," he says; "it was just an illness like any other illness, and the doctor passed it on to you in the same way that doctors do sometimes pass on such illnesses. Doctors can't cure curses, you know!" The reader is thus left uncertain as to whether Aylwin was truly converted to "a spiritualistic theory of the universe" by his temporary belief in the efficacy of the curse; and if so, whether his faith survived the business with the magnet or not. These are subjects on which the novelist should not have left us in the dark, although from a more serious point of view it is not a matter of the least consequence. The belief that failure to gratify a dead man's whim could be avenged by the wrecking of two innocent lives, by the simple means of a written curse laid in his coffin, is hardly less irreligious than the ma-

terialism to which it is opposed. Such a device is better fitted to serve as the ground-work of a Christmas Annual than as a bulwark of the doctrine of the life of the world to come.

In conclusion, it remains only for us, the uninitiated, the common herd, to offer our sincerest condolences to Mr. Watts-Dunton. How it may stand as an optimistic confronting of the cosmogony I cannot say, for I have not the remotest conception what those sounding syllables may mean; but certainly neither as a novel nor as a review of the intellectual movements of the age is it possible to take AYLWIN seriously. Yet it might have passed in the unrecorded crowd that comes and goes through the doors of the circulating library. Those who for reasons best known to themselves have tried to raise it to the rank of a masterpiece have done its author no kindly turn. He has apparently no enemies, or he has been well able to protect himself from them; was there no one to save him from his friends?

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÎM.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the south wing of the palace, which contained the Pâsha's private suite of rooms, was deserted. His Excellency was out, and Valda was still with her mother on the other side. The Circassians were busy with preparations for an approaching wedding, and they too had gathered together on the other side, to take counsel about the new silk dresses that they were making for themselves. Margaret was the only person left in the whole long suite of wide, empty rooms. Ayôosha had dressed the little Djemâl-ed-Din, who had awakened from a long sleep, flushed, rosy, and rather cross, and she was now hurrying through the garden, carrying him in her arms, while her voice came up through the open windows calling to Margaret to follow quickly.

"*Châbuk*, (quick) Mademoiselle, *châbuk*!" she cried, but Margaret lingered a moment longer. Sacêda Kâlfâ, Valda's own especial slave, had brought her a delicate pink turban, the work of Valda's own hands, and with deft manipulations and the aid of many pins, had transformed her in a few minutes into a Turkish lady.

"*Guzâil*, Marmozelle, *pek guzâil*! (pretty—very pretty)," the girl said

with laughing admiration, and then she had picked up the cloak and veil laid out for Valda, and had taken them across to the other side.

Margaret stood for a moment before one of the long mirrors in Valda's sitting-room, and surveyed herself with a smile. The long cloak of rich black silk that covered her dress down to her feet was a French and entirely modern garment, but above it, filling in the heart-shaped opening in which the cloak was cut in front, and descending from her turban over her forehead, was an arrangement of clear white muslin, which, though exceedingly simple, had an astonishingly becoming and picturesque effect. Her eyes looked out between the two veils, and she laughed at herself in such strange guise. Then she picked up her gloves in a hurry, and flying through the empty rooms, almost ran against the Pâsha in the corridor. He was coming out of the *seldmlek*, and he stopped short in surprise as he found himself face to face with a veiled lady who was not his wife.

"*Dêstur*," he exclaimed hastily, and then as the lady neither screamed nor ran away, recognition and amusement flashed suddenly into his eyes. "Mademoiselle, it is you!" he said in astonishment. "I did not know you in the least. You are going out in that costume?"

"Yes, for a drive with Madame. She thought you would be out this afternoon, and would not want to read English; but if you do, Pâsha——"

"Not at all; I am going out, but I had to attend an audience of the Khedive first, and now I have come back to change into cooler clothes. Go by all means, and may you enjoy yourself; you have the air of a person bent upon some great dissipation."

He stood for a moment, barring her way to the staircase, and looking at her with a half smile in his melancholy blue eyes. He was a short man, and he was not without that inclination to stoutness which assails so many of his nation as they approach the prime of life; but he was nevertheless a great Turk, and he had the distinction of manner noticeable in most of the great men of all nations. He was usually dressed rather carelessly in light grey summer clothes that were the handiwork of English tailors, but this afternoon he had just come from a levée at the Abdin Palace, and he was wearing the splendid uniform of a Turkish general, faced with crimson and gold, and covered with decorations. As he stood there, stiff and straight and soldierly, with his sword by his side and the stars on his breast, and a smile in his blue eyes, Margaret was struck by his appearance, and a sudden wonder and regret came over her. He was considerably over forty, and his moustache was gray, but he was still a handsome man, and a gallant soldier that any wife might have been proud of. How was it that Valda——

"Do you know, Mademoiselle," said the Pâsha suddenly, "that costume suits you remarkably well? You make an enchanting Turkish lady."

He had been studying her appearance while she waited for him to move out of her way, but Margaret

had been too deep in her own reflections to be aware of it, and she was unprepared for the compliment. The colour deepened on her cheeks beneath the transparent muslin, and her gray eyes, that were her prettiest point, looked up from under their straight, delicately drawn brows with an expression half startled, half pleased. For once she did look pretty, and the Pâsha was perfectly sincere in his admiration. "Most charming," he repeated, smiling at the confusion which left her without a reply. "*Adieu, Mademoiselle, bon amusement!*" And with the courtly bow which he had acquired during his long residence as a young man in a foreign country, he passed on.

Margaret, flying quickly down the stairs and across the garden, presented herself on the other side with roses in her cheeks that were a sufficient justification of her refusal to let Sacêda put any rouge on. She found Valda robing herself in a great hurry in the little dark chamber of one of the servants in the basement of the palace.

"Oh here you are, Mademoiselle——how nice you look! Really the *yâshmâk* is most becoming to you. It almost reconciles me to wearing it to see you in it. Imagine, that tiresome Hamîda Hânem has only just gone, and a whole set of ladies have arrived. I only escaped with the greatest difficulty, and we must go out by the back way to avoid being seen."

The little side-door, which opened out of the Nubian's den into the shade of the orange and pomegranate trees of the outer garden, was admirably adapted for surreptitious exits and entrances, and they passed out unseen between the close shrubberies. In a wide courtyard at the back of the palace a closed carriage with two splendid black horses was waiting, and an Arab coachman in a richly embroidered crimson livery sat on the

box. Manetinna, the huge Soudanese who always attended the ladies in their excursions abroad, lifted in the little Djemâl-ed-Din, and placed him on Margaret's knee, and then he took his place by the coachman, and the carriage dashed out under the archway along the road that led in the direction of the Kasr-il-Nil Bridge.

Valda was in high spirits at having made good her escape, and drawing down the blinds of the windows a little way, so that she could look out without being too much seen, she threw herself back into a corner of the carriage.

"I hope you don't mind having Djemâl on your knee, Mademoiselle?" she asked anxiously. "If you find him heavy, you must hand him over to me."

But Margaret was getting very fond of the little Djemâl, and it was so rarely that he would consent to sit on her knee, that she felt it something of a treat to have him. She pressed a kiss upon his golden curls, and watched with a sense of pride and pleasure the looks of interest and admiration that he attracted from the passers-by. Dressed in a pale pink pelisse that set off his creamy skin and great brown eyes, he was indeed a fine little fellow, and he carried himself with a dignity well befitting his diamonds. Ayôosha had persuaded him to relinquish most of his decorations before he went to sleep, but from one large diamond star, the very beautiful one that his mother had given him first, he had obstinately refused to be parted. He seemed to have set his affections on that star, and he had insisted upon having it pinned on to the front of his best frock. It glittered now on his left breast, and the beautiful baby face looked out above it, surveying with serious gravity the strange world of the crowded streets.

"Djemâl is always good when he is taken out driving," said his mother, "but he is not amusing. He looks at everything, and he never speaks a word. I want to know what he is thinking about, but it is no use asking him; he will not answer a word. Look, Beyjim, there are the English soldiers that you are so fond of!"

They were passing the great court of the Kasr-il-Nil barracks, where a company of English soldiers in khaki uniform were going through their drill. Djemâl-ed-Din watched them with rapt attention, a world of thought in the deep wells of his eyes, and Margaret knew that as soon as he got home he would call together a band of the slaves, and marshal them about in exact imitation of the movements that he now witnessed; but he did not utter a word.

The carriage rolled swiftly on, past the windows of the many-storied square building, where the men of the North Staffordshire Regiment might be seen staring out, in various stages of undress, upon the crowd below; then on to the bridge across the Nile, with its endless stream of humanity of every race and type for ever crossing and recrossing. The *syces* ran in front to clear the way, for the bridge that afternoon was a scene of pandemonium. Besides the press of Arabs, Negroes, and Europeans of all nations that overflowed from the side walks, and the throng of carriages and donkeys and bicycles in the road, a long string of camels was coming in from the desert to supply the Government for a coming campaign; and the wild-looking Bedouins, who were perched on their backs, came on in calm impassive dignity, making all the world give way before them.

The air was full of the rumours of war; but that only seemed to quicken the full pulses of social life

in Cairo, and the stream of fashionable equipages in the park on the further bank of the Nile had never been fuller. Smartly-dressed English ladies whose fair complexions looked all the fairer from the contrast with the dark faces around them; French and Italian beauties, less fair but more marvellously attired; stout Pâshas on ambling ponies, and slight Egyptian princes driving high dog-carts—the whole world of Cairo, high and low, was abroad that afternoon in the wide drive under the spreading acacias; and the bare-legged outrunners in their flowing white draperies and embroidered jackets, flew on in front, calling general attention to the approach of rank and fashion.

Between the graceful stems of a grove of palms that fringed the bank of the Nile was a beautiful view of the city on the other side of the river, its white palaces, mosques, and minarets shining along the water's edge, and the Citadel, crowned with the great dome and slender minarets of the mosque of Mohâmmad Ali, standing out against the rosy heights of the Mocattam hills. It was all steeped in the intense golden light of the setting sun, and the exquisite effect of colour was something never to be forgotten. Margaret had never seen this view before, and she would have wanted to look at nothing else; but Valda was more interested in the carriages that were dashing past, and her conversation was all about the people in them.

"Yes, it is a beautiful view," she said; "but if one looks on that side, one misses all the carriages that meet us, and I want to see who is here. It is Friday, luckily, and Fridays and Sundays are the best days—we shall see all the world. Ah! there is the Comtesse C. all in white, with a figure like a girl of eighteen, and she

is certainly a long way over sixty,—really these English ladies are wonderful!"

"Is she English?" asked Margaret.

"Oh yes, she is English; she has married a Frenchman, but she is English herself, like most of the great ladies here. They say she goes to Paris twice a year for her complexion, and it seems to be worth while; she gets a good effect from a little distance. She comes to see me sometimes, but I think it is more for my husband's sake than mine. She is quite devoted to him, but he does not admire her artificial charms, and he is not particularly grateful."

"That is a compliment to you that you ought to appreciate," remarked Margaret.

"Oh, I don't know, I don't think I should very much mind—ah, look, look quick, Mademoiselle! That thin, dark young man in the high dog-cart, did you observe him? That is Prince G."

"And the pretty fashionable woman with him, is she the Princess?"

"Oh dear no, he is not married. And she,—but surely you have heard about Mrs. X.? It is a scandal that everybody knows; but of course this is your first winter here, and you have not had time to hear about anything yet."

It was little indeed that Margaret knew about Cairo scandals, but she heard plenty in the next half-hour. Valda seemed to know all the notorieties of the town, and she recounted their histories and discussed the skeletons in their cupboards with a mastery of the subject and a knowledge of details that amazed the English girl. "How do you know all this, Hânem?" she asked. "Where can you possibly hear all these stories?"

"Oh, we know all that goes on," Valda answered smiling; "we are not

quite so ignorant as these European ladies imagine. They amuse me so much when they come to call, and talk to us as if we were like little children. And all the time, we know all about them, and all about the husbands' little comedies,—things that they do not even guess at."

Margaret was silent. She did not think that such discourse was at all edifying; but knowing that she would do no good by expressing her opinion, she changed the subject by pointing out a very smart brougham with a spirited pair of greys that was coming up.

"Oh, that is Mûrad Ali Pasha's carriage," said Valda. "Hamîda told me that she meant to take a turn round. Yes, there she is, and the old Anâna with her."

A vision of smiling eyes and delicate colours under white muslin veils flashed past, and Valda leaned forward a little to give a bow of recognition; but the next moment she threw herself back into her corner with an exclamation of displeasure and indignation.

"That impertinent man! Did you see? That man on the grey horse—he reined back so as to look right into the carriage,—as if we were wild beasts, curiosities to be stared at!"

Margaret had noticed before this that many curious eyes had been bent upon their equipage, and that Djemâled-Din with his diamonds was not the sole object of attraction. Cairo was crowded during the season with visitors who were anxious to see all that was strange and foreign, and the sight of a Pâsha's carriage with a glimpse of white head-dresses and dark eyes inside, which was the only possibility of seeing anything of a *harim*, was a temptation not to be resisted. Valda had been sitting so carefully back in her corner that it was not easy to catch even a passing

glimpse of her face, and Margaret had been rather amused as she noticed the eager glances directed at her, to think that so many people were taking the trouble to turn their heads round under the delusion that they were gazing at an Oriental beauty. She had noticed the man whose attention had offended Valda, and she had been struck by his appearance. He was riding a powerful grey horse on the path under the trees on Valda's side of the road, and there had been something very marked about his action, but he did not look as if he belonged to the irresponsible company of tourists.

"Do you know, Hânem, I really don't think that he meant to be impertinent," Margaret said. "It was only that he happened to catch sight of you as you looked out to bow to Hamîda Hânem, and he was taken by surprise. He looked like a person who had seen a vision."

"How absurd!" said Valda incredulously; but she suffered herself to be pacified by the explanation, and, as she thought over it, a dimple of amusement became visible through the thin muslin that veiled her cheek. They had by this time passed the grounds of the Ghesireh Palace, which was the goal of a great many of the fashionable equipages, and when they reached the further side of the circling avenue the road became emptier. The hour was growing late, and the carriages were beginning to stream back over the Kasr-il-Nil bridge. There were fewer celebrities to observe now, and Valda's interest in those that there were seemed to have suffered eclipse.

"He was in the Khedivial uniform, but he was an Englishman, and he was remarkably handsome, wasn't he?" she observed suddenly, after a long silence. "Tall, with blue eyes, and a fair moustache, and such a

distinguished look about him, he must have been an Englishman."

"Who? Oh, that man on the grey horse?" said Margaret whose thoughts had wandered from the subject. "Was he? I don't know. I did not notice his features very particularly, but I thought he looked like a gentleman. I suppose he was an Englishman."

"Oh yes, my dear, an Englishman and of the best class; there are not too many of that kind," said Valda, and she looked out rather wistfully across the enclosure which was fast being deserted. "The carriages are all returning, and if we go back now we might drive to Esbekiah with the others before we go home. Would you like to turn back, Mademoiselle? It seems hardly worth while going the whole round of the park now that it is deserted, does it?"

Margaret had no choice in the matter, and she would readily have acceded to the proposition; but the little autocrat upon her knee had views of his own about it, and he had to be reckoned with. He had not opened his mouth once hitherto, but now he made himself heard very distinctly.

"*Kûchuk Ana*, we have got to get out and walk under the trees before we go home," he said seriously.

Valda clasped her hands with a gesture of dismay. "*Oh, mon Dieu!* He came with us last time when I brought my mother, that she might have a little exercise, and he remembers!" she explained. "But, Djemâl-jim, that was in the morning when there was no one there; we are not going to get out to-day."

"We must get out," said Djemâl-ed-Din decisively, and he pointed his tiny finger at the path under the trees.

"Not to-day, Djemâl-ed-Din; haven't you heard your mother say so?" said Margaret firmly. "Now we

are going to drive into the town, and you will see the lights and the soldiers and all sorts of things that you like."

Djemâl-ed-Din was beginning to recognise the decisiveness of Margaret's decrees, and perhaps if he had been alone with her, he might have yielded the point without much ado; but in the presence of his mother he knew his power, and he remained inexorable. Valda saw that he was preparing to howl, and she gave in ignominiously. "We must get out for a few moments," she said, turning to Margaret. "It will be better than to have him yelling all over the course the whole way back. I don't like doing it in the afternoon, but luckily there are not any people about now. We will get out here in this quiet place."

She pulled the check-string as she spoke, and the carriage drew up under the trees by the side of the road.

CHAPTER V.

THE sunset lights were deepening every moment into intenser glories; but the rapid Egyptian twilight was beginning to creep over the eastern sky, and under the shade of the giant acacias, which interlaced their branches overhead, the road was already growing dusk. The two ladies, in white head-dresses and long black cloaks, left their carriage drawn up on the grass in the shade, and with the slave in attendance, walked along a narrow footpath that ran along the edge of the raised causeway. The little Bey clung to his mother's hand, and as the negro was with them, and she knew that the child would have nothing to say to her while he could have his mother, Margaret lingered to look at the sharp outlines of the two great pyramids which stood out in splendid simplicity against the sunset sky. Below the dyke on

which she stood were fields of clover and springing corn stretching, like a plain of living emerald, across the valley to the foot of the low line of purple hills that shut them in from the limitless desert. The sharp peaks of the pyramids on the horizon were changing from blue to violet, and, as she looked at them, Margaret was held by the spell of the illimitable antiquity that makes Egypt such a strange land of enchantment.

A blue mist, rising up from the valley, added a still more magical effect to the loveliness of the evening, but it brought with it a sudden chill that made itself felt in the atmosphere, and Valda, who knew by experience how serious were the risks of a chill at such a time, became uneasy about Djemâl-ed-Din, and regretted having brought him out without a wrap. She despatched the attendant to summon the carriage, which was some distance behind, and took the boy by the hand to lead him back to meet it.

"Come Effën', we have left Mademoiselle behind," she said. "Let us walk back towards her until the carriage comes."

But Djemâl-ed-Din, who had not had enough of freedom yet, was in a perverse mood. He looked back in the direction in which they had been walking; and saw a party of horsemen coming round the bend of the avenue, one rider mounted on a high-stepping grey horse a little in front of the rest.

"Soldiers, *kûchuk Ana!*" he exclaimed eagerly. "I want to see the soldiers go by," and wrenching his hand from his mother's clasp, he ran a few steps away from her towards the other side of the road.

Margaret, who was only a few yards away, turned round at the sound of galloping hoofs, and uttered a cry of alarm as she saw Djemâl-ed-

Din in the middle of the road. She flew to help Valda, but the cavalcade was already upon them, and there was nothing that would stop them. The foremost rider, arrested by the evident alarm and distress of the two ladies, had indeed reined his horse sharply in upon his haunches, but those who came behind him were of another class. They were a party of English tourists returning from the pyramids in wild spirits, riding recklessly, filling the air with shouts and laughter, their hats on the backs of their heads, and their puggarees streaming in the wind, just as Valda had described them. She might well dislike them. They saw the Turkish lady rushing across the road to get to her child, but they made no attempt to check their headlong course, and flew past, laughing rudely, and bespattering her with mud.

When Margaret came up, they had gone past, and Valda stood half fainting on the further side of the causeway. Djemâl-ed-Din, however, was safe. The tall Englishman, who had been riding alone in front, had dismounted in time to catch him up in the very middle of the cloud of dust and the confusion of galloping hoofs; and leading his horse by the bridle-rein, he now came towards Valda, holding the child in his arms.

"Permit me, Madame," he said in French, "to apologise for rudeness which makes me blush for my countrymen."

Valda recognised the officer in Khedivial uniform whose notice had annoyed her a short time before, and she saw too that he had recognised her, but she had not a word to say. She merely held out her arms for her child. They stood for a moment so, for Djemâl-ed-Din showed no particular anxiety to leave his place of shelter. He was a strange child, and singularly courageous for his age. It

was partly perhaps from the intense pride which was such an unchildlike characteristic in him that he seemed unable to imagine the possibility of any harm befalling him; perhaps he felt himself a person of too great importance; at any rate, baby though he was, he did not seem to know what fear meant, and his beautiful little face, undisturbed by alarm, was turned towards the handsome countenance of his protector with an expression of serious consideration in which appreciation and approval were plainly manifest.

Valda held out her arms for her child, forgetting in her agitation to cover her face, as at another time she would have done; and the English officer looked on a loveliness that went beyond his wildest dreams. The folds of the *yâshmâk* were still round her brow, but the light pierced through it, and the rest of the veil had slipped from its place in her hasty rush across the road. Her wonderful hair escaped in little unmanageable curls from the confining muslin, and gleamed like threads of living gold in the deep orange light of the afterglow, while her great brown eyes shone like stars out of the fair half-veiled face.

The English stranger looked, and tried to disengage the little clinging arms round his neck; but he could not speak, and it was Margaret who broke the too expressive silence.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times!" she said hurriedly. "We can never thank you enough for saving the child,—but oh, for Heaven's sake do not linger here. Djemâl-ed-Din, let the gentleman go this moment,—look, here is Manetîna coming, and there is the carriage."

She spoke in English, and the Englishman started and threw a glance of astonishment at the speaker whose accents contradicted her dress so strangely and unexpectedly; but

the urgency of her appeal recalled him to the situation, and forcibly unloosing Djemâl-ed-Din's clutching little fingers, he restored him to his mother's arms. He gave one more look into Valda's beautiful agitated face, then, with a silent bow, he turned away, and, springing into his saddle, galloped off.

The negro, who had seen the concluding scene of the little drama, but not what had led up to it, came rushing to the rescue with black rage and dismay painted upon his ugly countenance. He was a grotesque-looking creature even for a Soudanese, for the characteristics of his race were all exaggerated in him. His protruding lips were thicker, his flat little nose was more spreading, and his bumpy forehead was more baby-like than one often sees even in Africans, while in colour he was the deepest, sootiest black. His animal cast of countenance usually wore an expression of sleepy good-nature and heavy self-satisfaction; but now it was figured into the likeness of a demon, and the whites of his eyes rolled horribly, as he hurled curses upon the father, the grand-father, and all the ancestors of the infidel intruder.

He would not listen to Margaret's attempt at an explanation, but turning to his mistress, desired her roughly to get into the carriage. Valda had been standing as if in a dream, with the little boy in her arms, looking straight before her with a dazed look in her eyes, but the menace in the negro's tone seemed to bring her to herself. Telling Margaret to get in, she handed Djemâl-ed-Din to her, and then turned with lightning in her eyes upon the black lout who was holding open the carriage door.

"Dog!" she said, "Worse than dog that you are,—pig! Why were you not in the way to save your master's child when he was in danger

of being run over by the horses of the infidels? You did not see it, did you? No! you and Abdûllah, idle dogs both of you, come dawdling up behind, and leave the charge of guarding your mistress to a chance stranger. What will the Pâsha say to that when he hears it, do you think? You allow a strange man to look on the face of your master's wife, and think to carry it off by scolding and cursing,—but it shall not serve you. The Pâsha shall hear the truth from me and from Mademoiselle, and he will believe us; he knows that Mademoiselle never tells a lie.”

The countenance of the negro had changed completely during this speech, and his fury suddenly gave place to abject terror. He had not been really to blame, for he had only done the bidding of his mistress in going to fetch the carriage; but he knew that it would be upon the facts and not upon his intentions that he would be judged, and that no excuses would avail to exonerate him. The Pâsha would believe the united testimony of his wife and the English Mademoiselle, and the whole blame would fall upon him. As he realised the potency of Valda's threat, he flung himself upon the ground, and catching up the hem of her dress, he pressed it to his lips with a passionate appeal for pardon. “Oh day of mud, obscuring fifty days of sun!—oh my broken heart, my miserable head,—I lay it in the dust at your feet? Only pardon me, Effänden! Have mercy upon me, and do not ruin me with the Pâsha!”

“Go and take your place upon the box, and see that you behave better in future,” said Valda disdainfully. “For this once I will spare you,—but mind, it is only on condition that you keep silence yourself. You and Abdûllah too, see that you never breathe a word of this matter to a

human soul; it will be better for both of you!”

The negro was effectually cowed, and Valda took her place in the carriage, secure in the certainty that neither he nor the coachman would give any further trouble in the matter; but Margaret, who understood enough Turkish to be able to gather what was the drift of the colloquy, had listened to it with astonishment and misgiving.

“Hânem,” she said earnestly, as the horses dashed off, and they sped through the darkening avenues, “you surely do not intend to keep this incident a secret from the Pâsha? You have done nothing wrong; why should you not tell him the whole story of it? He cannot blame you.”

“He would blame somebody, my dear; if not me, then you,—if not you, then Manetinna,—or perhaps even Djemâl-ed-Din! Djemâl was certainly naughty, and his father would be angry with him for causing the calamity; he might even whip him. No! the Pâsha must never hear of this affair.”

“But supposing he *should* hear of it, supposing that, by some accident that you do not foresee, the knowledge of it should come to his ears, and he found that you had concealed it, how much worse, how infinitely more serious that would be! What might he not think, what might he not suspect? I entreat of you, Valda, let us tell him the whole matter straightforwardly, exactly as it occurred, and face at once any disagreeable consequences that may be involved. The Pâsha is a reasonable being, and he is a most affectionate father; he will never do anything that can do the least harm to Djemâl-ed-Din——”

“Ah Mademoiselle, you do not know what you are saying! It is not only Djemâl,—it is you and me, and Manetinna and Abdûllah, *and* that

English gentleman. You do not know what it is to a Turk to have his wife stared at by a stranger. It is an insult and an injury,—it is a calamity—and I do not know *what* the Pâsha might not do. He might seek out that officer, he would certainly never be happy in his mind so long as he thought that he remained in Cairo, and he would set a watch upon all my movements. He might prevent you from ever going out again with me; he would suspect all sorts of things. Oh no, no, no! It is out of the question that the Pâsha should be told."

Valda spoke with the decision of one used to command, and most girls in Margaret's position would have given in without further argument; but Margaret came of a fighting and commanding stock herself, and her gray eyes lightened into opposition.

"It does not matter what he does, so long as you can feel that you are in the right," she said resolutely, "Don't you see that by telling him, you disarm suspicion at once, and make him see the matter as it really happened without any fault of yours? Whereas if any inkling of it reaches him in any other way—good Heavens, Valda, can you bear to think that you have got a secret from the Pâsha, a secret that is known to Manetinna and Abdûllah? Can you endure to feel that you are in the power of those two low creatures——"

"I shall not be in their power; it is they who will be in mine," said Valda. "Do not be afraid; I hold them in the hollow of my hand, and there is no fear of their saying anything. They know that it would be their word against yours and mine, that it is we who have most influence with the Pâsha. Thanks be to God, he trusts us more than them, and they know it. You may make your mind quite easy, Mademoiselle."

"My mind can never be easy with

a secret upon it," said Margaret; "and this is such a harmless matter. Why need you make a secret of it? The Pâsha is a sensible man, and he would see how it was. It seems to me that you are making a mountain out of a molehill. After all it is such a trifle——"

"A trifle!" Valda ejaculated with a little laugh. "Ah Mademoiselle, you say that because you do not know our ways; that shows that you do not know what you are saying. The Pâsha wouldn't think it a trifle, I can assure you of that."

"Well," said Margaret unpromisingly, "it seems a trifle to me, and I think it is foolish to risk being dragged into any deceit on account of it. If the Pâsha asks me anything about it, I shall tell him everything. You said to Manetinna just now that I never told a lie to the Pâsha, and it was true. I am not going to begin now."

Valda turned suddenly round upon her companion with a haughty bend of her neck, and for the first time since she had been with her, Margaret saw the beautiful eyes bent upon her in scorn and anger.

"Have I asked you to tell a lie? Have I asked you to do anything but to mind your own business and to leave me to manage mine?" she said proudly; but as she met Margaret's eyes which were full of pain, she broke down suddenly, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Mademoiselle," she cried, clasping the hand that was holding little Djemâl-ed-Din, "you are my friend, you are the one person whom I trust! Do not be the one to turn against me! You do not know what trouble you will bring upon me if you do."

Margaret could not help being softened by this appeal, and as she saw that her remonstrances were futile, she desisted from further argu-

ment. "I could never turn against you, Hânem," she said gently; "you know that I care for you too much. I was only advising you to do what seemed to me the best and wisest thing, but of course if you are determined against it, I can say nothing."

"You need say nothing, dear. The Pâsha will ask no questions, and he will never know; no one will ever know, and we shall have no trouble. Simply keep silence,—that is so easy, and that is all I ask. Believe me it is better so; our ways are not your ways."

They were not indeed. Margaret had discovered that very soon; and she had found it not a little difficult to pursue a straight course amidst the crooked ways of her surroundings. From the most insignificant little negro up to the Hânem Effendi herself, every person in the palace was full of plots and plans and intrigues, —very harmless intrigues generally, but still intrigues. The slaves knew that the little coffee-parties that they held among themselves when their mistresses were safely out of the way were no harm, but they preferred to have them secretly rather than ask permission: the ladies preferred to wink at these proceedings rather than countenance them by recognition; and everybody all round was ready to wink at everybody else's peccadilloes on the tacit understanding that a free margin should be allowed for their own vagaries. Of course every now and then some accident would occur. Djemâl-ed-Din would fall down and hurt himself through the negligence of one of the younger slaves, in whose charge he had been left while his nurse was feasting with the other slaves; or there would be none left of some particular delicacy that Hânem Effendi fancied for supper, because the other ladies had been going all day to the cupboard to regale themselves upon

it—and then the whole thing would come out, and a commotion would ensue. The aggrieved person would scold and threaten and storm, and there would be trouble in the *harim*, —everybody incriminated turning upon everybody else, trying to shift the blame or to pay off old scores; and then there would be strict rules laid down, which were to be as the laws of the Medes and Persians. These would be enforced for a few days, everybody, from Valda herself to the impish negro boy, suffering under the discomfort and inconvenience of them; and then, as the remembrance of the uproar subsided, the rules would be relaxed, and everything would go on smoothly and mysteriously as before.

These little peculiarities of the Turkish character, it may be remarked in passing, are not confined to the privacy of the *harim* alone, and they may account for much that is baffling in the politics of the Ottoman Empire; but to a person like Margaret, who was moderate in her desires and fearless of rebuke, it was perfectly incomprehensible. If she wanted anything, it was her habit to ask for it; and if there was any reason against asking for it, she either did without it, or counted the cost and did the thing openly, taking care to mention the fact to the authorities afterwards. Such extraordinary simplicity as this was a puzzle and a mystery to the Oriental mind, and at first everybody thought that it must be intended to conceal some particularly deep-laid policy; but by degrees it became evident that the English Mademoiselle had no ulterior designs, and they learned to set it down as an outlandish idiosyncrasy. English people were like that, they supposed; and though it was highly inconvenient sometimes to have to do with a person who had no little secret weaknesses to give anybody a hold over her, there

were advantages in such a character which became very apparent to the heads of the household as they learned to know her better.

Margaret had leisure to reflect over the strange conditions of the life in which she had to play a part, for Valda was not inclined to talk during the homeward drive. As the carriage dashed through the lighted streets of the town, she leaned back in her corner in absolute silence, and the only remark that she made was when they passed under the archway into the palace gardens, and were at home again.

"*Un vrai gentilhomme Anglais,—il n'y a pas de plus comme il faut !*" she said half to herself, and then turning quickly to Margaret, "Did you not remark it, Mademoiselle? Ah mon Dieu, yes. You must have remarked it this time. He had the air of a prince,—he was so handsome and distinguished,—do you not think so?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Margaret, who noticed with some disquietude the flush upon Valda's cheek that made her look so beautiful. "He was good-looking certainly, but that goes for nothing in England. You find handsome men in every class and every profession, even pork-butchers——"

"Oh, pork-butchers! Allah, Allah, Allah! That is too horrible a suggestion, Mademoiselle. How unsympathetic you are! You silence sentiment with your allusions to such atrocities. My poor little Djemâl, am I to conclude that it is a pork-butcher who has rescued you? No, no!"

Margaret laughed, not sorry for the diversion. It was her desire to silence sentiment, and she hoped that she might never hear of this matter any more. The incident was at an end, and there was no possible link

by which Valda's interest in it could be continued. Margaret told herself that there was nothing to be afraid of, and that she might safely dismiss the vague sense of uneasiness that haunted her; still it did haunt her, and it was not lessened by a discovery made when Djemâl-ed-Din was being undressed. Ayôosha had carried him across to his mother's rooms, and as she divested him of his little pelisse, she pointed out that the diamond star was missing. Had the Hânem Effendi taken it off for safety? Margaret stood dismayed, and even Valda turned a little pale.

"No, I have not got it, and that star is the largest and most beautiful that I have," she said with a little gasp. "Surely he cannot have lost it!"

"It may have come off in the carriage, it will probably be found on the floor or on the seat," Margaret said; but Djemâl-ed-Din negatived this suggestion very decidedly. "No, Mademoiselle, it is not there—*yok, yok* (it isn't—it isn't)!" he said shaking his head with the confidence of absolute certainty.

Ayôosha had been standing by, wringing her hands and lamenting loudly after the fashion of the slaves, with her mobile features contorted until they were like an agonised gar-goyle; but at the little Bey's interposition, she checked herself suddenly. "It is not in the carriage; where is it then, Beyjim?" she asked per-suasively.

The child turned his great eyes upon her, and pursed up his lips with an air that seemed to say that he could reveal a good deal if he chose, but was not inclined to do so. He did not answer her, and Ayôosha lost patience with him. "You very naughty bad child!" she cried with one of the sudden changes of mood that she was given to. "*Pek fënnah*

hâjuk (very bad child), give up the diamonds directly, or we will tell the Pâsha and he will whip you!"

Djemâl-ed-Din's beautiful little face changed instantly at this threat, and his delicate mouth began to quiver; but his mother bent down towards him reassuringly. "Tell *kûchuk Ana* where you think the star is, Djemâljim," she said tenderly. "Is it lost?"

"No, *kûchuk Ana*, not lost," he said, his face clearing in a moment.

"Where is it then, my little one?"

Djemâl-ed-Din looked shy. He hesitated for a moment, then he said naively: "The English Captain has got it."

"The English Captain!"

"Yes, *kûchuk Ana*," cried the child proudly, "I gave it him. It came off, and I had it in my hand, and I put it in his pocket, the little pocket in his coat just here." Djemâl-ed-Din touched the left breast of his little brown coat, and looked up to note the effect of this announcement. The three women stood round him with surprise and consternation written legibly on their faces. "The English Captain was a splendid captain," continued the boy appealingly. "He was beautiful, and he was kind; I loved him, and I gave him my star."

Then to the astonishment of Margaret, Valda bent down, and catching the little fellow up in her arms, covered his face with swift kisses.

"*Ma sh'allah, ma sh'allah* (God bless you, God bless you)," she said with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "my noble little boy! He saved your life and you wished to reward him! Who will say that a child has no sense? He knew better what was right to be done than any of us."

"But the star—the Pâsha!"

It was from Ayôosha that this murmur escaped, and Valda turned upon her with an instantaneous

change of expression. "The star was mine," she said imperiously; "it was one of the jewels that I had from my father,—God be praised for it!—and the Pâsha has nothing to do with it. Mind, Ayôosha, not a word about this to him or to anyone else. Mademoiselle, I know I may trust you."

Margaret was obliged to assent, but it was against her own judgment, and she said quietly: "I believe you are making a mistake."

CHAPTER VI.

"АНА, Mademoiselle, behold you are à la *Franca* to-day, *une Anglaise des Anglaises*; but I liked you best as I saw you yesterday à la *Turque*!"

It was the morning after that eventful drive, and Margaret had come in from the garden to give the Pâsha his English lesson. He knew very little English, but he was an eager student, and he gave such close attention to his work, that it was a pleasure to teach him. He spoke French and German fluently, and Margaret looked forward to the hour that she spent with him as to one of the pleasantest in her day; it was her one opportunity of intercourse with a cultivated and intellectual mind, and she enjoyed it. The curious views that he held, and the strange stamp that modern ideas received in his mind, made his conversation particularly interesting and original, and he was so kind and considerate that Margaret could feel perfectly at her ease when she was with him. To-day for the first time she learned what it was to feel embarrassment in his presence.

"And how did you enjoy your drive yesterday?" he asked as she was looking out the books that she wanted. "Did you have any adventures by the way?"

It was merely a question asked in

jest, and the Pâsha did not expect any serious answer; but Margaret felt her colour rising uncomfortably, and she was glad that he could not see her face as she stood at his writing-table. "What adventures could I have, Monsieur?" she answered. "I saw many Turks, but you were the only one who saw me, I think."

"I? Ah, I am a safe person! But you are right; there is no possibility of adventures for Turkish ladies. And it is well that it is so, for the only ones that could happen would be bad ones. What are you searching for, Mademoiselle? I have got all the books here. Come and sit down; my wife has gone to the *hammâm* and will not be wanting you this morning, so we can have a good long lesson."

The Pâsha had already cast off his slippers, and seated himself cross-legged upon the white-sheeted divân, and Margaret settled herself in her place on the other side of the big bolster down the middle of the couch. This fashion of sitting cross-legged had been a little difficult to her, and the position struck her as a ludicrous one at first; but as she grew accustomed to it, she found it extremely comfortable, especially in the evenings when it afforded her feet a blessed respite from the mosquitoes. She curled herself up quite happily therefore, and gave a sigh of satisfaction as she settled down among the cushions, for she had been out in the garden for a long time, and she was tired. It was a delicious morning, but it was getting too hot for comfort out of doors, even in the shade of the orange-trees; and it was pleasant to sit in the cool green light of the shaded room, and listen to the music of bird and bee and childish laughter, floating in with the scent of frangipani and mignonette through the wide-opened windows.

The Pâsha was reading aloud a description of an English Christmas, and the remembrance of what the weather was like in England at this moment served to heighten Margaret's sense of well-being by the contrast that it presented; but she could not help smiling at the extraordinary version of Christmas customs and festivities that she was listening to. This reading-book was one that the Pâsha had himself somehow or other got hold of, and it was evidently composed by some foreigner who knew more about the technicalities of English grammar than the peculiarities of national customs. It was more quaint than instructive, but the Pâsha was deeply interested in it, and he was quite disturbed by the imputations that Margaret cast upon the veracity of the author.

"But my dear Mademoiselle," he remonstrated, "everybody knows that the mizzletoe is a well-established custom in your country, and that the ladies, the young and pretty ones, are continually being kissed under it. I think it is a charming custom myself," he added with a twinkle in his eyes.

Margaret laughed. "It is a custom that has fallen very much into disuse in these days," she said. "There is no kissing under the mistletoe except in the servants' hall now. In a mixed company at a party, it would certainly not be allowed."

"*Bismillah!* what a pity! But I will not believe you; it is impossible that such a custom as that should ever fall into disuse. Now confess, Mademoiselle, have not you yourself often been saluted under this plant?" Margaret laughed again as she shook her head, and took up the book as a hint that she wished to go on with the reading; but the Pâsha was apparently not in the mood for work to-day, and he took no notice. "It

is really very sad," he said with a reproachful sigh; "you should not destroy all my pleasant little illusions about England so remorselessly. Am I to believe then that all this that I have been reading in this agreeable little book is changed and modernised now?"

"Not the weather," said Margaret smiling.

"Ah no, that I know by my own experience. I found myself in London once in November, and I recollect it,—I recollect but too well what it was like."

"It is the very worst possible time of the year in which to visit London, and every foreigner that I have met seems to have selected it. I wonder why," Margaret observed reflectively.

"The climate is vile certainly; but there is much that pleases in England, and she has good rulers," said the Pasha. "That is the difference between your country and ours. Ours is rotten at the top; yours is rotten at the bottom. Up to the present the seething mischiefs of your democracy have been kept under, but the restraints are slight, and the barriers are being removed every year. The tide must burst through at last, and then law and order will be swept away, and England may fall into misfortunes as bad as ours."

Margaret's patriotism was roused. It was all very well to hold pessimistic views as a Conservative; as an Englishwoman in a foreign country she felt bound to adopt another tone. "Oh, I don't know about that!" she said. "There is a good deal of public spirit left in England, and when it becomes a question of anarchy, party politics will be cast aside, and every able man will throw himself into the effort of stemming the mischief with all his might,—and determination and energy, joined to ability, will do much."

"That is true; there is much energy in the English character,—I have observed that. Look at them here in Egypt. Why they have revolutionised the country, and they have made Cairo the gayest place on earth. They race, they dance, they play at their lawn-tennis, and they bicycle, all in one breath; and still they have energy left to manage the business and fight the battles of the whole world. *Mon Dieu*, what an irrepressible race!"

"You would be glad if they could be repressed a little in this country, wouldn't you?" asked Margaret mischievously.

"Ah, as to that, I refuse to commit myself. If it is to be a choice between English or French rule, however, I think we may be well content to stay as we are. As to the chances of my own unhappy country, they can but grow worse from year to year, so long as,—but it is no good speaking about that."

The look of habitual melancholy which is noticeable in the faces of Orientals of the highest class deepened into something like despair in the countenance of the Pasha whenever he alluded to the affairs of his own country. He was a great Turk and a fine soldier, and as a statesman he would at least have been upright; but for this very reason he was excluded from any share in the government of his country, and with the spirit of patriotism burning like a strong flame within him, he was compelled to look on from afar in bitter impotence at the spectacle of disintegration and destruction. The deepening of the shadow on his face whenever the fortunes of his country were spoken of betrayed the secret pain and humiliation of a proud man, and Margaret, who guessed a good deal more than he told her of this feeling, could not endure to see it.

She reproached herself now for having given the conversation a turn which had led to such a painful subject.

"You are very generous in your estimate of my countrymen, Pâsha," she said hurriedly; "I only wish that they were equally unprejudiced and clear-sighted in their judgment of the Turks."

"They are rather hard upon us, certainly," said the Pâsha with a tinge of bitterness. "They hear of the atrocities committed by a few bands of lawless Kurds, and they instantly brand us all as barbarians. They sympathise with the Armenians because they are Christians, and they do not know what sort of Christians they are. *You* know, Mademoiselle, and I think you can scarcely wonder at the dislike which they inspire in me."

"No indeed I do not!" said Margaret warmly. "I am ashamed that they should call themselves Christians, and I only wonder that you can trust me, or anyone else whom you suppose to belong to the same creed."

"It is not because you are a Christian that I trust you, Mademoiselle, but in spite of it, because you are an Englishwoman. We trust the English still, and do not forget how they fought side by side with us,—though they must have forgotten what the men who were once their brothers-in-arms were like when they can speak of us in the terms they do. What was the phrase that I saw the other day?—Oh yes, the unspeakable Turk!"

Margaret coloured hotly. She had heard the phrase so often that it had passed into a commonplace for her; and it was only when she saw how keenly it pierced the heart of a brave man that she realised its force. She looked very much troubled, and made a great effort to change the subject.

"It is extraordinary what misconceptions prevail in England on Turkish matters," she said apologetically. "Of course I know nothing about politics, nor how far we are mistaken in that respect, though I suspect that the newspaper men in their anxiety to create a sensation have been guilty of all sorts of exaggeration and unfairness; but what astonishes me is that we should have such false impressions about domestic matters. You have no idea, Pâsha, how very different from what I expected everything has been to me."

"It does not seem to you then that we are such utter barbarians," said the Pâsha, beguiled into a smile.

"On the contrary; I wish that in many respects we were more like you. There will be much that I shall miss when I return to England."

"When you return to England? Are you thinking of that, Mademoiselle? Surely you are not thinking of leaving us?"

"Oh no, I hope not indeed; it is the last thing that I wish. But of course the day will come when you will no longer need my services, and then I should naturally return to England."

"You have friends and relations there, no doubt? You intend to make your home there ultimately?"

"No, not necessarily. I have lost the ties that made England a home to me, and I have no near relations left. No, I have no ties to draw me back to England."

"Then, Mademoiselle, I hope that you will consider this your home. At any rate remember that it will be your home for so long as you choose. Of course if you should desire at any time to revisit your native country, to see your friends or to give yourself a change, you must not hesitate to say so, and I shall defray the expenses of it with pleasure. You will naturally

wish for a holiday sometimes, and it will be easy to arrange it in the summer when my wife goes to Constantinople, where she has plenty of friends to entertain her. But if you find yourself happy with us, I beg of you to go on living with us, and to look forward to it as a certainty. We are not likely ever to wish to part with you so long as you are contented to stay."

"Oh Excellency, you are really too kind!" said Margaret, quite overcome by the benevolence of this assurance. "I wish I could feel that I deserved it. You make me tremble lest I should ever disappoint you, and forfeit the good opinion that I value so highly."

"I do not think you will," said the Pâsha with conviction. "I have observed your character closely, Mademoiselle, and it is written on your forehead that I may trust you. My wife loves you as a sister, and I have confidence in you. I know that with you Valda is safe. She is young and inexperienced, and she needs guidance sometimes. If she had chosen any one of the ladies of the *harim* for a friend I should never have been able to feel sure that she might not get led into some stupid entanglement. And a friend from outside would be worse,—the wives of some of these Egyptian princes and Pâshas are terribly emancipated, corrupt even in secret. One does not know exactly what they are, for if ever a scandal happens it is immediately hushed up; but I do not want Valda to become very intimate with any of them. Praise be to God! she does not seem to have taken a fancy to any one in particular, I think." The Pâsha paused, as if he expected to receive some confirmation of his belief; but Margaret was silent under a miserable oppression of conscience that took the pleasure out of his praise. "Do you think that there is any one of the

ladies who visit here upon whom Valda is inclined to bestow confidence?" the Pâsha asked as Margaret did not speak.

"No,—at least, well, yes,—Hamîda Hânem comes here pretty often, and I think Valda is inclined to make friends with her. She is the only one, I think."

"Hamîda Hânem? You mean the wife of Mûrad Âli Pâsha?" said the Pâsha consideringly. "Well, I don't know of anything against her. Mûrad Âli Pâsha is a foolish fellow, a poor weak fop who lets his wife have too much of her own way, they say, but I have never heard any harm of her. I know nothing of her; that is the worst,—one knows so little,—how can one know? But you are a good judge of character, Mademoiselle, and you have had opportunities of observing her,—what do you think of her?"

"I really have not seen much of her," said Margaret, feeling not a little uncomfortable under this cross-examination. "She does not seem to me to be very refined in her manners and habits; but, you know, she very seldom talks in French,—it is always Turkish at the dinner-table, and she speaks so quickly that I cannot understand much of what she says."

"But you do not like her? Ah, I see you do not. Well, God is great, and that which is predestined will happen; but I hope that my wife will not become too confidential with her. Valda is as simple and innocent as a white dove, but she is very beautiful, and it is written in the pages of the air that great beauty is a snare. She does not dream of it, but she is the most beautiful woman in Cairo; even among the lovely English girls that one sees at the balls here, there are none to compare with her,—at least I think so. Do you agree with me, or is it that I am blinded by my great love for her?"

The Pâsha was looking at Margaret with a smile in his kind blue eyes, and she felt a sudden, almost intolerable sense of remorse aching at her heart as she thought of all she knew that he did not; but she answered quickly: "I think she is the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen. As for English ladies, they are beautiful certainly, some of them, but they do not compare with her. They are different,—they are lovely, she is magnificent. What a sensation she would make if she were to appear in the box of a London theatre in all her diamonds, her own beauty outshining the beauty of her jewels—dear me, Pâsha, how everyone would gaze at her! Every opera-glass in the theatre would be turned upon her——"

"*Bismillah!* What a day of mud that would be!" exclaimed the Pâsha, betrayed into a Turkish expression as he seldom was when he spoke French. "Do not speak of it, Mademoiselle! And yet these are the risks that English husbands have to run daily and nightly. Allah! I wonder how they can endure it. But it is true that they have more security than we have. We are obliged to exercise precaution; it is impossible to be too careful, and you cannot wonder that we feel it important to keep our women out of the way of temptation. You know that if for any caprice Valda should take a dislike to me, she could come to me to-morrow and demand her papers of divorce, and I could not refuse to give them."

"I know," said Margaret. "It is a state of things that seems to me to be very wrong; but the Socialists in England and all over the Continent are trying to bring about something very like it for themselves."

"Are they? They are fools then, and they will bring troubles without end upon their heads. They will have

to shut up their women, or they will never enjoy an instant of peace or security."

"I don't fancy that they quite contemplate that," Margaret said drily.

"But it would be necessary," insisted the Pâsha; "I can assure you that it would be necessary. For a little time, perhaps, old ideas might exert a restraining influence; but that would soon wear off, and then, mixing freely in society as your women do, the consequences would be disastrous. It is bad enough with us, when a woman, if she becomes discontented with her husband, can at least not get another without the help of her parents or relations; but with our system of seclusion, it can be made to work, and it is not without its advantages for both sides. You see the husband can have his mind easy; there is no occasion for jealousy, and he is obliged to treat his wife well or else she will not stay with him. I know a man with such a bad temper that he cannot keep a wife for more than three months at a time; I do not know how many times he has been divorced,—no woman seems able to endure him. But it is a great advantage for a woman to feel that she is not obliged to stay with a man who is cruel or unkind to her, or who bores her even,—do you not see that?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "I suppose there are some advantages, and while a woman is young and beautiful, it might be all very well; it might be easy for her to find another home; but afterwards,—it is when her youth and beauty are gone that the conditions of such a system would be hard. Then, if her husband wished to have a younger and prettier wife——"

"Ah well, of course that is natural," said the Pâsha. "That does sometimes happen with us,—not very often now though—but when it does, there

is nothing for it but resignation. It comes to this, that while she is young the wife has the advantage, afterwards the husband. And it has not worked badly with us, I assure you. My mother was the third wife of my father,—yes, the third I think, or was she the fourth? I am not sure—but I remember very well that she was on perfectly happy terms with him and with his other wives. In those days polygamy was not so uncommon among us as it is now, and my father's *harim* was a *harim* as you English people understand the word. But he was a just man, and he was most careful not to infringe the law which enjoins that there shall be perfect equality among the wives. He was fondest of my mother, I know, but the others had quite as many dresses and jewels and slaves, and I do not remember any quarrels."

"I think Turkish ladies must be blessed with naturally sweet tempers," remarked Margaret, preferring not to enter into an argument on the subject. "It surprises me to see how well they get on among themselves; one never hears them bickering or disputing with each other. If any annoyance does arise, they generally resign themselves to it quite easily, and content themselves with remarking that it is the will of God."

"What have they got to quarrel about?" demanded the Pâsha. "They can have no serious grievances, and as for the trifling vexations of everyday life, what is religion good for but to teach resignation?"

Margaret smiled. "It is a virtue that the Mahommedan religion certainly does tend to inculcate," she said, and she closed the book that she held in her hand.

The Pâsha had not done much reading that morning; but there was no time for any more, for the boom of the gun from the citadel announced the hour of noon, and this was a signal that luncheon must be at hand. A small bare-footed slave-girl in loose draperies of crimson cotton, tied round her waist with a pink rag, appeared in the doorway to announce it. "*Yemêk gëldé*," she said impassively.

"Ah, your dinner is come, and mine doubtless is waiting, I must go and dress," said the Pâsha, and gathering the full folds of his dressing-gown about him, he thrust his stockinged feet into the slippers lying on the floor. "Go, Mademoiselle," he said, as he retired to his dressing-room, "and peace go with you. Remember what I have said. If my wife wishes to go about with you I am delighted; I have entire confidence in you."

(To be continued.)

UNITED IRISHMEN IN THE BRITISH FLEET.

IN an interesting passage of his *HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY*, Mr. Lecky has alluded to the grave danger which resulted to the country from the wholesale drafting of Irish prisoners and suspects into the British Navy in the critical years 1797-8. He has dwelt, however, rather upon the connection of Irishmen with the great mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797. I propose, in this article, to trace the action of disaffected Irishmen, and particularly of the famous secret society known as the United Irishmen, during 1798, the year of rebellion, drawing mainly upon the unpublished Admiralty Papers in the Record Office.

The number of Irishmen in the fleet was very large, though it did not attain to anything like the proportion which Wolf Tone assigned to it. He supposed that there were eighty thousand of his countrymen in the Navy, a total amounting to two-thirds of our entire force of seamen and marines. The actual numbers raised in Ireland between 1793 and 1796 are given by Mr. Lecky from an authoritative source as fifteen thousand five hundred and ten, of whom four thousand were marines. By 1798 the number would probably be nearer twenty-five thousand. Irish names are exceedingly numerous in the lists of seamen and marines, and we repeatedly find ships in which a very large part of the crew was Irish. Thus in Admiral Orde's flag-ship, the *Princess Royal*, the number of United Irishmen is stated by Lord St. Vincent to have been two hundred, out of a

crew of under seven hundred men; and in the *Hermione*, in which ship occurred the most murderous mutiny recorded in the annals of our Navy, the Irishmen are said to have been very strong.

As the first aim of the United Irishmen was to introduce a French force into Ireland and thus to sever the bonds which held their country to England, it was not to be expected that they would fight readily and willingly against France. They went on board our ships in a dangerous frame of mind, and they found the powder ready to hand in the shape of the numerous Irishmen on board, whose allegiance, never, perhaps, very heartily given, they proceeded to sap. That they were not more successful is an astounding fact, to be explained only by the readiness of conspirators to inform, to the vigour and determination of the officers, and the general trustworthiness of the marines, who were employed as a sort of naval police to guard the seamen and to hold them down. It does not appear that we actually lost any ships through their machinations, for though five vessels were carried off by their crews to the enemy between 1797 and 1801, there is nothing to show that the United Irishmen were the cause of these losses, nor do very many Irish names occur among those of the *Hermione's* mutineers who were tried and executed. This is an exception to the general rule, which is that whenever there is a mutiny a very considerable proportion of the ring-leaders will be found to have Irish names.

The most dangerous plot hatched by the United Irishmen was one to get possession of the fleet, under the orders of Lord St. Vincent, blockading Cadiz in 1798. This fleet had been the scene of an incipient mutiny early in 1797, which St. Vincent's terrible severity had promptly repressed. Disaffection smouldered on, and as the United Irishmen grew in numbers and daring, they fanned the embers. The captains in command were many of them weak in maintaining discipline; many of the junior officers were supercilious, full of vain conceit (to quote St. Vincent himself) insubordinate and careless in performing their duty. The Commander-in-chief, imperious and arbitrary, in his own words "never gifted with prudence or forbearance," found it exceedingly difficult to enforce the measures which he regarded as essential for the security, health, and good conduct of his squadron, and came into more or less open conflict with his junior admirals, Parker and Orde. It should be said that the very best ships and the very best captains, with the exception of Collingwood, had been sent off with Nelson, to look after Bonaparte and his Egyptian expedition.

When the fleet was in this inflammable state a squadron under Sir Roger Curtis arrived from Berehaven in a most mutinous condition and full of Irishmen. There had been serious outbreaks on the way out, and no sooner had Curtis's ships anchored off Cadiz, than courts-martial were demanded by three captains, one on a seaman, and two on insubordinate officers. The disaffection was most dangerous on board the Marlborough, whose captain was weak and old, and in the Prince, though in this ship the dangerous temper of the crew was not fully known to the authorities. It was afterwards discovered that correspondence was carried on between

Curtis's ships and St. Vincent's, with a view to the seizure of the fleet by the conspirators. The head-centre of disaffection was a ruined lawyer named Bott, on board the Princess Royal, a notorious United Irishman, and a member of the Corresponding Society which directed the United Irishmen's movements. He had been arrested in Ireland and sent off with many others, as disaffected and only less dangerous because less able, without one word of warning as to his character being given to the admirals or captains of the Navy. Bott was a man of good education and persuasive manners; he wrote a better hand and spelt more correctly than many of the officers in His Majesty's Navy. To one of his antecedents life in the service, as it then was, must have been insupportable. Nor could patriotism or the thought that he was serving his country assuage the misery of his existence. As a United Irishman he hated England and loved her enemies.

From the hour when he was placed on board the press-tender Bott had contrived to maintain his correspondence with the head-centres of his secret society. With what infinite ingenuity he managed this we may guess, for we are not told, though we know that men who could write, and men who possessed paper, pens, and ink, were looked very askance at by the officers of the Navy. Nothing is more strangely pathetic than the dirty torn pieces of paper on which the petitions or letters of crews were usually written, or rather scrawled, and which are now to be found in our national Records. Presently he was drafted on board the Princess Royal before Cadiz, and at once began to stir up disaffection.

This very nearly came to a head on May 20th, 1798. On that day a seaman of the Marlborough, guilty of mutiny, had been sentenced to die on

board his ship. The crew had sworn not to execute him. The thrilling tale of the measures taken to secure discipline by Lord St. Vincent has been told by Tucker in his life of that great admiral, and retold by many others. Briefly, the boats of the fleet armed with carronades were to row close round the ship, and to sink her if there was resistance. But what we do not learn in any published work is told in the Admiralty Records, that the *Prince*, the *Hector* and the *Princess Royal* were ready to mutiny and come to her help. How much further the disaffection extended cannot be fully known. But it is said that in St. Vincent's own flag-ship there had been some months earlier a plot to murder the Commander-in-chief and seize the ship, the conspirators as usual being Irish Roman Catholics. Their confessor was in British pay and informed the British Commissioner at Lisbon. The danger, had the Marlborough offered any resistance, must therefore have been great indeed; but as a matter of fact, the crew, cowed by St. Vincent's bold attitude, hanged the man and nothing happened.

At the time, the extreme danger which the fleet had run was not fully known, though St. Vincent must have had an inkling, as armed boats rowed round the *Prince* during the execution; it was not discovered till two months or more afterwards, and then what information we get is vague and unsatisfactory. But the existence of such a wide-spread plot throws into stronger relief St. Vincent's unflinching determination. A revolt in the fleet at this instant must have paralysed Nelson in the Mediterranean, and might even have ended in the virtual submission of England to France. It would have caused the deepest dejection at home and the utmost elation among our enemies; for, and this is a very important

point, the ships were to be carried by the mutineers into Cadiz, when they would act as a reinforcement to the enemy. To St. Vincent we owe it that these machinations were defeated; and stern, cold, and hard though the man was to all but a very few, we can never forget the debt.

If the incipient mutiny had thus temporarily collapsed, the fleet remained in a volcanic state. Weeks before the plot for a fresh mutiny began, Bott was heard to say to a fellow-Irishman, "This fleet will soon be as bad as the fleet at the Nore;" and the fleet at the Nore had openly revolted. It is significant that many months earlier gross cowardice had been shown by the boats of the fleet in that memorable action in which Nelson gave proof of such brilliant courage and so nearly fell a victim to the enemy. Remembering the presence of the Irishmen, we may conjecture that this apparent cowardice was really due to the disaffection of the crews, though this is nowhere explicitly stated, and though St. Vincent ascribed it to the bad leading of the lieutenants in command of the boats. However this may be, Bott continued his intrigues and correspondence. The discipline of the *Princess Royal* is said by St. Vincent to have been very bad; and though Admiral Orde glibly assured his Commander-in-chief that all was for the very best on board her, facts disprove his assertion.

She was presently ordered to Gibraltar where, contrary to St. Vincent's rules, free communication with the shore was permitted, with the result that the United Irishmen learnt of the outbreak of armed rebellion in their country. Her decks were a scene of abominable licentiousness, and St. Vincent speaks bitterly of the "tilts, tourneys, and *mischianzas*" which took place, alluding

to the silly *mischianza* given by the citizens of Philadelphia to Sir William Howe in the days of the American war. She returned to the fleet ready for any mischief, and the United Irishmen waited and plotted. They wanted an opportunity for action, a grievance it would seem, which would unite English and Irish in open revolt. And in a badly-disciplined ship they had not to want the grievance long.

The pretext arose in this way. On June 24th, a marine named Guthrie was accused by one of the Princess Royal's lieutenants of being drunk. The lieutenant ordered him on the poop and threatened to get him a good flogging. The man, who had an exemplary character, refused to obey, saying: "No, sir, if you knew me you would not use me so." On this the lieutenant began to shove him aft. The marine took hold of the lieutenant's coat,—to avoid falling as he stumbled, or so his witnesses swore—and in so doing raised his hand against his superior officer. Such an act was punishable, and was usually punished with death. Guthrie was placed in irons and the crew, fearing for his life, at once began to plot his rescue, stirred up thereto by the indefatigable Bott.

Bott had as his chief confederates three seamen, Connell, Sweeney, and Jones. Connell seems to have been a man of some education; he read papers, studied books, wrote a fair hand, and spent his spare time in making "a bit of a machine." Sweeney could not write. Their first proceeding was to draw up a letter to be circulated from berth to berth among the crew, conceived in these terms:

Friends and Brother Shipmates,—It must be obvious to you all that the reason of our addressing you must be in behalf of our unfortunate Brother that we behold before our eyes, shackled with

the Fetters of Tyranny and Terror; and if we don't join unanimously to rescue him from Destruction, the like Fate daily awaits ourselves, and we don't know how soon we may be in their Power, which seems to be a pleasure rather than, as it ought to be, a Sorrow to our present Commanders, and I am happy to inform you that our Brothers in Distress, the Marines, are all agreeable to stand by us in the cause of Humanity and Justice to ourselves. Be pleased to hand this from Birth to Birth, evading the Master-at-Arms.

The opportunity, it will be seen, was well chosen, as the marines, whose loyalty was most to be feared, would naturally sympathise with an attempt to save their comrade. All that evening (it was a Sunday) Sweeney was going to and fro among the marines, though not with complete success: Jones was passing the paper round from berth to berth; and great crowds of men were going forward to Connell's berth and taking the United Irishmen's oath.

The oath is given in the Admirals Despatches, and is as follows:

In the awful presence of God—I, A. B., do voluntarily declare I will persevere in endeavouring to form a Brotherhood of Affection among Irishmen of every Religious Persuasion; and that I will persevere in my endeavour to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the People of Ireland; and I do further declare that neither hopes, fears, rewards or punishments shall ever induce me directly or indirectly to inform on or give evidence against any Member or Members of this or similar Societies, for any Act or Expression of theirs, done or made individually or collectively in or out of this Society in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation. So help me God.

The United Irishmen were from the first most active, though the rest of the crew are said by Connell, in his subsequent confession, to have been perfectly mutinous. When asked if the state of affairs in Ireland had

any connection with the mutiny, he answered that it certainly had. Four of the marines were definitely gained over, and the others were so far tampered with that the mutineers considered they had nothing to fear from them.

In all Bott had sworn in about two hundred men by Monday morning. He might have won over more, but he seems to have thought two hundred enough for his purpose, and with each addition to the number the danger of treachery increased. Some communication, though Bott in his confession denied this, had been held with the Prince, which was, as St. Vincent tells us, in a deplorable state of discipline, and with the Hector, the Romulus, the Juste, and other ships of Curtis's squadron. All were ready to join, or the ringleaders pretended so. The marine Guthrie was to be taken out of irons; the crew were then to cheer the Prince and the Hector, and this was to be the signal for general revolt in the fleet. How Guthrie was to be released was debated. A man was to be punished by flogging with four dozen lashes in the gangway. For this it was usual to assemble all the officers and crew, and to place the marines under arms. The first suggestion made by Connell was that this opportunity should be seized. The rear rank of marines were to drop or surrender their arms while the seamen seized the ship; the front rank were not expected to act strenuously with the whole crew against them, and the officers could be overpowered with ease. But this plan does not appear to have been approved. It was next proposed to rise at nine that evening. This again was abandoned in favour of four on Tuesday morning, when the officers, with the exception of the lieutenant on watch, would be in their beds and could be most easily surprised.

What exactly were the designs of the conspirators, if they had taken the ship, we do not know, as there is a conflict of evidence. On the one hand, Connell in his dying confession declared: "It was the intention to murder the officers without exception. It was intended to go up the Straits and take the ships from Admiral Nelson, and go with the whole fleet to Ireland." Other witnesses said that the Princess Royal was to be handed over to the Spaniards, which seems to have been the design in case the other ships of the fleet failed to rise. An informer named Lambert told Orde that they would never change (put ashore) an officer as they had done before, but would hang Admiral Jervis first and every officer in his station afterwards. A marine named Boyd undertook to kill his lieutenant. Lambert is accused by Bott of saying that "he would not let one officer live to hang him hereafter." St. Vincent, whose judgment was perfectly cool, had no doubts as to the conspirators' intentions, when the plot was discovered. "The officers," he writes, "were to have been massacred, and if the ships from Ireland had joined I was to have been hung with the other admirals, captains, and officers." The future commander of the fleet, a man named Davidson, had even been appointed. Thus for the second time within a few months England was menaced by extraordinary danger from her own fleet.

On the other hand Bott, in his confession, with some hopes perhaps of pardon, strove to tone down the intentions of the mutineers. "All the officers," he said, "were to be put in irons. I do not think that the officers would have been murdered, unless they had fallen in the contest." Indeed he had postponed the hour of rising on purpose to lessen the pro-

bability of bloodshed. There is some corroboration of his statement in the evidence given by Lambert, from which it might appear that after deposing their officers the men intended to remain off Cadiz, blockading the Spaniards. But this is almost impossible to believe, and if Lambert believed it he must have been misled by the United Irishmen. "A hope of making a successful movement in the fleet in favour of the Revolutionary cause," writes Orde, "seems to have been the object of the leaders of the mutiny, although a less alarming motive was assigned to the generality of their accomplices." Jones, one of the ringleaders, thought that had the mutiny succeeded the men would have murdered each other, as there were so many different opinions among them.

On the night of the proposed mutiny Connell was to have had the middle watch; at five bells he was to have called the company and to have secured the support of his accomplices among the marines. Sweeny was to have been upon the poop to obtain the keys of the arm-chest for the men, the magazine was to have been seized, and the officers at the same time to have been made prisoners. Bott had been ordered that night for duty with the boats before Cadiz, and expected when he came back to find the ship in the mutineers' hands. A confederate named Cavanagh was furnished with the letter to the crew, which was to have been handed to one of the Prince's boats, that her men might be ready. But as is so often the case a trifling accident deranged the plans. Connell, who after Bott was the mainspring of the mutiny, was ordered at the last moment to go with the boats. No movement was made by the crew during the night, and next morning several people gave information to the

officers—Carter and Everson, petty officers, and Lambert one of the ringleaders. Steps were at once taken to secure the ship. Bott, Connell, Sweeny, Jones, and Boyd were seized with others of their accomplices. The first three were tried by court-martial on July 2nd and 3rd, the fourth on July 5th, and the last on July 6th. All were convicted of mutinous practices or designs and sentenced to death. In their various defences all agreed in exonerating the Prince and other ships, but on this point they were contradicted by the evidence. Connell's fortitude broke down before the prospect of death and he entreated to be delivered "from the devouring flames of hell." It was agreed that all the culprits were good and quiet in general conduct.

Condemned to death Bott and Connell made lengthy confessions, but Sweeny preserved a sullen and intrepid silence. Connell urged the officers to beware of the Irish on board, and stated that the informers were among those principally concerned. Bott earnestly recommended the officers not to strike the men, as it had been productive of very bad consequences, and was partly the cause of the mutiny. The three were hanged on July 4th, but Jones, who had given very full information, was pardoned. Eighteen of the most dangerous men were withdrawn from the *Princess Royal* and distributed among the ships of the fleet, where they were carefully watched. But so strong were the United Irishmen even now that it was thought unsafe to keep the informer Lambert in the service. It was considered that he would certainly be killed, and he was therefore sent home and shipped off to America.

In his despatch to the Admiralty enclosing the confessions of the prisoners, St. Vincent remarks that they prove, "How much active and

destructive poison has been administered by admitting the United Irishmen, who were apprehended at Dublin and other parts of the country, into the fleet." The crew of the *Juste*, from which they were drafted "puts every ship they are distributed on board of, in a state of infinite confusion and hazard." His secret displeasure with Orde for the bad discipline of the *Princess Royal*, added to other causes of complaint, led him to take the very strong measure of sending that officer home in the most unceremonious manner. It is only fair to state that Orde insisted that officers under his charge had always been strictly forbidden to strike the men. "I never knew it," he said, "to have been practised in this ship until about a fortnight ago, when I expressed in very strong terms to Captain Draper [his flag-captain] my disapprobation of it and gave strict and particular orders it never should happen again. . . . Not a complaint has been made to me on the subject." St. Vincent's anger was still further inflamed by a court-martial held on two seamen of the *Prince* for mutinous behaviour, and by the resistance of his junior admirals and captains to certain measures which he had ordered with the object of keeping the marines apart from the seamen. "The conduct of the court-martial," he wrote, "combined with other occurrences carries conviction to my mind that a majority of the members is determined to counteract the measures I am taking to make soldiers of the marines." To Admiral Parker, one of the supposed culprits, he said: "The members have entered into a combination against me; by God, I will stay here no longer to be so used!"

What occurred in the Mediterranean Fleet occurred also in the Channel Fleet, though the plots there do not appear to have been so far-

reaching, or to have come so near success. Disaffection appeared first in the *Foudroyant*, where two seamen were flogged for expressing sympathy with the Irish rebels and declaring that the crew would rise and seize the ship. In the *Cæsar* and *Defiance*, off Brest, there was more than talk. During May a portion of the Channel Fleet was in Torbay when the ringleaders in the *Cæsar*, who were Irish Roman Catholics, opened a correspondence with the other ships and administered the United Irishmen's oath. The correspondence was maintained even after the fleet had returned to Brest. On the night of July 29th several of the Englishmen among the *Cæsar's* crew came aft and told the officers that they were in fear of their lives, as there was a plot of the Catholics to rise and kill the Protestants. All arrangements had been made, and but for an accident the plot would have been previously carried out. The conspirators had received letters from Ireland enclosing letters from France in which help was promised. They intended not only to kill the Protestants but also to murder the officers and carry off the ship to Brest or Ireland. Twenty-two men were seized; of these six were sentenced to death and two received a sentence of five hundred lashes, a punishment worse than death; the others were acquitted on the ground of insufficient evidence. It is curious to note in the evidence the fact that there were several Frenchmen on board the *Cæsar*, and that a boat's crew of foreigners could be raised among the crew on one occasion when it was desired to deceive a strange ship.

On board the *Defiance* there was a similar plot. Mutinous meetings were held in July and a traitorous oath administered:

I swear to be true to the Free and United Irishmen, who are now fighting

our cause against tyrants and oppressors, and to defend their rights to the last drop of my blood, and to keep all secret. And I do agree to carry the ship into Brest, the next time the ship looks out ahead at sea, and to kill every officer and man that shall hinder us, except the master [without whom the ship could not be sailed], and to hoist a green ensign with a harp on it, and afterwards to kill and destroy the Protestants.

A gang of Catholics terrorised the ship, and there was much bad blood among the English and Irish. The total number of United Irishmen in the ship is given at fifty, and it is significant that they complained bitterly of ill-usage by the captain. Probably they had a grievance, for it is generally, though not universally, the rule that where the officers are good and there is no ill-treatment there is no mutiny. Bludgeons were found hidden about the ship between decks and under the guns, and a mutinous pamphlet was circulated, of which all the copies were destroyed when it became evident that the plot was discovered. Twenty-four men were arrested, of whom nineteen were sentenced to death, eight of these being recommended to mercy; two received two hundred lashes each and a year's imprisonment, two more a

hundred lashes and a year in prison, and the other culprit escaped with imprisonment. A little later in the year a precisely similar plot was detected in the Captain. Here again the twelve prisoners were United Irishmen who had intended to seize the ship and carry her into Brest. Ten of them were flogged through the fleet.

In subsequent years the United Irishmen, probably dispirited by the failure of the rebellion in Ireland, were less active. It is evident, however, that during 1798 they were a cause of internal danger which can scarcely be exaggerated. For each plot which was discovered it would be safe to conclude that there were at least as many which were never detected. Yet this should not blind us to the debt which the Empire owes to its Irish seamen. Their worst enemies have never accused Irishmen of cowardice, and excepting at Cadiz they seem to have fought bravely in the face of the enemy. That they had many real grievances no unprejudiced man will deny; and indeed one is tempted to say now that had their loyalty stood the test, it would have been nothing less than wonderful.

H. W. WILSON.

A RIDE IN SOUTH MOROCCO.

AT the beginning of the winter of 1897 a long period of foggy, sunless days gave me the desire to cross the seas in search of better things. My sister C. was of the same mind, and after much discussion we made up our minds to return to Morocco which we had only left a few months before. On our last visit we had made a most interesting journey through Alcazar, Fez, and Mekines, returning by Laraish, and having seen the north of the country we were anxious to compare it with the southern parts, which we heard were quite different, and to visit Morocco city, or, as the Moors more concisely name it, Marakesh.

In the beginning of December we found ourselves at Tangier, where we had arranged to spend some days while making arrangements for our journey in the south. The steamer by which we were to proceed down the coast arriving nearly a week late, we had ample time, and when everything was ready the whole camp was pitched on shore for our inspection. To further ensure a comfortable and pleasant journey we had written from England to engage our former guide and the same cook, and we were so fortunate as to secure them both. These men, besides being good servants, were also interesting companions for the road. The guide, Muktar by name, was a lively and very energetic little man, speaking pretty good English, always in the best of spirits and playing tricks upon the other men. The cook, on the other hand, who rejoiced in the scriptural appellation of Gilboa, was

a man of grave demeanour befitting the serious nature of his duties; he addressed us occasionally in a somewhat baffling dialect composed of French and Spanish, but more frequently rode in silence with his features concealed by the ample hood of his *jelab* and thus, alone in a crowd, had leisure for the composition of the *ménu* which was to astonish us in the evening; he had once been cook at the French Legation in Tangier, I believe, and was certainly an artist with the limited means at his disposal. Our arrangements being thus complete, we took ship with all our motley baggage and came in about twelve hours to Casa Blanca, and as the weather was fine we disembarked for a run ashore. After wandering round the outskirts we heard much firing of cannon in the town and, as we neared the Basha's house, a great sound of drums and music. On enquiring what all this might mean, our guide was told that a letter had just been received from the Sultan's forces, and read in the principal mosque, announcing that the army, which was encamped at a distance of three days' journey in the direction of Fez, had achieved a victory over a rebellious tribe, defeating them with a loss of five hundred prisoners; that twenty-five of the leaders had been decapitated, and that some of the heads were being sent to adorn the gates of Casa Blanca. This was all very old-fashioned and gave one the sensation of being back in the Middle Ages; but we did not regret that the heads had travelled more slowly than the letter.

The following morning brought us to Mazagan which has a good appearance from the sea, being surrounded by old Portuguese fortifications of considerable height. Here we left the steamer and rowed ashore, passing various ugly-looking rocks and the funnels of two sunken steamers which have remained for years standing out of water; a significant caution to careless mariners. Passing through the Custom-House, we went to the only hotel the place affords; it was kept by some Spanish Jews, and had as much, or as little, cleanliness as one would expect from such proprietors. The place indeed was so dirty that we made every haste to get out into camp next day. This rapid departure was a little difficult to arrange, for the day of our arrival was Friday, which is the Mahommedan day of rest; it also happened to be Christmas Eve, so that neither among the Europeans nor Arabs was it easy to do business. Fortunately our men and mules had been collected beforehand, so that with the assistance of a Spanish gentleman in the town we managed to make a start on the afternoon of Christmas Day. About two o'clock we took the road; our tents and baggage were packed on mules, my sister and I rode horses, and another horse carried our escort which consisted of one soldier. It was not a large force, but as ancient custom prescribes the same number to attend the Speaker of the House of Commons our sense of dignity was in no way offended. C.'s horse was a well-shaped beast, but had the misfortune of being Government property, and was in consequence so ill-fed that for the first two or three days I had to drive it along with my hunting-crop; at the end of that time our more liberal scale of forage began to put some life into it, and it became quite gay. The Moorish idea of the proper

load for a mule is so remarkable that it is worth describing a single example. Let us suppose the mule equipped with its pack-saddle and the usual pair of soft panniers woven together with a strip across the saddle; one of these panniers would be filled with iron kitchen-utensils, the other with a heavy box of groceries. Across the top a hard foundation is formed with a folding table, two chairs, and a roll of matting; on this three or four men with much exertion place a wet tent, and bind the whole with ropes; finally one of the men climbs up and sits crossed-legged on the top. With this load the long-suffering mule keeps going all day at a pace of quite four miles an hour.

During the night before our start rain had fallen heavily and the town was a sea of mud; but directly we got outside the road became firm, dry, and sandy, so that we could make good progress. It was a great relief to us to see that the country was of this character, for we feared that there would be the same tedious expanse of mud which the northern roads show in the winter time. I use the word *road* for convenience; but there are, as a matter of fact, no roads in Morocco, only worn tracks, more or less distinct, formed by the feet of travellers, and, except in places where there are high bushes, they are sufficiently easy to follow.

We made but a short march on the first afternoon, as we had started late and wished to have a comfortable evening in honour of Christmas. What a relief it was to be away from the dirty town and in the quiet camp with a clear sky and the stars blazing overhead! We pitched our tents as usual on the outskirts of a village, and on the demand of our escort a guard presently arrived, consisting of about eight of the villagers armed with antique flintlocks. This is fur-

nished almost as much in the interests of the village as of the traveller, for if anything is stolen from the latter during his stay the village will, on complaint to the nearest Basha, be called upon not only to make good the loss but also to pay a fine of the same value to the Basha. It is bad to be a slight sleeper when thus protected, for the guard at most places talk, or even sing, through their watch, and if they are sufficiently considerate to refrain from this amusement one or more of them is sure to have a distressing cough which the cold night air brings out and aggravates; added to this is the constant barking of dogs, and when everything else is quiet a mule on the picket-rope is sure to begin snorting and shaking his head till his long ears rattle like castanettes. On the first night these things annoy one, but afterwards the long ride and the open air produce the sort of sleep which cares nothing for such unfavourable circumstances.

The fine weather of Christmas night ushered in a spell of bright hot weather which made travelling delightful, and the country for the first two or three days was bright with young crops, fresh grass, and wide stretches of golden marigolds. The narcissus was not yet out and only an occasional asphodel, but both were in bud, and we regretted we were not a fortnight later when all the country would be white with flowers. Being both of the opinion that it is a mistake to make a business of a journey undertaken for pleasure, we did not unduly hurry ourselves on the road. We generally began to break up the camp at a little before sunrise, between half-past six and seven o'clock. At eight o'clock I sat down to breakfast at a table in the open, all the tents being struck with the exception of that occupied by C.; this it was always difficult to get

possession of as she was almost too strongly impressed with the aforesaid opinion, and at times I was driven to great straits in the matter. On these occasions I found it a good plan to knock out a few of her tent-pegs, till the flapping canvas threatened impending disaster and urged her to more rapid progress. While the final preparations for the start were going on C. would give audience to the women and children of the village, who clustered round her in huge delight at the pearls of wisdom which fell from her lips in Arabic. To the critical ear the conversation might have seemed rather sententious, consisting, as it did, chiefly of proverbs culled from her Arabic grammar. Thus, to the proud mother displaying a lusty infant she would pleasantly remark, "Every monkey is a gazelle to its mother;" and the famine-stricken villager would be consoled with the advice that she should "be content with butter till Allah brings the jam." However, they all seemed mightily pleased, and if permitted to touch her rich attire (a rough tweed skirt) or to examine one of her gloves, they became frantic in their childish delight. For myself I have not the same aptitude for languages, but as an impassive silence is considered dignified among the men, my part gave me little trouble, and I discharged my duty by giving one or two of the chief men tea and cigarettes in the tent during the evening, while I gleaned the news of the district through the interpreter, and from local information marked out on the map the day's march as correctly as I could. On most nights before going to bed I used to warm myself at the charcoal fire in the kitchen-tent, for wood is scarce in this country and it is seldom that we can indulge in the luxury of a good camp-fire. The pleasant warmth and

a handy packing-case often suggested a last pipe ; and while I smoked the men talked and told stories which were translated to me ; in this way I heard much that was interesting and romantic. One of the muleteers was, they told me gravely, "a descendant of Adam the First Man." This I readily accepted as indisputable, but when they assured me that Adam dwelt in that part of Morocco the matter seemed open to question. I was not at that time able to inform them that the cradle of the human race had been found in Somaliland, as I did not acquire that important knowledge until after my return ; but perhaps even so I should not have convinced them. Whatever his origin may have been, the man was a very fine specimen of his kind ; tall, active, and of great strength he seemed to feel neither fatigue nor heat, and would stride along all day with his head bared to the sun.

Our road inland led us gradually higher day by day over a succession of great plains which were varied by an occasional line of hills ; towards the south vegetation became scarce, and we learned that drought and locusts had reduced the country to the verge of famine. Once we rode all day with locusts flying thickly about us and flapping against our faces and hands, while all across the horizon in front of us a red cloud of them was blown along by the wind, looking like the smoke of a heath-fire or the dust that hangs over a review at Aldershot. The first sight of the Atlas mountains made a great impression on our memories. We had halted at mid-day on the banks of a little river, and then, passing through some low hills, the great white wall of the mountains stood all across our front in the far distance. The sight of them seemed to bring us suddenly within reach of the wide Sahara and all

the mysterious country beyond. From the point where we saw them first the distance in a straight line on the map was one hundred and ten miles. On the sixth morning we found ourselves only a few miles from Marakesh. We had camped among some hills, and as we left them a magnificent view opened before us. At our feet was stretched a wide plain green with a forest of tall date-palms ; to east and west this great grove spread till it vanished in the distance, where the horizon was broken by a few small hills. Looking straight across towards the city we could see no part of it except the great tower of the Koutoubia, which rose high above the palms in solitary grandeur. The picture would have been a fine one had it stopped here, but the chief glory of the scene lay beyond, where the lower slopes of the Atlas rose some four thousand feet above the level of the plain, and behind them towered the tall peaks dazzling in their whiteness beneath the fierce African sun. It seemed to us that few cities in the world could have so splendid a situation. When we had thoroughly taken in the beauty of the place we continued our journey into the plain, where the frequent strings of camels winding among the palms showed that we were nearing the city ; but even when we halted for luncheon at the bridge over the Wady Tensift, less than an hour's ride from the gates, nothing could be seen of the town, so hidden is it by the trees. When once entered the place is rather a whited sepulchre, being as dirty as any other town, while the buildings generally are of a mean description. Certainly the crowds of people are great, and the various markets are busy and interesting ; but there is nothing to compare with the steep romantic alleys of Fez, nor does one find at each turn those delightful bits of

architecture and colour which there compelled us every few yards to stop and look about us. We were provided with a house by the courtesy of a native gentleman to whom I carried a letter of introduction from the Vice-Consul at Fez; the house was small, but there was a bit of a garden and some buildings round an outer court, so that we had plenty of room to stow away our camp-equipment and animals. In the garden was a well which was of great convenience, but it had one serious drawback inasmuch as it formed a nursery for the insidious mosquito. We had hitherto been entirely free from these and were unprovided with any curtains or means of defence; they therefore had us at their mercy and showed none. One day I would awake with both eyes so swollen that I could scarcely see, the next with a lip out to my nose and unable to speak distinctly; and C. suffered almost as much. We devised ingenious headgear of silk handkerchiefs, and anointed the nose and mouth, which was all we left exposed, with eucalyptus-oil and other evil-smelling compounds; but what was most efficacious was the nightly slaughter after the shutters were closed. I was often too sleepy to do much of this, and after I had sought my pillow I was lulled to sleep by the flip-flap of C.'s slipper, and the gentle and triumphant monotone in which, like Madame Defarge in *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*, she marked off the number of her victims.

During our stay in Morocco we generally occupied the mornings in seeing the sights of the place and went shopping in the afternoons, as we found that many of the tradesmen did not open their shops till that time of day. The principal shops were in a series of long arcades, and in these there were daily auctions

of a curious and informal kind, which we often frequented, as good bargains may sometimes be picked up there. The scene was quaint and amusing. Up and down the thronged ways ran those who had wares to sell, waving their goods high in air; if anything took our fancy we plucked the sleeve of the vendor and enquired the price; he would either say so much was bid or ask us to name a price; in either case he at once rushed off again shouting out the price named. If in his tour down the arcade nothing more was bid, he returned and concluded the bargain with us; but if more was offered, he came back to see if we were ready to go higher. In one of our morning rambles through the markets we saw large heaps of boiled locusts being sold for food at a small price; the poor people are so much pressed by the results of the drought and the living locusts, that they are forced to buy this wretched food or starve. At one of the villages on the road a large dish of boiled locusts was brought to me as a present, and for the sake of politeness received with signs of satisfaction. I could not, however, go so far as to eat them, the appearance of them, and the idea of so doing, being, perhaps unreasonably, repulsive to me. Luckily one of our men was accustomed to them (the man who was descended from Adam) and he disposed of them with relish, pulling off the heads, tails, and wings as if they were shrimps.

We were most kindly assisted in our efforts to see all that we could by the members of the Medical Mission who are the only Europeans in the town. This Mission does most excellent work, and its fame has reached so far that people come to be treated in the small hospital from tribes living beyond the Atlas in the Sus country and even in the

Sahara. The ladies of the Mission here go about in European dress, and have not, as in Fez, assumed the Moorish garb. It is probably owing to this that we found civility and often smiling faces wherever we went; on its first establishment insults and stones were the usual welcome. But even setting aside this good influence we thought the people of Marakesh showed a more sunny disposition than those of the Northern capital, where, though more Europeans visit the place, the strict follower of the Prophet still thinks it advisable to spit if by chance the shadow of the unbeliever falls upon him. One afternoon we were shown the slave-market where a constant and considerable business is done. On the afternoon of our visit there were but few slaves for sale and consequently a small attendance. The buyers sat in a ring, and the auctioneers led the slaves round for inspection, stopping before anyone who wished to bid and calling out the price as they went. Most of the slaves walked stolidly round without taking much notice of the proceedings; but one poor child was crying, and though the auctioneer tried to pet her into cheerfulness, she was evidently frightened or homesick. We were told she had probably been brought over the mountains from the Sahara, for she was of a more pronounced negro type than the rest, who were, in many cases, children of parents living in Marakesh and unable through poverty to feed their families during these days of scarcity. On days when there was no great attraction in the city it was delightful to ride outside the walls and sit in some secluded place among the palms enjoying the view and listening to the nightingale; our favourite retreat was a spot near the entrance to the leper village, which

does not perhaps appear a very desirable locality, but as the lepers did not come to us, and as we saw no particular object in going to them, the neighbourhood did not matter.

The same Moorish gentleman who had provided us with a house kindly gave us a letter of introduction to a great Shereef living in the country a day's march from Marakesh; and as we were very anxious to allow enough time for this visit to a Moorish country-house we procured, as soon as we could, fresh men and animals to take the road. This was difficult to arrange, for owing to the scarcity of fodder there were but few beasts to be had, but the men from Mazagan could not be induced to go further than the capital so we had to make the best of it. Eventually, and with much difficulty, Muktar engaged seven mules and two camels, an increase in number, but the beasts were small and poor with the exception of those procured for us to ride. We were also escorted by a different Kaid, and were honoured by being given one who was commander of a thousand men, a gentleman of great dignity who made a very picturesque figure at the head of our cavalcade. His raiment was of snowy whiteness with a glimpse of his scarlet caftan showing beneath, and he rode a good black horse with very ornamental saddlery; but in spite of all this he would lend a hand in pitching the tents, and at the end of the journey accepted with much gratitude a present of a few dollars.

A short day's march brought us to the hospitable residence of the Shereef, and as we approached we sent forward the Kaid with our letter of introduction. This was somewhat short notice of the arrival of so large a party, but it seemed sufficient, for when we reached the door we found our host standing ready to welcome

us with his sons and his household drawn up on either side of the gate. The house was a walled and lofty castle standing up above the town and surrounded by large outbuildings for the storage of the corn, wine, and oil produced on this wide and fertile estate. Entering the gate we were led up a narrow staircase in the wall into a marble-paved court with fountains, orange-trees, and a large tank, all sheltered from the sun by a vine trained on a trellis overhead. On one side of the court lay that part of the castle which is inhabited by the Shereef himself, and on the others the rooms used by us. I was assigned a most beautifully decorated *koubba* for my residence, and felt as if I ought in future to be styled *sidi*, or saint. The room was square with walls of carved and brightly coloured plaster, and surmounted by a high-domed roof of octagonal form painted with the richest colours on carved wood; on three sides windows of stained glass opened to afford a view over the garden and towards the mountains, while on the fourth great doors admitted entrance from the courtyard. All round this luxurious apartment ran soft divans, and the centre was spread with thick carpets. C.'s room was chosen for her as being more private: it was indeed so discreetly designed that it had no windows, and when the door was shut she was obliged to use a candle; but the decoration was also elaborate, and a strange yet pleasant odour of incense pervaded it. During our visit we took most of our meals in the Shereef's company, but he was a model of courtesy and on the slightest suggestion that we were fatigued, our food was sent to our own rooms.

The first day is worth describing as an example of the mode of life. In the early morning I threw open the doors of my *koubba* and sallied out

into the sunshine of the courtyard to see what sort of a day it was. It came as rather a shock to me to find our venerable host squatting outside my door and waiting till it should be my pleasure to arise, for I was only clad in pyjamas and my general appearance was not suited to visits of ceremony. He was there, I found, for the purpose of inviting us to breakfast with him; accordingly, having accomplished our toilettes, we were escorted to a set of rooms placed high up in the tower of the castle. We passed through one or two which were in semi-obscurity, but presently a heavy curtain was lifted and we entered a long narrow apartment which I shall never forget. Facing us at the far end was a window whose Moorish arch and looped-up curtain framed a most perfect picture of the Atlas range only a few miles distant, while the waving tops of the tall cypress-trees just reached the level of the window and drew one's gaze down on the garden far below and the great olive groves beyond. A flood of sunshine poured in from this and other windows on either side, and lighted the tiled walls, hung with richly embroidered cloth, and the bright carpets strewn on the floor. On one side of the room sat two female slaves, a Circassian and a negress, in brilliant silk attire and glittering with gold and jewels, who, at our entry, rose and shook hands with us, and then, seating themselves again, struck up a song of welcome to the accompaniment of a guitar and a fiddle. The music was barbaric but well suited to the surroundings; it resembled a Gregorian chant sung quickly in rather harsh and nasal tones, while the instrumental part did not appear to be very closely related to the rest. Our host, meanwhile, was at one of the further windows on his knees and frequently bowing himself towards the open air. We sup-

posed that the good old man was at prayer, but closer investigation showed us that the cooking was going on in the courtyard below and he was directing the service of breakfast from this point of vantage. We were told that the Circassian lady had cost two thousand dollars on account of her beauty and musical talent; neither of these could properly be judged from a European point of view, but I was a little disappointed in her looks having frequently read of Circassian beauty and hardly finding these accounts realised in her rather handsome but absolutely impassive countenance. As they sang we inquired of our interpreter the subject of their lay, and found it sometimes of war and sometimes of the greatness of their master, and sometimes, as he enigmatically put it, of other things; we did not press for a literal interpretation of this part of the performance, gathering from his manner that the tropical sunshine had had an influence on the poet's verse. Breakfast presently arrived, borne in large wooden trays on the heads of slaves, and other slaves brought water and soap in which all present washed their hands. As fingers take the place of knives and forks in Morocco this seemed a very proper and reassuring proceeding, but as we were not expert in the use of our digits we had napkins spread on cushions and plates with knives and forks thereon. The first dish was *kous-kous*, little pieces of mutton-bones, with flour worked up into small granules and cooked with butter. It looked good, but was spoilt by the flavour of the butter which the Moors prefer to eat in a rancid condition; the slightest *souppçon* of it to our taste rendered any dish uneatable, and we subsequently persuaded our cook to explain this and have all the butter eliminated from dishes intended for us. The next course contained four whole

chickens in a single dish, roasted and flavoured with lemon and garnished with fried eggs; the result was excellent and we appreciated it. The meal concluded with a dish of shortbread covered with wild honey and we hoped great things of it; but alas, shortbread is made with butter, and the mixture of rancid butter and honey is too complicated for the European palate.

After breakfast I expressed a desire to go partridge-shooting, and as the ground which the birds most frequented was at a little distance I was offered a mount to ride there. C. preferred to ride her own mule which was a very good one, and one of the sons accompanied us on another mule. The horse selected for me was a most fiery-looking white stallion, all mane, tail, and flashing eye, such an Arab as Alken used to draw, and much larger than the Eastern breed. The bridle was of red silk with buckles of silver-gilt, and the bit was severe enough to stop any horse; this was just as well, for the animal was very fresh but fortunately contented himself with showy curvettings. On arriving at the shooting-ground I dismounted and tried to walk the partridges up with the assistance of the rest of the party; but as the bushes were high and the sensible birds always flew out of the far side, I was very soon wearied of this fruitless tramping under the hot sun. I was then told that if I mounted a black horse which Muktar was riding, of equally ferocious appearance with my Arab, I could shoot from his back. The prospect was not very assuring, as I was convinced that if I fired the beast would probably get rid of me before I could pick up my reins again. However, I mounted with apparent confidence and found that they had spoken the truth; the horse paid no attention at all to the shot, only, as he continued to walk with a springing step, I had a very

unsteady platform to shoot from, and the results were not great. Later in the afternoon one of the sons took us for a walk, all among the gardens and olive-groves, where he and his friends gallantly pulled down hedges for C. to pass and assisted her over the walls. It was evident that the Shereef and his family were greatly revered, for ever as we passed someone would run out to kiss the hem of our conductor's garment. We returned to the castle at sunset, and after dining in our own rooms, spent the evening with the Shereef lounging on mats and cushions with tea and cigarettes to amuse us, while he told us stories of the country and asked many questions about life in England. His talk had of course to be interpreted to us, but he used his hands so dramatically that it was easy to follow the thread of the story.

In this pleasant manner we spent several days, and the Shereef begged us to remain longer for the weather had become wet and, he said, we should find the country very bad for travelling. His hospitable endeavours were of course backed up by all our men, who had nothing to do but eat, sleep, wake, and eat again, an existence thoroughly agreeable to the Moorish mind. There was an idea, however, that a steamer would be due at Mogador in about eight days, and as we did not want to hurry on the road we decided to start in the teeth of great opposition. Black pictures were drawn for us of our mules slipping down and breaking their limbs, and of the camels splitting themselves on the greasy soil. It was probable enough, but having travelled in much worse weather the year before without suffering any of these calamities, we were obdurate. Finding that we were determined to leave, the Shereef presented us with various handsome gifts, and after much consideration we found a suit-

able token of our gratitude to him, and bade him and his sons a regretful farewell.

In consequence of the men's obstinacy we did not get off till about two o'clock in the day, but I was content, knowing that when once on the road it would be easy to hurry them along. Our march lay towards the mountains, for the rain had swollen the river and it was necessary to go a long way round to cross by the bridge. We were told that the bridge was about three hours' distant, so that when, after making about three miles only, the Kaid turned aside to camp in a village I was much annoyed, and ordered him to go on. This we did, but at a tedious pace, for the camels went much slower than the mules. The road was fair enough at first, but as we approached the mountains our advance became difficult owing to the frequent deep and rocky ravines. I was much surprised to find what good climbing powers the camels had, their great soft feet giving them excellent foothold on the rough ridges of the rocks; no doubt on smooth wet slabs they would have fallen. The scenery was picturesque in the extreme, and I have seldom been in a wilder spot than that which we had reached when the sun set in flaming orange and red behind the heavy clouds. Soon after sunset we heard the rush of the flooded river in front of us, and I hoped that we had reached the bridge; but such was not the case, and we had to keep on climbing up and down the sides of the innumerable nullahs which ran down from the hill to the river. It is not considered very safe to travel in any part of Morocco after dark, and the men seemed uneasy at finding themselves in this lonely hill-country with the river on one side and semi-inde-

pendent tribes on the other. They all spoke in whispers, and when C. and I began talking, Muktar earnestly begged us not to speak aloud in English lest we should be overheard, and the foreign tongue should betray to the fanatical hillmen the fact that Christians were among them. The Kaid rode on in front with ready gun, and I behind was also cleared for action and loaded, while Muktar, by way of moral effect, pulled out a Sus gun which I had bought as a curiosity, and conspicuously bore it aloft. It was not loaded and the lock had no flint in it, but no doubt to the eye of the evil-doer three muzzles sticking up against the sky would carry more conviction than two. Every few minutes we had to wait in silence to let the dawdling camels close up; and once, in a very broken piece of ground, the party became separated and we had considerable difficulty to find those in front, for though we were not far apart it was very dark and shouting was not desirable. At last we reached the bridge, and halted at a short distance while one man went forward to see that the bridge was standing and that no ambush lurked there; it was certainly a relief when he returned and reported all clear.

The ground on the other side was much easier and more open, and another hour brought us to the house of the local Kaid where we proposed to stop. Fortunately the Shereef had sent him word beforehand that we were coming, and we were soon admitted into the place. The village consisted of walled enclosures with shelter for man and beast inside, and square towers rising above the walls; in fact every house was a small fort capable of defence. I have seen pictures of similar buildings in Afghanistan, surrounded by scenery of much the same character. By eleven

o'clock we were comfortably seated at dinner in a dry room warmed with a basket of charcoal; our cloth was spread on a pack-saddle which served well for a table, and saved the time which would have been spent in undoing the loads. We slept sound that night, but in spite of open windows the fumes of the charcoal gave us aching heads next day.

A few hours brought us within an easy distance of Amsmiz where we had thought of passing a day or two, but our time was growing short and we were told that the place would be very cold at that season, so with some regret we left it on one side and worked back towards the main route between Marakesh and Mogador. During our march to the coast we generally slept in the house of the headman, as the Kaids on this road are ordered by the Sultan to keep an apartment for the use of guests, and we always found the room clean. At one village the Kaid lived in a picturesque castle on a hill, and declined to admit us, bidding us go on to the next house. Our escort, however, threatened to break down the door if it was not opened; and it must be said that when once inside we were treated with all civility. After dinner our host came to me and confided that he was suffering great pain in his leg. On inquiry I came to the conclusion that sciatica was the cause of his trouble, and asked whether he had tried any remedies. Yes, he said, showing a great scar, he had run a red hot nail into his instep, but added that he was no better. I was not surprised, as it seemed to me a very extraordinary remedy, but I have since been told that a similar treatment used to be followed in England. I gave him such remedies as my small medicine case afforded, and recommended rubbing with paraffin-oil, which might

do him good and could not hurt him; he was most grateful, and I took the opportunity of impressing on him that when Christians next passed that way he was to admit them at once.

The country through which we marched was more green and fertile than the plains round Marakesh; but nothing much had grown up yet in the fields, and the herds of gazelles which frequent this country were nowhere to be seen; probably they were up in the lower hills where there would be good grass. We were told that sometimes one might see animals like donkeys with black and white stripes which also came down from the hills. This was most interesting, for what could the animal be but the zebra? Yet I had never heard of the zebra so far north; the camelmen who told us knew the country well, however, and had no reason to suppose that I was more concerned about a zebra than any other beast. It would be interesting to know what the zoologists have to say on the subject.

As we approached the coast the country gradually changed in appearance. One day we rode for hours through high bushes of broom covered with a small sweet-scented white flower; the bushes rose so high that the flowers brushed one's face as one rode, and it was a pleasant change after the great stretches of open treeless country. Then came the Argand forest where the trees grew in natural glades and vistas till one seemed to be riding through a park. Prickly, and with much the appearance of old blackthorns, they were covered with unripe nuts, one of which I cut open for inspection. It

contained a large stone which is crushed for oil, and a green husk which, after being bruised off, is partly dried and then serves as fodder for mules and camels. The road through the forest descended steeply in places and we often had delightful views of the distant sea, till we came into a wood of small cedar trees, which, owing either to the soil or to the frequent fires, appeared unable to rise to any respectable height. Among the trees C. found a quantity of pretty flowers, African snowdrops and wild roses for the most part.

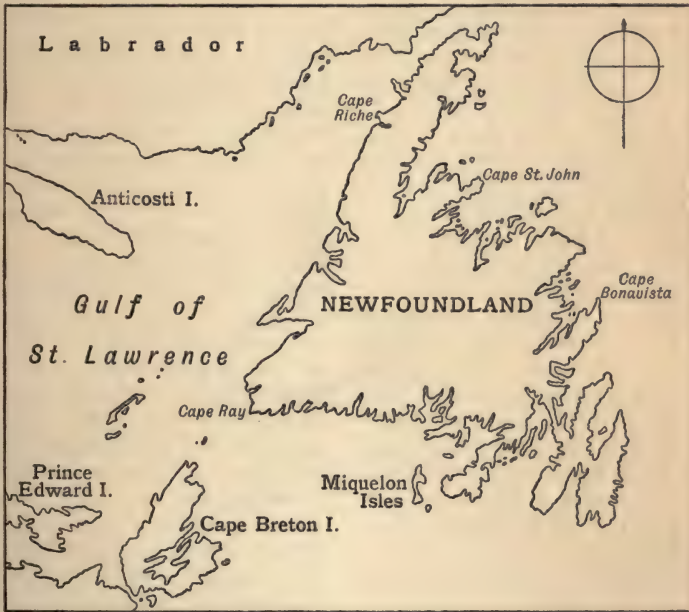
On reaching Mogador we found to our great regret that the steamer for the Canary Islands was already in and would leave in an hour. Just before sunset therefore we were rowed to the ship, attended by Muktar in a most melancholy mood. We had arranged to make a parting feast for all the men, and to have a few days of rest in camp, shooting and sketching; and now all this was gone. So soon as we were on board they got up the anchor, and Muktar went dancing away over the heavy swell, shouting out farewell greetings till he could no longer be heard. The last lights of a glorious sunset still flamed in the west, and lighted up the white walls and minarets till the town looked like metal-work. Distance and the gathering night gradually shut out the picture, and brought us from a patriarchal existence to the prosaic world of the present. For some time at least we could not properly value the modern life, and mourned for the silent open country and the lonely camp, or, in the words of Loti, *l'air vierge et irrespiré du désert.*

FREDERICK WILLIAMS WYNN.

FRANCE AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Newfoundland Question, as it is usually called for the sake of brevity, embraces two entirely distinct claims on the part of France, and the distinction should be kept clearly in mind in considering a

huts and stages on the shore for the purpose of drying and curing the fish so caught. This right is distinctively known as the French Shore Question. Previously to the Treaty of Utrecht there had been a long-standing dis-



French Shore, 1713 to 1783, Cape Bonavista to Cape Riche.

French Shore, 1783 to present time, Cape St. John to Cape Ray.

possible compromise between the respective countries.

In the first place, there is the right, granted or assured to French fishermen by the thirteenth article of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, to catch fish along certain portions of the coast of Newfoundland, and to erect

pute as to the possession of Newfoundland. The French were then masters of Canada, and the fishing-rights on the Newfoundland coast were of great value to them, both because the fish were very abundant, and because the Canadian markets afforded a ready means of disposing of

them. By the treaty in question the dispute was settled by an acknowledgment of England's sovereignty over the island, subject to a reservation to the French of the right of fishing over a very extensive line of coast.

The island [ran the article aforesaid] called Newfoundland, with the adjacent islands shall from this time forward belong of right wholly to Great Britain. . . . Moreover it shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to fortify any place in the said island of Newfoundland, or to erect any buildings there, besides stages made of boards, and huts necessary and usual for drying of fish; or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying of fish. But it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish, and to dry them on land, in that part only, and in no other besides that, of the said island of Newfoundland, which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to the northern point of the said island, and from thence, running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Cape Riche.

This liberty of taking and drying fish was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, and was again acknowledged by the Treaty of Versailles twenty years later, the limits of the French shore, however, being altered from Cape Bonavista northwards to Cape St. John on the east coast, and thence southwards from Point Riche to Cape Ray on the west. The accompanying plan, if not very exact, will at any rate assist the reader to understand the position of affairs, and will show to what an extended coast-line the French claim applies.

To the Treaty of Versailles was attached a declaration which has since proved the cause of much friction between this country and France. The King of England, it was thereby promised, would take "the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner,

by their competition," the exercise by the French of their fishing-rights on the Newfoundland coast. There was nothing remarkable about such a declaration in the circumstances of the time. Newfoundland was then regarded solely as a fishing-station, and settlers were looked upon as poachers. Previously to 1583, when the island was annexed to the English Crown, the fisheries had been carried on under the direction of an "admiral," who was elected each year by the fishermen plying on the coast, and who was usually an Englishman because the best-equipped boats came from Topsham, Bideford, and Poole. After the annexation the island was governed as a ship, and the greatest precautions were maintained to prevent any permanent settlement on the coast. Every captain going to the fishery was obliged to account for each member of his crew upon his return, and was required to produce proofs of the deaths of any who were missing. No surprise would therefore have been felt at an undertaking not to permit fixed settlements. Some such settlements, no doubt, existed; but they were few and unimportant, and no difficulty was likely to be experienced in removing them. The object was to establish a neutral ground, and thus put an end to the disputes which were constantly arising between the English and French fishermen. Unfortunately, however, the declaration has itself become a subject of dispute by giving rise to a claim on the part of France that the rights of her fishermen on the treaty-shore are exclusive, while the Colonists, on the other hand, maintain that the Newfoundland fishermen enjoy equal rights with the French. Which contention is correct will have to be carefully considered in any negotiations for a settlement of the rival claims.

A question of probably graver importance is as to the precise meaning of the word *fish* in the various treaties. Practically the only species of fish known until quite a recent date, if we except those which were principally used for bait, was the cod; and the Colonists maintain with much plausibility that since fish signifies in Newfoundland cod, and cod only, the French rights are in point of law restricted to the taking of cod. That, however, is not the view either of French fishermen or French diplomatists. Their contention is that at the date of the Treaty of Utrecht *fish* included anything that was taken out of the sea. We, living in an age of greater precision and being accustomed to exact definitions, should describe lobsters as crustaceans if we intended our words to have a legal significance. But that was not the manner of the men of the eighteenth century; they were content with generalities, and there is authority for saying that at the period to which the treaties belong the term *fish* comprised what even now are popularly known as *shell-fish*. Until within almost the last decade the question did not become acute, because there was a sufficient quantity of cod along the treaty-shore to afford a means of livelihood to all the men engaged in the industry. But latterly, either because the coast has been too much fished or for some other reason, there has been a serious decrease in the cod, and their place has been taken by lobsters. The French now maintain their claim to take and can lobsters, asserting that the clause as to drying the fish was not intended to restrict their general rights, but that those who drafted the treaties were merely looking to the facts of the moment. In law we believe that the point is arguable. Nevertheless, the Colonists regard the claim as an

unwarrantable attempt to extend French rights, and it is obvious that in a self-governing Colony the views of the inhabitants must be a matter of the most careful consideration.

Since the Treaty of Versailles the French fishing-rights have been the subject of numerous negotiations, which have either ended in futile compromises, or have been followed by Bills to which the Colonial Legislature has objected. In 1814 France refused to accept Mauritius in exchange for a cession of her claims on the Newfoundland shore. In 1857 a treaty of many clauses was arranged between England and France, giving to the latter country exclusive possession on some portion of the coast, and securing to the Colonists in return the right to mine and develop over the remainder. To this compact, however, Newfoundland refused to consent, and in consequence it never became law.

In the years 1882 and 1883 British subjects established lobster-factories at various spots on the French shore which had hitherto been unoccupied. In 1886 French fishermen visited the district for the purpose of catching lobsters, and in 1887 a French warship cut adrift the British lobster-traps, and this action received the support of the British naval officer on the coast. It was in 1888 that the claim was first set up that British subjects were violating French rights by erecting factories within the limits of the line of coast reserved to France by the treaties. In 1890 a *modus vivendi* was reached by which such British factories as were then in existence were allowed, while all questions of principle were reserved for future settlement.

In 1891, under pressure from the British Government, the Newfoundland Legislature passed an Act by which Colonists were compelled to

remove from the French shore at the direction of naval officers, and that Act was to continue in force till 1893. Meanwhile a Bill dealing with matter of jurisdiction was introduced into the Imperial Parliament, carried through the House of Lords, but subsequently dropped on an undertaking by the Prime Minister of Newfoundland that the Colony would itself legislate on the subject. That undertaking has never been redeemed in a permanent form, and therein France has undoubtedly a just cause of complaint against the British Government, which is undeniably responsible for the conduct of the Colony. The temporary Act has been renewed from time to time, and there for the present the matter rests.

The dispute has been further embittered by the fact that the French Government, pursuing a policy which has had such disastrous effects upon the trade of our West India Islands, offered a bounty equivalent to nearly a half of the value of every quintal of cod caught and exported. The object of this bounty is to encourage and maintain an industry which some French naval authorities still regard as a training-school for the French Navy, and which would probably die out altogether without such extraneous assistance. The practical effect of the bounty is to enable the French fishermen to undersell the Colonists in the European markets, and to render competition in the industry a very difficult matter for the latter. The Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland in a recent report to the Governor on the general condition of the Colony, says: "The reduction in the price obtained for those commodities (cod and other fish-stuffs), which has been steadily decreasing for the last five or six years, was in 1894 of a most serious nature, and in view of

its future effect upon the well-being of a Colony whose fisheries have hitherto supported five-sixths of its population, is a matter of the gravest import. The principal cause is the enormous bounty given to French fishermen, which operates most injuriously to the sale of our fish in Mediterranean markets." As an offset, however, it has to be admitted that the Colonials do not at present cure their fish as well as do the French, and that there is therefore a readier sale for the latter. In retaliation for the imposition of these bounties the merchants of St. John's persuaded the Newfoundland Legislature to pass an Act prohibiting the sale of bait to the French upon any conditions whatever. The most obvious effect of the Act was to ruin the Colonial fisherman of Conception and Harbour Grace, but considerable injury was, of course, also caused to the French fishery.

So much for the history of the French Shore dispute. The other portion of the Newfoundland Question can be disposed of in a few words. From time immemorial the Great Bank to the south of Newfoundland has been a fishing-ground for the ships of all nations. Thither resorted English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese; but, owing to the fact that they held Canada, the fishery was probably of more value to the French than to the fishermen of other nationalities. Recognising this, the English, by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, ceded St Pierre and Miquelon islands to France "in full right," so that they might "serve as a shelter to the French fishermen." And, in return, His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France, undertook not to "fortify the said islands, to erect no buildings upon them, but merely for the convenience of the fishery; and to keep upon them a guard of fifty men only for the police." The complaint

of the Newfoundlanders is that the islands at the present day serve not only as a shelter for the legitimate protection of the fishing interests, but also for the illegitimate encouragement of a vast amount of smuggling ; that a regular municipality has grown up on the islands ; and that they are fortified and garrisoned, and might easily prove a source of serious menace to Great Britain in case of an Anglo-French war. Provided, however, that the French Government will compel its subjects to act in accordance with the revenue laws of the Colony, we doubt whether on this part of the question Great Britain has very strong cause for complaint. It is, perhaps, only consistent with human nature that the Colonists should desire to dispossess the French of a position which might conceivably prove a thorn in the side of the former. But the Government at home has to hold the scales of justice between the claims of Newfoundland and the unquestionable treaty-rights of the French. If the latter are ready to yield their occupation of the islands for a reasonable territorial or pecuniary compensation elsewhere, well and good ; but we do not believe that public opinion in France is at present prepared for such a cession, nor that public opinion in this country is ready to attempt to enforce it. That matter, however, must not be confused with the question of a cession of French interests on the Newfoundland shore, where we believe that the two countries are ready, the one to give, and the other to accept, a reasonable compensation.

Surveying the matters in dispute as a whole, one is driven to the conclusion that both the Colonists and the French have exceeded the exact limit of their rights. With the Newfoundlanders it is impossible not to sympathise sincerely. A growing and far from

wealthy population, they find their efforts to obtain a livelihood restricted, and apparent sources of wealth debarred to them, for reasons which they cannot understand, and by limitations which strike them as eminently unfair. They are becoming yearly more impoverished because rights which are in present circumstances of benefit to nobody prevent the mineral wealth of the Colony from being duly developed. The prospects and hopes of Newfoundland must rest mainly, if not entirely, upon its fisheries and its minerals. The former have greatly deteriorated during the last ten years. The cod, as we have seen, have left the east coast, and even on the Great Banks their numbers have become so much reduced in recent years that the Spanish and Portuguese fishermen no longer come there, and the French in all probability would not were it not for the bounty. The lobster-trade also seems to have been somewhat overdone, to judge from the latest figures on the subject. Taking the report on the trade of the Colony which was presented to Parliament in 1896 (the last, apparently, that has been issued), we find that, although in 1894 the catch of lobsters was largely in excess of that for the previous year, it sold in the market for a less price proportionately. The quantity preserved in 1893 was 1,699,344 lbs. valued at 265,522 dols., while the figures for 1894 were 2,306,688 lbs. valued at 312,364 dols. The cod and salmon-fisheries showed a decrease in 1894 of upwards of 580,000 dols., while the herring-fishery gave an increased value of slightly over 26,000 dols. The total value of fishery products exported in 1894 was 5,141,221 dols., as against 5,466,911 dols. in the preceding year.

The vast forests in the interior of the Colony afford a certain revenue, valued in 1894 as 82,641 dols. But

the principal source of wealth in the future may be expected to be found in the deposits of iron and coal which will probably be discovered in great abundance in many parts of the island. Hitherto Newfoundland may be said to have been unknown land so far as regards anything save the fishing-industry ; but the financial crisis which overtook the Colony a few years ago, and ruined so many of the poorer Colonists, has compelled the Government to look for new sources of employment for the people. With this object the head of the Geological Survey of Newfoundland, Mr. Howley, was requested to report to the Governor upon the mineral resources of the Colony, and his report must be pronounced to be decidedly favourable to the claims of Newfoundland to be considered a mineral-producing country, although possibly less hopeful as regards the amount of labour which the mining industry is likely to employ. In working the minerals there appear to be two main advantages ; they are usually close to the surface, and in proximity to deep water. In one instance, the report states that a shaft sunk vertically to a depth of ten feet two and a half inches revealed six feet seven inches of ore. That is perhaps an exceptionally rich deposit ; still with such possible resources at their disposal Newfoundlanders have no reason to fear the future, if only they are afforded the necessary facilities for the proper development of the land.

What, then, is the value of the French rights, and what compensation should this country offer for their extinction ? The French interests in Newfoundland have a naval as well as a commercial value. Their value from a naval point of view, however, attaches solely to the industry carried on on the Banks, and has nothing whatever to do with the French shore. Some ten or twelve thousand men are

annually employed in prosecuting the fishery at the former point, and no doubt they acquire in the practice of their calling a certain seamanship, which is, of course, a very desirable factor towards the establishment of a naval reserve. Indeed, it is considered in many quarters in this country that our Admiralty is slow in seizing the opportunities which Newfoundland affords for increasing Great Britain's reserve of seamen. Be that as it may, the French naval reserve is recruited from the deep-sea fisheries in the North Sea, and off the Icelandic and Newfoundland coasts. The last-named is perhaps the most important of the three, and it is chiefly with a view to the requirements of their navy that the French Government has imposed the bounties of which our Colonists so bitterly complain.

While admitting that French rights have a value from this point of view, it is improbable that the value is anything like so great as the more ardent spirits of France are inclined to assert. The bulk of the men are middle-aged and clumsy, and Admiral Reveillère has recently done his best to kill this argument. In cases of difficulty, and when hard-pressed for men, it is no doubt of advantage to a navy to have men at hand who are accustomed to sea-life and inured to hardship ; but beyond a certain point such education rather stands in their way than otherwise. Service on board a man-of-war, and the handling of the machinery which forms the equipment of modern naval armaments, requires instruction for years, and men who have spent their best days on fishing-smacks are not for the most part suitable material for moulding into men-of-war's men. If the French Government was to spend in the training of naval recruits the sum of four million francs, which is at pre-

sent devoted to supporting a declining industry, the French navy would certainly receive more benefit.

From a commercial standpoint, and looking to the interests of the French fisherman only, the value of the Newfoundland fishery as a whole is undoubtedly much greater. By the assistance of the bounties it is, as we have seen, rendered adequate to support upwards of ten thousand men; but the value to the French taxpayer must be almost infinitesimal, as it would likewise be to the fishermen were the bounties to be abolished. But even so, the greater part of the value is derived not from the fishery on the treaty-shore, but from that at the Banks. The former once yielded large catches of fish, but it does so no longer. During the past season the French occupied only eight stations in all on the treaty-shore, two of which were on the east coast of the island, and six on the west coast. The number of fishing-vessels employed was ten; while five hundred men made between them a catch of cod of the value of £7,500. No wonder that Admiral Reveillère was induced to tell the *MATIN*: "I positively affirm, and I am sure that I shall not be contradicted by any officers cognisant of the Newfoundland station, that the French shore has no kind of interest for the navy." It is within the bounds of possibility that the cod might at some future time return to the French shore, and so revive the value of the treaty-rights. Such a possibility ought not, however, to deprive the Colonists of the right to develop the country in the meantime; it may be an additional factor to be considered in settling the amount of the compensation which France is to receive, but it could not justify a refusal to cede rights which are under present conditions all but valueless, assuming that

the French are not entitled to take lobsters.

The settlement of compensation will, it may be presumed, be a matter of some difficulty. It has been suggested that it should take a monetary form, and its precise value has been variously estimated at a milliard of francs and a hundred thousand pounds, according to the nationality of the writer. We venture to consider it more probable that there will be a general set-off and settlement of disputed points, with eventually some territorial concessions, probably on the west coast of Africa. The recent Blue Book on Madagascar appeared at a moment particularly well-timed to strengthen the claim of the British Government to regard the loss of British trade-rights in that island as the equivalent for any commercial disadvantage which the French might suffer by the more active enforcement of British sovereignty over the west and north-east coasts of Newfoundland, and we shall be surprised if that is not the true significance of its publication. To come to an agreement upon the Newfoundland Question only, when the time seems ripe, and the parties are evidently disposed, to arrive at an understanding upon a much wider basis, would be almost to flout Providence by refusing the opportunity which has been placed in our way. From East to West Great Britain and France have interests which either clash already or promise to do so in the near future. It is necessarily difficult to negotiate with Governments so unstable as those which the third French Republic has produced; but even so, we cannot believe that it is beyond the powers of diplomacy, even when assisted by the Press of two free countries, to arrive at some general settlement of all outstanding

claims, which shall be fair and honourable to both sides.

If, as we suspect will be the case, France refuses to part with her rights over the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, except for compensation out of all proportion to their intrinsic value, then at any rate she should undertake to see that they are no longer used as a base of operations for committing breaches of the Newfoundland revenue regulations. With regard to these islands the rights ceded by Great Britain under the Treaty of Paris have unquestionably been exceeded, and it would be merely honourable dealing on the part of the Republic to restrain her subjects from further using them for purposes foreign to the intention of the cession.

The bounties on cod present greater difficulty. Their tendency, as we have seen, is to lower the price of this fish to a point at which the fishing scarcely leaves a profit to the Colonists. Yet France cannot be expected to discontinue the bounties automatically so long as she regards the fishery as a training-school for her navy. The only remedy that appears at all feasible is to place counter-bounties of the same value on the cod taken by the Newfoundland fishermen. This could not be construed as an unfriendly act: it would be merely a measure of self-protection; and its effect would certainly be to kill the French fishing-trade within ten years, and so render the islands of no practical value to France.

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

VIII.

THE first time I opened my eyes with the light of thorough consciousness in them, my glance fell upon that familiar reclining figure. My lids fell wearily, so convinced was I that the phantom of my dream still pursued me; but at the sigh of discontent that fell from my lips, the man rose and came toward me. "So," he said, "it is to be life and not death. Good! Doctor," he called.

My eyes rested upon him as if fascinated; my lips framed a question but I was too weak to utter it. He held a cup to my lips, which I drained, and then, with a wave of his hand, he sent the doctor and the nurse from the room, and we were alone. "You are a Rossi," he began eagerly.

"And you, you are——" I dared not say the name, so absurd, so impossible, so unreal it seemed. But the light leaped to his eyes and quickly throwing himself into a recumbent position, his head slightly thrown back, his arms at his side, he lay for just a moment perfectly motionless. It was answer enough to my question.

In silence we stared at each other. It seemed to me I should never look enough.

"And now, comrade,——" he began.

"No comrade of yours," I interrupted hotly. "I serve the King."

"Bah! A better man than you I called comrade, your,—not your father?"

"My uncle, Luigi Rossi, the great scientist."

"Ah! A man that, a good fighter, a brave comrade. As for your King——"

With that peculiar dramatic mimicry which seemed part of him, he held both his hands together high in the air, bringing them down with an accompanying *swish* that sickened me. I fell back faint upon the pillows; but with an odd tenderness he bent over me and gave me a restorative.

"See," he said softly, and his voice now had the most caressing quality, "you are an old man, you are sick. Let us not quarrel, you and I. I owe my life to your uncle; he is my creator, a sort of kind, pitying Gésu who gives a man another chance. I saved your life three weeks back; I keep you alive now, for the people are slow to forget their wrongs and their wrath. Let us not quarrel, you and I."

It would have been easy to do as he wished; there was something as magnetic about the man when he tried to please, as there was imperious and dominant when he spoke harshly. "But, in heaven's name, man," said I, "what quarrel had you with the King? How could you know aught of the struggle and on which side right lay and on which side wrong? Was it fair, was it honest, was it manly to fight without knowing for what you fought? And, tell me, what induced you to join the Revolutionists?"

He threw back his head laughing boisterously. Whatever he did, this strange creature seemed to do with all his soul; there was something so

vital, so strong about his every mood. "The Revolutionists, the King," he repeated after me. "I need not tell you that Zojas never saw your King till two weeks ago, when——"

But I held a shaking hand up to ward off his words. Some day I would know the details, but not from this man, who illustrates everything he describes with an aptness, a force that makes one shudder with the realisation.

"See!" he said kindly. "Suppose yourself Zojas,—ah! you need not shrink; a better man than you could suppose himself a bandit. Perhaps," he went on musingly for a moment, "that is it, the difference between you and him. Had he lived he would have been for the people—Ah, well!—Now, then, caught like a wolf in a trap, in that prison where you yourself have been, Signor, Zojas drinks a bitter, freezing draught, looking all the time into his comrade's eye and getting courage there,—not to die, Zojas needs not that, but courage for what might happen should the Signor fail and Zojas wake beneath the ground—Oh!" He drew in his breath between his shut teeth. "But an eye like that—Gésu! If his life had been good for a score of years instead of half as many hours, Zojas would have trusted him. Zojas drinks, and then, quickly, he knows no more,—till he wakes bewildered. The noise, the shouts, the cries! For a moment I know not where I am, but think only that the hungry San Marcans wait without to see me hanged. I leap from the couch,—the room is strange, a sorcerer's room with strange instruments, a queer smell; Zojas would be away from it all, but his legs shiver and quake like a baby lamb's, his head throbs, and his heart beats as if Zojas were afraid. All at once I see the flagon

of brandy. Some good friend has left it there—it was you? A thousand thanks, Signor, then for that; 'twas a good turn. I drink all, every drop; then I put the flagon down empty, and then,—then I remember. I remember quick,—Pietro's treachery, the fight in the street, the brave Signor-comrade, the jail, the drink—everything. Yet I cannot be sure that Zojas has slept the long sleep, though the room is so strange and I know not where I am. Then again rises the shouting from the street, and something in me stirs to be out and in the struggle, wherever it is. If the Signor has failed, Zojas tells himself, better that it should be like this than to wake below there. And now better be out in the open where a man has a chance to fight for his life, or it may be, escape; but if the brave, true-hearted comrade has indeed rescued Zojas from the gal-lows and the grave, then out, just the same, for Zojas has again a life to live. The good, rich liquor has set my blood flowing; Zojas is again a man. Out into the next room, which is strange as the first,—I rush to the door,—it is locked; I would have battered it down,—as I did a few hours later, Signor, you remember—but I knew not what I might meet beyond. Then to the window, and out on the small balcony, and over the side, creeping, crawling, jumping, till I gain the roof of the next house. And here a jutting cornice lends a footing,—Zojas comes from the mountains—and there a tall tree, a pipe leading down from on high, a tough vine,—and at last, Zojas is free! Ah, but the people are up and roused! They snarled like a snapping wolf when Zojas passed on his way to prison yesterday,—or a hundred yesterdays past; to-day it is a raging lion, which roars and shakes its tossing mane and

lashes its tail while the very earth and air tremble. What has roused them? Zojas knows not, nor cares. For one thing he sees quickly,—the lion roars not at him; it opens its horrid mouth for bigger prey. ‘Lend a hand here,’ calls one to me; ‘your face is strange to me, but I see you’re one of us.’ He points to the red kerchief Giulia knotted about my throat that last evening; I do not understand, yet do I see that many men wear the colour and few, the soldiers among them, wear blue. Then, while I stare around confused yet eager for my share, a red-capped dwarf is thrust aloft on the shoulders of his fellows. He is borne to a wine-shop and standing on a tall cask in front, which Zojas has just placed there at some one’s bidding, he begins to talk to the people. Zojas listens with all his wits; in a moment, though the words are oddly clipped and now and then a strange one breaks the sense, yet he understands,—no more king, no more nobles, no more taxes, no more duties. Why, then, ’twere no longer a sin to smuggle! ’Twas a lucky chance that brought Zojas here to listen to this wine-cask confessor, who in a moment remits half a man’s sins. ‘Then Zojas is with you, comrade,’ I shout right lustily. And in a trice the crowd presses about me. We clasp hands, we cry aloud, we wave red swords in air, we drink again and again, and the wine is like new blood in my veins; we swear to be free. ‘Down with the King and the nobles! Down with the taxes! Death to the Guards!’ The Guards,—why, since Zojas was a lad these Guards have hunted him. They killed his father, they took his mother captive, they have been for ever on his track. Many, many times has Zojas hidden and skulked that they might be

foiled; many, many hungry days, many cold, wet nights, a bullet here, a knife-thrust there, Pietro’s treachery, too,—all this Zojas owes to these Guards. Death to the Guards! With all my heart! What music to the fox’s ear, this death to the hounds! ‘Up, comrades!’ I cried in a fever, tearing the kerchief from my hot throat and waving it madly, as I would have waved a sabre if I had had one. ‘Up, on! Zojas will lead you! On, on, comrades! Death to the Guards! Down with them! Down with them!’

IX.

I LISTENED to the torrent of his speech, absorbed, entranced, as he half-acted, half-related his adventures. His eyes, his hands, his body, all told the tale, so vividly, with such dramatic effect that I could have sworn that I had witnessed it all. “Ah,” he murmured, “it was a great fight!”

“It was a cruel, terrible fight, and a cruel, terrible chance that raised up a man like you at such a critical time. A moment more and the Guards had won the day, and the King had been safe in some friendly neighbouring State.”

Zojas smiled. “Then,” he said, leaning forward and watching me intently, “had you been in the strange chamber, Signor, at the moment of Zojas’s awakening, and could you have known how Zojas would stain those blue uniforms with red——”

“Zojas would have lain there to all eternity,” I broke in vehemently. “I’d have strangled him with his cursed red kerchief as he lay there, rather than let him live to murder the King!”

“It would have been the act of a coward to kill a sleeping man——” I shrugged my shoulders wearily.

"And it would have been treachery to your dead uncle, for——"

"But it would have been loyalty to my King. As to my uncle's experiment, what use can be made of the facts, now, the laboratory gutted by the men you call comrades, the secret for making the potion, the great man's notes, his instruments destroyed? Nothing remains of the great work,—but you," I concluded bitterly.

He laughed softly, unpleasantly. "Nothing but me,—and you wish not even Zojas were left of it all?"

"Most heartily."

"Yet, Signor, you should not quarrel with Zojas for living. You, yourself, set the liquor there, and you——"

"I regret it with all my soul; I'd undo it if I could."

"And then,—your own life? What of that? The people would have torn you to pieces had they been foiled in capturing the King." Again I shrugged my shoulders. "Look," he said suddenly rising and walking about the room, "what good was there in your King? He was weak, a coward, not fit to live."

"What can you know," I retorted, "of the King?"

"You are right, Signor, in that. I know only of your King what my comrades tell me; but I knew another King, his grandfather. It is my King, the grandfather, that I help to kill when I slay your King. He is dead, unluckily; but Zojas would give up this new life of his, which is sweet with liberty and power and pleasure, could he but make that wicked old King feel what your King has felt. The old King, with his huntsmen in green and gold, their whips and dogs (who were better fed than we), his gilded carriages, his mistresses blazing in jewels, his courtiers flat on their servile bellies before him, and his cruel self fine in silks and velvets,

grasping the last bit of hard bread, the last weak stoup of wine in the peasant's hut, taking and taxing and taxing that his stomach might burst with dainties while we starved or sickened on food the cattle disdained, that he might have another marble palace while our wretched huts caved in, that his soft bed might be softer while we lay on damp straw, that his armies might be victorious abroad and he be called the Great King, that his San Marco should be a royal, beautiful city, fit for such a great king, while in the country, the roads were mire, the ditches dry, the bridges rotting, the fields waste, the towns ruined, the peasants living like rats ('Vermin that they are!' said the courtiers of our Great King), that his sons and daughters might have a train as royal as his own, while our bare-legged children worked in the fields and begged and starved, and became bandits like me or women like Giulia, that a horde of beggarly counts and dukes and princes might dance on our bowed backs! Our Great King! Our Great King! Ah, Signor, could you have lived in those days and been one of us! Could you have been seen men murdered slowly and lawfully by the King's fine gentlemen, could you have seen how they flogged us, robbed us, betrayed us, dragged from us everything to our last bit, sold us—we were slaves, things to wager over a game of cards, or to be presented with fine speeches to a beautiful woman, whose agent might squeeze and stint and rob us and his employer, and so fatten and thrive on our misery. Down with the King! say I. Death to all kings! With all his heart is Zojas glad, glad, glad to kill, at least, the weak, womanish grandson for the Great King's fault."

Just as he stopped speaking there was a tap at the door and a soldier

entered. He said a few words rapidly and in a low tone to Zojas, saluted and left the room.

"I thought," I said ironically, "that you had sworn death to the Guards?"

"To the old Guards, the King's Guards, yes. The new Guards are my comrades; Zojas is their captain, their chosen leader,—or was till a moment ago. And now——"

"Now?" I repeated curiously.

He laughed. "Zojas will trust you, Signor, with a great secret. War has just been declared and Zojas marches to the front, not as Captain of the Guards, but as General of the Division of the West."

X.

You know, Raffaello, everybody now knows what Zojas did on the frontier, what a fiend he was in war, how untiringly vigilant, how ceaselessly active, how his soldiers idolised him, how he won battle after battle, seeming to possess at once a marvellous genius for strategy as well as unparalleled audacity in action. You were still in exile, and you cannot remember how the country went mad over him on his return. The streets were illuminated; a mass of shouting, applauding people filled every avenue leading to the great square, and as Zojas on his great black horse rode by, the enthusiasm, the cries, the cheers—I have never witnessed any sight to equal it.

The cortege passed the White Palace (which, you know, had been turned into a prison, after the mob destroyed the famous old jail) and from my window I could look down upon the strange, thrilling spectacle. Once I fancied Zojas glanced up at my window and lifted his plumed cap, respectfully yet mockingly; then the crowd streamed on and I was left

alone to ask myself whether I was yet dreaming, or whether my brain had indeed been turned by misfortune,—as I have discovered my jailers think, or pretend to think.

Zojas came to me on the following evening.

I can see one reason for the man's unbounded popularity; he seems able, chameleon-like to reflect, to concentrate in himself, the popular sentiments and ideals. When the maddened people burst all bonds and from their awed, childish respect for nobility, for the great and worthy things of earth, leaped to the other extreme of contempt for and hatred of everything civilised, this bandit, this monstrosity, this criminal, a condemned felon, an unreal being who exists only by a miracle, this man falling from nowhere, yet falling by the strangest chance upon his feet, was, though he knew it not, their ideal. He was quick, brave, a born actor, an experienced fighter, without respect for law or liberty or human life, Nature's own Red Republican, an outlaw by instinct, by breeding, by profession. He follows his instinct and it leads him,—you and I may not live to see it, but who can misread the signs of the times?

Now that with the passing years the revolution has subsided, and with it its exaggerated notions of equality, its absurd levelling theories, its impracticable ideas fit only for Utopia or Bedlam, the standard of popular taste improves and one is permitted again to be, not a gentleman as yet, nor a courtier, but a soldier with all the dignity and superiority the soldier's profession may attain.

The entry of Zojas into my chamber was a case in point. All at once, I hear a quick roll of drums, a smart clap of lowered bayonets, a word imperiously spoken, and the door flies open. Enter General Zojas, tall,

handsome, martial,—I had almost said noble, for the man is changed. I swear I know him not, save for the familiar cast of countenance which I have looked on, in repose, for half a century, for the dark, brilliant, commanding eyes which see everything at once, the fine poise of the shoulders and the mountaineer's elastic step with which the man comes to my side. For I will not rise to honour this mountebank, this pretender!

He notes the omission, as he notes everything, ascribing it immediately to its proper motive, and smiles grimly. "Not yet content to let the old King die, Signor!" he asks standing and looking down from his fine height upon me.

I shake my head. "I'm too old a man to change,—General," I add sarcastically.

"And why not General?" he asks flushing and looking more like his old self. "Name a general who is a better soldier, who has done more for his country than Zojas, whose name means more to the enemy, whose men would do more for him than mine have done, ay, and will do for me."

"Yet your popularity will all go to pieces some day,—the day my tale is told."

He threw himself into a chair. "It is a madman's tale——"

"Then it is you," I interrupted angrily, "who have told the jailers——"

"What was I to do?" he asked softly. There was something sly and cat-like about him now. "Think of the chance I had, think what I have made of it, and what I intend to make of it. Should Zojas risk this fine, new life, when the tide is running all his way, instead of beating him back at every turn as in that other life, on the chance of an old man's holding his tongue?"

"But that old man will find a way to defeat you yet," I muttered.

"No one will believe you."

"Can they not hunt up the old records to find out Zojas's identity? Ah, no, the jail, the old jail,—I remember; but will they not believe my uncle's written statement?"

"You have it still? Anything you may ask, Zojas will give for that," he said impetuously, stretching forth his hand.

"My freedom?"

He shook his head. "Zojas would deserve no more favours from Fate, did he do so foolish a thing as that. If you go free, Signor, what is your first act?"

"To stir people up against you, to repeat my tale to exiled friends,—who'll believe every word Paolo Rossi utters, though ten thousand bribed physicians of the Republic should declare him mad—to bring about an invasion, to restore the monarchy, to do with you what should have been done one hundred years ago,—the gallows!"

"If you were not of his family," he said starting to his feet with such fury in voice and glance and gesture that for a moment I quailed before him, "I'd have your tongue cut out, cursed aristocrat!" His face was livid and, despite my own excitement, I dared not meet his eyes. For a long time he paced up and down, up and down, till at length, turning sharply, he stood again beside me. "Listen," he said quietly; "the King is dead. No Luigi Rossi, even if he lived, could bring him back to life. The country is quiet. Would you have civil war? With Zojas dead, who can satisfy the people? Your puny King's puny son? Never! The Republic will not become a kingdom for such a king. The people have risen, the river has overflowed its banks; now the flood is stilled

once more, but no weak-armed boatman, no woman-king shall ever ride the troubled waters again. If there be a king——”

“It will be Zojas,” I murmured ironically, but quite at random.

He started, but said smiling: “And when Zojas shall be King, then shall Rossi be Prime Minister.”

“When Zojas shall be King,” I said bitterly, “haply there’ll be no Rossi left on earth.”

“Nay, nay,” he said lightly, “the time may not be so far off. In new governments it is the army that names the ruler, and the army,—ask the first boy in the streets,—it is Zojas. And you Rossis cling long to life; he lived, they say, many years. Come, tell me about him, my old comrade. All that the world knows of the great Rossi, Zojas has learned; but, Signor, a truce for a time, what say you? Zojas would know everything, one who lived so near, and was so well beloved, must know. Tell me about him, all you remember; and then,—you have friends, Signor, in exile, in prison, whose palaces have been taken by the government; is there not one among them who is dear to you? Ask for him what you are too proud to ask for yourself.”

And so, Raffaello, I thought of you, and before long I found myself talking to this enemy of mine, of my country, and of my dead King, in a fashion rarely intimate for a reserved old bear like me. Ah! strange, isn’t it? But in that glowing, interested face before me, in the quick, almost tender comprehension that leaps to his eye when I speak of my uncle, even before the words fall from my lips, in a certain personal pride with which he hears of the man’s greatness of soul, his gentle modesty, his faithful, simple, grand old age, I seem to see in Zojas my uncle Luigi’s son, the product of his body as he is of

his mind, the child who might just so have cherished and revered his name. You know how I love to talk of my uncle; a sort of vanity is in it, my enemies have said, by which I hope to shine in the reflected light of his greatness; yet when Zojas is the listener I need no apology, for his pleasure and pride are as great in listening as are mine in narrating.

And Raffaello, see how one weakens as he ages! Here am I in prison (yet, to be honest, my jailer is but my loyalty to a dead King, and, I fear, a dead cause,) and day after day comes my great enemy to visit me, and we talk,—not always of Uncle Luigi, nay, oftener of statecraft, of history, of governments, of noted men, of great rulers and the secrets of governing as well as of the mistakes which have cost kings their thrones. And though I feel that as he sits opposite me, observing and attentive, this man young in book-lore but old in experience and in handling men, his wits sharpened by peril and outlawry, his naturally keen mind quickened and stirred by the great events through which he is passing (himself a great factor in these great changes) and the opportunity no one sees better than he, which this ploughing up of our old soil gives to the young, vigorous sprout to spring up and crowd out the old stock,—though I feel, I say, that this man, with his wonderful faculty for absorbing and digesting knowledge, is drawing from my old head the wisdom stored up from half a century passed among books and diplomatists, courtiers and kings; though I can see his mind grow and develop like a tree placed in new ground, yet is there something which piques and attracts me in this powerful, virgin mind, untainted by idle theories, ignorant of commonplace, stereotyped argument, undulled by routine study and unbent by uncon-

genial application, which moves straight upon its object, unhampered by rule or precedent, with a natural wealth of metaphorical speech, a freshness of illustration, an undaunted self-confidence, a simple, forceful, logic that puts me on my mettle.

He stands apart from his contemporaries, as it were, upon a pedestal of his life a century ago, to us a barren recital, often-told, but to him a living experience; and he weighs the events of to-day with a mind sure in perspective, sound in practical things, and yet audacious by habit and natural bent.

Ah, Raffaello, the most comical sight in this mad world, I think, is old Rossi arguing with Zojas, knowing that he is educating and arming his enemy, yet unable to resist the temptation to battle mentally with this young, barbarian giant, who will,—I see it—be the Carthage to my Rome.

XI.

I find that although my apartments are most comfortable, my meals well-cooked and well-served, my jailers like well-trained, obedient servants, although I have my books, my wardrobe, lamps, and even flowers, one thing is denied me,—communication with the world. I cannot see my friends nor let them know my state; of them I hear from the journals principally, and it is not pleasant reading. Biagi, whom our King so loved, so loaded with benefits, Biagi will float with the tide; he accepts a post under the new administration. Georgio, who was Minister of War in my time, is also Minister of War for the Republic which he tried to defeat, and failed. Cujus will be pleased to accept his old embassy; his wife and daughters appear at the President's palace. The daughter of Rivardi will marry the son of the parvenu who

struts in my old shoes, and they will live in the gingerbread mansion erected on the spot where the old Rivardi palace stood for centuries. Bah! It almost reconciles me to spending the rest of my years in prison.

Truth to tell, I know not what I would do should I some day be told that I am free. The world I knew, the men I respected, the cause for which I laboured, the habits of my old life,—where are they? I am unfit for this new, this mushroom State which has grown up over the grave of the old.

Zojas sleeps a hundred years while the world slowly ripens for his opportunity; but in a few years the world has swept past, leaving me stranded. Ten years ago I was the King's Prime Minister, a post I had held since the old King's death. I was influential, esteemed, on my own account a little, greatly for my family's sake. I was wealthy, and had wealthy and noble connections, was known personally to every man of importance in San Marco; and now, truly, if this evening Paolo Rossi were to walk the streets from here to the Palace, who would recognise him, or recognising him not be afraid to manifest any sign of friendship for the unchanging foe of the Republic? Nay, I could not even find my way, I fear. Whole streets have been burned, landmarks demolished, beautiful mansions, great historic buildings, priceless works of art, millions upon millions of value lost to the nation, and yet, and yet—Already have our people built up where ruin was, painted beautiful pictures to hide the space where hung the old, created anew the things of luxury, planted trees where trees were torn up by the social hurricane. Yes, deeper scars than those Nature or even a State may carry, the wounds of the human heart, are beginning to

heal. I, myself, am spoken of (when not utterly forgotten) as more Catholic than the Pope, an old bear who nurses his sore head and growls at others that they do not do likewise.

And who has worked this great change? Who has brought peace and order out of anarchy and civil war? Who but Zojas! Zojas, who was content to be one of three Directors when peace was declared, but who now is three in one,—the State, the Army, the Legislature. A powerful trinity!

This strange being who has passed through thirty years' mental growth in ten, whose every step has been in advance, who is unhampered by social ties or previous policy, who knows intuitively and works inexorably, who feels but one passion, ambition, and bends his whole superhuman energy, and his country's, to attain it,—what can withstand him? He might be wrecked by a confidant, but he trusts no one,—save perhaps me. He might be overthrown by a jealous rival, but the terror that his name inspires makes that improbable. He might be slain by a frantic anarchist, or some old unreconciled loyalist, but the entire nation is his body-guard. The people adore him. About him there has grown a superstitious idea, which grovelling peoples have from time immemorial loved to associate with their ruler. The people's choice must be king by grace of God, or he must be God himself, to be worthy to rule so great and good a creature as the many-headed monster, I presume! They will trample upon and defile their god if he be not stronger than they; but if he ride them mercilessly, if he spare not the whip and the spur, then jog they contented along. It is for the master to consult his own pleasure.

So in the ignorant peasants' mind, the mysterious, sudden appearance of

Zojas upon the fateful day of the King's capture, has about it something magical. God has sent them a leader; therefore he, himself, must be god-like. Zojas knows this, and fully appreciates the advantages which, in the common mind, accrue to one who is surrounded by mystery. Though he laughed when I taunted him with it, yet do I know this is an additional reason to him for keeping me here.

Since his elevation the world has grown curious about Zojas. Yet nothing as to his ancestry can be traced,—the old jail with its records was destroyed, you know. There is no babbling companion of his immaturity to destroy the illusion which surrounds the hero, no fond relative to make the great man ridiculous, no records or memoirs to blot or cheapen his fame, no time of probation, when he starved or begged or curried favour, to bring him nearer to humanity. And so he stands aloft, apart in a golden maze of success and glory, a being very human but god-like, a leader, an avenger. And his fame will grow greater with the passing years: he will be judged wholly upon the enduring strength and excellence of his achievements; and not even I can gainsay these.

When last Zojas came to me, in the evening as usual, he brought with him plans for the restoration of the old Rossi palace. It will be built upon the old site, and is to be at once an advanced school of science and a monument to my uncle Luigi. *A Monument to Luigi Rossi, erected by Zojas*; such is the inscription that will stand over the great wrought-iron gates. My uncle's fame will live for centuries,—though the world may never know his most wonderful achievement—and his name linked with that of Zojas shall go ringing down the silent corridors where lesser great men lie forgotten.

"To-morrow the architect shall come to consult with you, Signor," said Zojas. "It pleases you?"

"Yes," I answered slowly; "yet no more than it pleases you, I fancy."

He laughed out boyishly at this. "And what will the world say of the man who builds a monument to one Rossi while he keeps the other imprisoned?" he asked.

"Nothing," I replied; "the people have forgotten Paolo Rossi."

"Yet did Paolo Rossi wish to remind them——"

"He might take service under a man whose life is forfeit to the State, who cheats justice with every breath he draws, who, while he lives——"

"Oh, enough! Surely Zojas is losing his wits when the whole world's applause tastes bitter upon his lips, while one old man refuses to absolve him!" he cried rising to his feet in anger. "And, after all, who has consecrated you priest? Has Paolo Rossi never sinned, is there no weight on his conscience, is he so sure of every thought, of every act? Or is it not because the law has always been behind his hand that he does not question his own guilt? Imagine Paolo Rossi," he hurried on, "with his ability to play upon men, of which his old associates still speak, to pit one against the other and so gain his point, with all his love for power and place and ease and luxury! Is he so great that, had he been denied these things he craved so ardently, he would have refrained from bending others to his will, from twisting the law if he could, and failing that, defying it? What, too, of the rebellion in the West and Rossi's manner of suppressing it, what of the tales they tell of matters of policy so dark, so dishonourable——"

"They lie then," I interrupted angrily. "I served my King faithfully; I worked for him as a man of

the world, not as a dreamer with impracticable ideals. But no man lives who can point to a stain upon Rossi's name."

"Nor lives there the man who can find ought to blemish the name of Zojas."

"Bah! You quibble," I exclaimed petulantly.

"Stay a moment. You yourself, Signor Rossi, my inveterate enemy, my bitterest critic, my unappeasable foe, tell me,—in the past ten years can you name one action of Zojas, which, did you know nothing of that first life, would prevent your taking his hand?"

"But I do know that life, and——"

"And so did Luigi Rossi."

"But could he have foreseen the future, despite his thirst for fame, his keen interest in his great experiment, his hope of benefiting mankind, he would have sacrificed all rather than let loose a man like yourself to——"

"And yet these were his words; Zojas hears them now as he heard them that last night, when Rossi opened his warm heart and his great mind to a condemned murderer. Listen; these words were the last Zojas heard before he lay down for his long sleep,—well might he remember them! 'Man, it hath long appeared to me, is but the creature of his time and of his opportunities. You,' said he to me, 'that are at war with all that lawfully exists, are, it may be, but the revolt of a nature born in unpropitious times, the twisted growth of a seed whose planting-time came too late or too soon. There must be room for all men. He that lives and dies a criminal to-day, might have lived and died a martyr, a saint, a benefactor, had chance so willed it that his soul had found or might find its rightful place. In you I seem to see the energies, the natural power,

which, properly directed, might have benefited your fellow-men. Fate hath strangely ordered it that the water which might have turned the wheels of many mills, which might have flowed on peacefully making a green and smiling country, shall dash itself madly against its boundaries overflowing and desolating the land. Should this work of mine, by some great good-fortune, prosper, it may be that the stream will find its proper course, and that the gifts, with which Nature has so richly endowed you, be returned to her and spent in her service.'"

He had been standing as he spoke, and for a moment after he had finished, Zojas stood in silence, considering the words, yet waiting too for my reply. But I could not speak; my uncle's words delivered with that intensity of speech, that picturesque manner which characterised Zojas's every utterance, seemed to be vivified and full, thrilling with significance. In his earnestness, unconscious, himself, of mimicry, Zojas had spoken in my uncle's very voice, the voice I had not heard for more than half a century; and as I sat overcome with emotion, Zojas left the room.

I have not seen him since. Our strange sort of companionship, which has lasted so many years and which was made up of such various elements, is at an end. And, looking back, I am at a loss to know what element was strongest; whether it was enmity, or the interest the teacher feels in the pupil whose genius makes work a pleasure, whether it was admiration for the man's power to accomplish, to realise his dreams, or whether it was mutual interest, a fitness he to govern and I to be the instrument of his genius, a common object which, in other circumstances, might have made us two fellow-workers.

My life has become more lonely,

more contracted since then, and it is partly to lighten the tedium of the long hours that I have, from time to time, written this memoir.

To-morrow is the day fixed for the dedication of the Rossi monument. Something in Zojas's manner, the last time I saw him, assures me that he meditates some surprise for that date. The man is clever enough to see the value of a good situation, and each step he has taken towards his goal has been marked by what in another would be a somewhat vulgar theatricalism, but in Zojas seems but the proper setting for a classical drama, the manifestation of an intensely dramatic, picturesque nature.

What will be the end? I shall not live to see it, yet certain am I that rest, satiety, the peaceful, quiet pleasures of content are not for such a being as Zojas. Where he will find scope for his active mind, in what direction his restless, craving intellect will develope, whether he will further aggrandise our country or relentlessly impoverish it, whether he will sacrifice the people or lead them on to greater victories,—my poor old brain refuses to answer. The man has lived but forty years, yet who will dare to set a limit to the height to which he may rise? He can look back upon no failure, and though he lack the experience misfortune so plentifully bestows upon her child, yet is he undaunted by dampening possibilities. His arm, his brain are not paralysed by the thought of defeat; he knows it not. For him the result will be, must be success; the only question is, to what issues.

I sit here a prisoner; yet the one free man in our unhappy country of voluntary slaves who realise not their servitude, for I dare speak the truth. Either I am indeed mad or my countrymen are blinded, fas-

minated, enthralled by this strange being, whom a stranger chance has brought to rule over them.

As I sit here in the melancholy twilight, half-dozing, half-dreaming,—for I am old and world-weary—a messenger enters with all ceremony. He is from Zojas, I can see. Trust the parvenu ruler to be a greater stickler for form than the son of a hundred kings! He hands me a paper. The note is short; only a few words, yet to me how full of significance! I had not expected it so soon, yet so old a statesman might have foretold more accurately.

“The answer is, ‘No,’” I say to the messenger, and he bows and withdraws.

I see what the morrow’s surprise is to be; I know why he has chosen to-morrow. He wishes to link himself closer to my uncle’s name. He has an almost superstitious reverence

for the great man whose creation, so to speak, he is. Ah, my country, may that reverence influence the man in whose hands thy destiny lies! May it soften the savagery of his nature! May it broaden the intellect which hath built up fame for itself in raising thee from thy humiliation! May it make him less a conqueror and more a father to his people! May it refine and elevate a nature which,—even I must admit it,—which lacks so little, now that the sun of success sweetens and sanctifies it, to render it truly great!

I smooth the little paper over my knee, as I sit here alone and lonely, folding my dressing-gown about me, for the sun is gone and the evening air is chill to old blood. And when the lights are brought, I read the words once again, bitterly, sneeringly, yet wistfully:—

“Will Rossi be Prime Minister?”

THE END.

NATIVE RULE IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA.

WEST AFRICA is sub-divided into a vast number of petty States, whose languages, manners, and customs differ more or less from each other, and whose limits vary in size, from the territory comprising many thousands of square miles to the tiny principality that measures barely ten miles in circumference. In the words of Sir Richard Burton: "Kingdoms, in this part of Africa, are not unlike those of England, when she numbered sixteen of East Saxons, fourteen of East Angles, and seventeen in Kent, while kings are like those of Ireland in the days of St. Patrick, when two hundred were killed in one battle."

Native Rule in West Africa will soon become a thing of the past. Already, in the districts bordering the Gold and Slave Coasts, where British or other foreign authority has been firmly established, the kings and chiefs have been shorn of all power, and their rank is only barely recognised when the small amount of influence which they still possess over their people is found to be of some use to the Government in an emergency.

In the Protected territories, which form the immediate *hinterland* of the Gold Coast and Lagos colonies, the native rulers still possess a certain amount of authority, and their rights and privileges are treated with some show of consideration. These monarchs, however, have no longer power of life and death over their subjects, and all grave criminal offences have been placed beyond their jurisdiction. Their relations with neighbouring tribes are entirely governed by the authorities

on the seaboard, and they are allowed to take no steps which might jeopardise the interests of the factories on the coast.

Even further away in the interior, in the practically unknown lands lying beyond the confines of that shadowy area known as a Sphere of Influence, it is difficult now to find a dominion ruled by a monarch who can claim to be really independent. The whole of the seaboard of West Africa, from Morocco to the Cape, has been parcelled out between the Powers of Europe. The British, the French, the Germans, and the Portuguese claim every inch of the pestiferous coast, with the exception of Liberia, and their agents are rushing about, here and there, in the various *hinterlände*, making treaties with this chief and that, which may some day be produced, like trumps, when claims to a town or district are called into question. To get beyond the nebulous sphere of influence which France claims in the far interior, one would have to go as far north from the Gulf of Guinea as the regions of the Western Soudan, to points so distant from the ocean as to be no longer West Africa, and whose inhabitants are of a higher type than the negro tribes who inhabit the fringe of the continent. Such realms as those of Sokoto, Borgu, and other territories watered by the Upper Niger and its tributaries are offshoots of the Arab and Moorish systems, and their manners, customs, and forms of government differ greatly from those to which this paper relates.

By right of conquest, long tenure,

or purchase Great Britain now finds herself in undisputed possession of the entire seaboard of the Gold Coast. One after another, the foreign traders, whose forts and factories had been dovetailed into ours, all along the four hundred miles of coast, during the last two centuries, found themselves undersold and outwitted by our more enterprising adventurers, and, one by one, they sold or ceded to us their forts and factories. The first to go, as they had been the first to come, were the Portuguese, who, in 1637, were driven out of their castle at Elmina by the famous De Ruyter; and on this point Bosman, a Dutch writer of the eighteenth century, quaintly says of them, regarding their colonial enterprises: "They served for setting-dogs to spring the game, which, as soon as they had done, was seized by others." The French left but few lasting traces of their presence on the Gold Coast. The Danes also gradually found themselves unable to compete with us, and in 1850, in exchange for the sum of £10,000, they handed over to Great Britain all their rights and settlements. Finally, in 1871, the Dutch finding that their trade languished in the same ratio as ours increased, made over to us, in consideration of certain concessions in the East Indies, Elmina and the other forts which they still held on the Gold Coast. By this transaction Great Britain obtained an unbroken line of authority along the whole seaboard, from the Tano river on the west to the Afflao country on the east, with the usual claims over the *hinterland* in the interior.

Dahomey and Ashanti, before their recent fall, represented the two most striking types of independent rule in West Africa. In the case of Dahomey, save where restricted by the customs of Fetish, the power of

the tyrant was overwhelming. He was the State; the revenue belonged to him, and he spent it as he liked; in fact, property of all kinds was vested in him and was only held by his subjects at his pleasure. This theory was pushed to such a degree that parents were held to have no right to their own children, and a man attempting to commit suicide was found guilty of a criminal act, on the ground that he was damaging the property of the king. The tyrant could claim the life of any person at any time, but there is reason to believe that this privilege was not carried to extremes. The victims required for the periodical Customs of Agbomey, held in memory of the king's ancestors, were usually provided by criminals found guilty of death, or by captives taken in war with neighbouring nations. We are told that constant expeditions were dispatched against the less warlike Yorubas and Egbas for the express purpose of supplying the hundreds of victims required to "water the grave" of the king's father, and the lives of these wretches were in constant demand. It has been estimated that at least four hundred persons were slain, in ordinary years, at Agbomey, merely to convey Gelele's messages to his defunct relatives. The most trivial occurrences were reported to the inhabitants of Dead-land, even such as a change of residence from one palace to another. "Frequently too," says Colonel Ellis in his book on the Ewe-speaking peoples, "it occurs to the king that he has omitted something which he wished to add to his message, and this has to be confided to a new messenger who at once follows the first." Dahomey has now fallen into the clutches of France. Its king is, fortunately, no longer master of his own actions, and his power has dwindled to that of a

puppet in the hands of the French officials.

At the commencement of this century, the Ashanti empire stretched from the borders of Dahomey on the east to Gaman on the west, and from Koranza on the north to the narrow strip of coastline on the south inhabited by Fanti tribes who remained under the more or less feeble protection of the European forts that dotted the seaboard. The dominion, however, had none of the elements of stability, being composed of an agglomeration of tributary States which had succumbed to an Ashanti conqueror, and whose interests were nearly all opposed to those of the dominant power at Coomassie. Rebellions were of frequent occurrence and periods of complete peace were unknown.

Lord Wolseley's expedition in 1873 showed the rottenness of the State, and so soon as the overthrow of King Kofi Kari-kari appeared to be assured, all the great tributaries at once threw off the hated yoke, and either asserted their independence or were induced to accept our protectorate. It is to be regretted that, in the interests both of humanity and trade, the centre of the Ashanti kingdom itself was not also at the same time incorporated in our dominions. The capital, Coomassie, with the surrounding country, was suffered to remain independent, and though Kari-kari's successors were our nominees, they gradually withdrew more and more from our influence until, two years ago, King Prempeh became once more a menace to his weaker neighbours. Recent events on the Gold Coast are still fresh in our memories, and everyone remembers how, in 1896, an expedition, under Sir Francis Scott, was dispatched to Coomassie, resulting in the complete overthrow of the Ashanti ruler, Prempeh, and his de-

portation from the scene of his ambitions. The whole extent of the ancient kingdom of Ashanti is now included in the Gold Coast Protectorate; a fortified building is being erected at Coomassie, and a Resident has been appointed who practically governs the country.

The Ashanti system of government appears to have been based on clearly defined and stable principles. The despotism of the monarch did not equal that of the tyrant of Dahomey, and the power of the king depended largely on his military prowess or on the success of his arms under the command of generals upon whose devotion he could count. Though there was, of course, no written law, the oral statutes, transmitted through many generations by the mouths of the Linguists, clearly defined the privileges of the king and the rights of the people. The king, though endowed with absolute powers in all matters of domestic administration, was mainly influenced in his foreign policy by the views of the aristocracy and the Assembly of *caboceers* and captains. Succession to the throne, or Stool, as it is called in West Africa, was by hereditary descent through the female line. This peculiar law of succession, which is found in many parts of Africa as well as among certain tribes in India, was probably adopted for reasons that are obvious. In countries where polygamy is so universal, the amount of royal blood in the veins of the king's sons may be open to doubt, while the child of the sovereign's own sister by the same mother is naturally sure to belong, more or less, to the right strain. The blood of the monarch, or of any member of the royal family, could not be shed for any offence; but this did not prevent the king's relatives from being strangled or drowned, and at Coomassie a special officer was

appointed to throw royal offenders into the river Dah.

There does not appear to have been any regular form of taxation, and the imposts on the people were regulated by the requirements of the monarch and the exigencies of the time. Collectors were appointed, from time to time, who were termed Masters of the Street. They posted themselves on the frequented roads and, stretching a line across the path, forced every travelling trader to pay toll. An important source of revenue to the king of Ashanti lay in the soil of the great market place at Coomassie. Gold dust being the principal medium of exchange, tiny particles of the precious metal would naturally be scattered in the process of measuring and weighing. Once a year the earth in the market was carefully washed for the benefit of the king, and the amount of gold gathered in this way sometimes amounted to several hundred ounces. Any one detected in surreptitiously extracting gold dust from the public square incurred the penalty of death. The king of Ashanti also claimed all nuggets found in his dominions, and was heir to the gold ornaments of every subject. He was, however, liable to considerable charges in contributing to funeral expenses, and his exactions usually found their way back to his people in the shape of handsome presents and ostentatious *largesses* expected at the celebration of every great Custom.

Though for more than a century the empire of Ashanti was the predominating power in West Africa, most of its provinces were but loosely attached to the central authority at Coomassie. The great feudatories of Gaman, Koranza, Wassaw, Aowin, Akim, Akwamu, and Kwahu were in constant revolt, and the authority of the sovereign was only maintained

by repeated invasions of the tributary States followed by punitive measures on a barbarous scale. After a successful war, the conquered prince or his successor was, however, nearly always allowed to retain a measure of independence, and Ashanti garrisons were seldom maintained in the new province. The suzerainty of the king at Coomassie was acknowledged by an annual tribute and a military contingent in time of war. It is consequently no matter for surprise that after the first great reverse in 1873 the Ashanti empire at once lost all cohesion and fell into fragments.

Having glanced at the broad lines upon which Native Rule was, till recently, carried on in the two greatest independent States in West Africa, let us now observe how far that system has been modified in those principalities which have become virtually incorporated within the British dominions, but whose chiefs still retain a measure of independence.

For administrative purposes the British West African settlements have been divided into a considerable number of districts, whose limits, however, rarely agree with those of the native States. In the case of the Gold Coast, the base of each district is, generally speaking, the seaboard, and the authority of each District Commissioner is usually delimited by two straight lines, running northward, from the eastern and western boundaries on the shore, to points in the interior which are more or less indefinite. Under the direct influence of the officials stationed in the various districts on the coastline, the native political divisions, in their near neighbourhood, are fast fading into insignificance. Native Rule there has been cramped and curtailed to such an extent that it may be said to have practically disappeared, and to obtain some idea of the political economy of

a West African State under a ruler who still retains a measure of independence, we must turn to one of the kingdoms in the Gold Coast Protectorate, where the rights and privileges of the Head of the State are still treated with some show of consideration.

Leaving the recently acquired Ashanti out of the question, the most important States that are comprised in the Gold Coast protectorate are the former vassals of that fallen empire, to wit, Akim, Akwapim, Sefwi, Wassaw, Denkera, and Kwahu. In these countries, the power and privileges of the ruler may still be taken as typical of the West African aboriginal form of government. The kings have, of course, lost all control over their foreign relations, and their judicial powers have been considerably restricted in dealing with great crimes. In other matters, however, the power and attributes of the native rulers have been but slightly interfered with, and they remain much as they may have been before the advent of missionaries, traders, and British policemen.

The States, mentioned above, cover a considerable area, and support populations varying from thirty thousand to five times that number. These principalities lie in the dense forest that stretches from the swampy seaboard on the Gulf of Guinea to the rolling plains of the Kong country, north and east of Ashanti. Their soil is of marvellous fertility and their mineral wealth has been the theme of every traveller and official who has visited them.

Land in West Africa is nearly everywhere held in common, each man cultivating as much or as little as he desires. Owing to the great aversion of the negro to hard manual labour, and to the gradual abolishment of the condition of slavery, the mar-

vellous fertility of the soil is turned to but slight account, and each man simply cultivates a plot of land large enough to provide food for his own family. If a native hanker after the possession of a gun or of a handsome cloth, he can easily provide himself with the necessary means of purchase by killing a few score of the black long-haired monkeys that people the forest, and whose skins find a ready sale in the factories on the coast; or he and his women may tap the groves of rubber-trees which abound in their neighbourhood, and sell to the trader the black balls of gutta-percha known to commerce as Accra biscuits. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" appears to be the motto of the West African, and he has no inducement to accumulate wealth by the sweat of his brow. The possession of more money than may suffice for his own simple wants would attract to him the importunities of relatives to the remotest degree, and whatever they left would soon be squeezed out of him by the king and chiefs. It consequently follows that though the Gold Coast protected territories teem with the possibilities of wealth, both agricultural and mineral, they still remain virgin lands waiting for the energy of an alien race.

The form of government in these native States is, in most cases, that of a limited monarchy. Unless endowed with a great personality and much force of character, the king is merely a figure-head, and his authority in the State finds itself circumscribed at every point by the dominant influence of his principal chiefs and feudatories. Frequently he plays the part of the *roi fainéant*, while the *maire du palais* is to be found in the Queen-Mother assisted by a favourite. A Council of State, composed of the most influential chiefs and *caboceers*, who are said to be attached to the Stool, form a Board

of Control, whose deliberations invariably shape the king's policy in any matter of importance. He can do nothing without the sanction of this council, and any ruler attempting to disregard its desires would, unless strongly backed by a popular party, find himself speedily deposed and definitely removed. All outward court is, however, paid to the person of the king, and his palace of mud with its grimy courtyards full of wives, slaves, and idle retainers constitutes a sphere of which he is absolute master.

Succession to the Stool usually follows the same order as in Ashanti, and in consequence of this tortuous line of inheritance, the sons of a ruling monarch are held in little account and have no claim to succeed their father. The Salic law is in force in most kingdoms, but there are notable exceptions, such as in the case of Akim, where the ruler is, or recently was, a woman.

There is rarely any form of general taxation in a Native State, and there is consequently no regular revenue. There are no public works, and the few roads that exist are merely narrow paths winding through the forests, barely wide enough for the passage of travellers walking in single file. Every pound of rubber and every gallon of palm-oil extorted from West Africa is carried down from the interior to the factories on the seaboard upon the heads of human beings. It is only in a few localities that water-carriage may be used, and when it is considered that, in spite of the absence of transport facilities, the exports from the Gold Coast and Lagos alone already amount to an annual value of nearly three millions sterling, one may judge of the immense trading possibilities of these undeveloped lands when railways and good roads shall have opened their markets to the enterprise of our manufacturers. Hitherto the British

authorities in West Africa have contented themselves with encouraging the native rulers to do something towards keeping the main trade-roads to the coast in a passable condition by the annual payment to them of sums averaging ten shillings per mile. This practice has undoubtedly been of some effect, but most of the paths in the interior are merely goose-tracks, which in the wet season become running drains that are quite impassable to a man carrying a heavy load. It is sincerely to be hoped that the projected railroads which have been urged by every West African governor for the last ten years will be energetically proceeded with, as every mile of line completed will show an almost immediate expansion of trade.

The personal revenues of a king are sometimes large, and are derived, in a considerable measure, from the industry and mercantile ability of his wives. He generally owns large plantations of oil-palms, and among many tribes the king can call upon his subjects' labour for two or three days in each month for the cultivation of these estates. Ferriage-rights over large rivers flowing through his dominions are also usually the perquisite of the monarch; but, generally speaking, the main source of his income is derived from the proceeds of his tribunal. He is the Chief Justice of his tribe, and the fees and fines extracted from litigants are frequently extortionate.

In all matters of dispute oaths are sworn by the contesting parties asserting the justice of their contention. In trifling matters the oath of a minor chief would probably be invoked, and the suit may be heard in the petty court which the *caboceer* is authorised to hold in his village. In cases where grave interests are involved and the issue lies between persons of means, the oath of the king would probably

be sworn by the parties concerned. Each chief empowered to hold a court has his own particular oath, and the litigant who is adjudged to have taken it in vain is mulcted in a fee, the amount of which has been regulated by custom, in addition to the fine or penalty which he may have incurred in the case. The tariff for these oaths varies according to the rank and importance of the court trying the case, and while the fee payable to a petty chief in a matter of a trifling dispute or small larceny may only amount to a few heads of cowries, the fees extracted in a king's court are frequently ruinous to both parties, and may force the unsuccessful suitor to pawn himself and his whole family to pay the costs.

The great State oaths, only used in matters of national or capital importance, always refer to some great event in the history of the tribe. Thus the great oath of Ashanti is "*Meminda Kormanti* (Koromantee Saturday)," when in 1731 their great king Osai Tutu was slain by the Akims. The Fanti people swear by the Abra oath, "By the rock in the sea," referring to the rock near Anamabu where the king of Abra and the survivors of his tribe took refuge from the conquering Ashantis. Anyone found to have falsely sworn by *Meminda Kormanti*, would be considered to have declared that the slaughter of King Osai Tutu was a matter of perfect indifference to him, and the penalty would naturally be extreme.

The chiefs are petty princes in their own districts, and are supposed to maintain themselves by the produce of their own lands and the labour of the pawns, or domestic slaves owned by them. Their main income, however, like that of the king, is derived from fees, presents, and bribes extorted from those who

come under their influence. Beyond periodical visits to the capital, on certain occasions connected generally with Fetish ceremonies, these feudatories are seldom brought into contact with the head of the State. They are liable to furnish to the king a certain number of armed men in time of war, but their levies are obliged to provide their own commissariat and transport. The king is also head-chief in his own district, and his position as arbitrator-in-chief places him in a position to extort much higher fees and presents than fall to the lot of his feudatories. Though land in West Africa is considered to be tribal property and held in common, it is vested in the king and chiefs of his Stool, and a considerable source of their income is derived from the gifts of applicants for the soil.

There is probably not a single Native State so poor that its Stool has not a considerable treasure appertaining to it. This treasure is composed of the hoards of generations of rulers, and is looked upon as a war-chest only to be drawn on in times of urgent need. The king cannot touch it without the consent of his *caboceers*, and its place of concealment is only known to two or three individuals who are bound to the greatest secrecy. It has frequently happened that, upon the overthrow of a king and his party, the successful usurper has found his victory a barren one through his inability to discover the place where the national hoard has been deposited. The treasure itself is composed of a variety of valuables, according to the products of the country. It may be either gold-dust, ivory, precious *aggribeads*, or more frequently gold and silver coins which would be current on the seaboard, and with which arms and ammunition might be speedily purchased. Though the king very

rarely draws upon this treasure, especially in those States under our protection, every monarch considers himself bound to increase the hoard during his lifetime, and it is believed that many of these accumulations represent very large sums.

It may be a matter of surprise that so great a number of native States, with large populations, are so effectively maintained in subjection by the small armed force at the disposal of the Colonial authorities. The Frontier Forces, now being organised, will not be utilised in districts that are already thoroughly under our control, and peace has been, for several years, almost continuously maintained throughout the Protectorate with the sole assistance of an armed constabulary numbering barely a thousand men. With the exception of the Fantis, who are traditional cowards, most of the tribes on the Gold Coast are of a warlike disposition, and the fact that all bloodshed is forbidden by the British law is one of their chief causes of discontent. If the various tribes were capable of concerted action, the position of the governing authorities would be one of considerable difficulty, and a large military force would be required to repress disorders. Though wretchedly armed with flint-lock muskets, made in Birmingham and locally known as Long-Danes, the hordes of able-bodied fighting men which could be collected would prove a formidable body, if a combined movement on their part were possible. Fortunately the tribes are almost incapable of concerted action. They are all more or less opposed to each other, and long-standing feuds have made many of them deadly enemies. It is, in fact, the principal business of the Colonial government to keep these jealous tribes at peace, and were it not for the tact and vigilance of the officials, the trade of the country

would frequently be paralysed by inter-tribal wars.

The British governing authorities in West Africa have, so far, however, interfered as little as possible in the internal affairs of the Native States comprised in the Protectorates. Our influence is principally directed towards the maintenance of peace, the freedom of the great trade-routes, and the abolition of human sacrifices. Officials, termed Travelling Commissioners, visit the principal towns at stated intervals, or whenever palavers are threatened. It is the duty of these officers to act as mediators in any serious matters of dispute between rival chiefs, and to prevent, if possible, any recourse to arms which would naturally jeopardise the trading-interests of the factories on the coast. By means of small presents they induce the kings to maintain their principal roads in a passable condition, and their efforts always aim at the development of trade. Keen attention is paid to all reports of human sacrifices, but, in spite of the vigilance of the Government, there is reason to believe that human blood is still sometimes shed to celebrate ancient rites even in localities not far removed from the seaboard. For hundreds of generations these people have been reared in the belief that human sacrifices are indispensable for the propitiation of their gods, and it will take many years to root out the conviction that the absence of such offerings will necessarily be attended by drought, famine, and all sorts of calamities to the tribe. These matters are still under the powerful influence of the cult of Fetish, and even in the potent monarchs of Ashanti and Dahomey, the royal power, on such points, appears to have always been overshadowed by the traditions and influence of the Fetish hierarchy. The

ghastly massacres which marked the annual Customs of Coomassie and Agbomey were not necessarily due to the tyrant's lust for blood, but were gruesome religious rites which the monarch had little or no power of restraining. Burton, Forbes, and other travellers who visited Dahomey with the object of inducing the ruler to refrain from the great human sacrifices, were all informed by the king that the Customs were matters entirely beyond his control; and Gelele assured the white men that he would lose his own head if he ventured to diminish the number of the victims which the people claimed as befitting the solemn occasion and illustrative of the magnificence of the Dahomean empire. Burton very aptly showed that the sudden cessation of human sacrifices by the King of Dahomey might be compared, in its effects, with a sudden order from Her Majesty the Queen that public prayers would no longer be tolerated in England.

Domestic slavery has existed from time immemorial in West Africa, and though it is discouraged as much as possible in those localities where the Colonial authorities have entirely superseded Native Rule, the system must, perforce, be more or less tacitly recognised in the Protected States. The introduction of slaves from countries beyond the borders is, however, a criminal offence, and raids have been practically stamped out. Though all Courts of Law, whether Native or British, are precluded from recognising any relations between master and slave, the species of servitude known as *in pawn* still exists. If a person voluntarily undertakes to serve another for no wage until a debt, or some other obligation, shall have been satisfied, it is difficult to see why or how a Government should interfere. Cases of cruelty to domestic

slaves, or pawns, in our West African possessions, can only be of very rare occurrence, as the remedy always lies ready to the hand of the slave. He has only to report the occurrence to the nearest District Commissioner to ensure his immediate deliverance and the severe punishment of his temporary owner.

Let us now consider the condition of the native chiefs in those parts of our West African territories where our complete authority has been asserted and exercised for many years.

The whole coastline has been subdivided into a number of districts, each administered by an official termed a District Commissioner, under the direction of the Governor-in-Chief at headquarters. These districts comprise within their limits one or more principal towns, but are not necessarily conterminous with the native political divisions. The principal official is usually not only magistrate, but frequently chief revenue-officer, commandant of police, and head of every other department. He is responsible for the good conduct of the entire district, and the Travelling Commissioners generally refrain from acting in his neighbourhood.

We will take, for the sake of illustration, the case of a locality which may heretofore have been considered too unimportant to have a local official staff stationed there. The Native Ruler has hitherto enjoyed all the practical independence of others whose territories lie at such a distance from the governing base that the direct interference of the British authorities has been limited to the passing visit of a Travelling Commissioner, and having kept at peace with his neighbours, he has, so far, never had much reason to complain of any restraint on his prerogatives.

One day, however, he is informed that it is considered advisable, in the

interests of trade, to station a District Commissioner in his country, and that this official shall take up his residence in the king's own capital. The monarch may make no protest, or if he do, his objections will probably be set aside, and in a very short time he finds, firmly established in his own town, a complete staff of officials who calmly proceed to administer his dominions with but scant reference to his own wishes and personal interests. The treaty which he, or his predecessor, signed many years ago is once more brought to his notice, and he is made to understand the full meaning of its provisions. He is reminded that his roads must be maintained in good order, that the jurisdiction of his court is practically limited to civil suits, and that in the eyes of the British law his meanest subject stands in perfect equality with him. These are probably bitter lessons for the protected monarch, but profiting by the experience of his neighbours, whose turn has come before his, he realises the futility of resistance and, in sulkily silence, makes the best of his reduced dignity.

When the Commissioner first settles himself in his new district, he finds that his court attracts but few litigants. The law of Great Britain is not understood, or else clashes with native customs which have been consecrated by centuries of usage. For a while the only cases he may get are those brought in by the police, as being beyond the jurisdiction of the king and chiefs, or else petty offences coming under the Towns Police and Public Health Ordinance. If, by chance, a case come before him bearing on points involving Native law and custom, the District Commissioner will probably call in the assistance of the king, and may ask him to sit with him on the bench. Little by little, however, the natives

come to appreciate the firmness and justice of the decisions in the Commissioner's court. They learn, to their surprise, that the costs of a suit do not depend on the amount that can be squeezed out of the litigants by the presiding judge, and that the decisions are not influenced by the size of the bribes offered. Matters involving intricate Native law and Fetish customs may probably still be referred to the courts held by the king and his chiefs, but in most other matters appeal is made to the white man. It therefore follows that the principal source of income, formerly enjoyed by the native ruler, decreases month by month, and his influence over the people pales in like proportion before that of the foreign official.

The king may then be tempted to show his dissatisfaction by an utter disregard for the wishes of the Government respecting the condition of his trade-roads, or perhaps by some more overt act of rebellion. Punishment follows fast; a detachment of Hausa troops will be promptly quartered on his town to enforce the payment of a fine, or, for a minor offence, he may be deprived of the privilege of possessing a prison of his own. The absence of any ostensible power to punish a refractory subject at once reduces the ruler to the level of an ordinary mortal, and his prestige will in future entirely depend on his personal influence and private wealth.

This is the condition to which have come nearly all the titular kings whose dominions lie on the seaboard of the Gold Coast, or in its immediate vicinity. They have lost all reason for their existence, and have been very thoroughly mediatised. Several, who wisely acquiesced with a good grace in the new order of things, are receiving pensions from the Govern-

ment, and some of those whose incomes were not solely derived from the exactions of their law-courts, have turned their attention to trade and are wealthy men. They are still grandiloquently addressed by the title of Majesty, and the late King Ghartey the Fourth of Winneba purchased regalia which were the envy of other sovereigns. Others, who were stiff-necked, have been less fortunate. Their people have fallen away from them, their tribunals are deserted, and naked urchins in the streets do not scruple to address a fallen monarch in opprobrious terms.

And so it was bound to be. The native ruler, in West Africa, must perforce give way everywhere to the white official. Year by year, as the trade of those rich territories becomes developed, the old order of things must pass away. The dusky monarch and the cruel priest of Fetish must, sooner or later, be replaced in every district by the Police Magistrate and the Missionary, and in a few years Native Rule will only be a memory even in those countries which are now included in our Protectorates, and far removed from the present centres of executive authority.

The oft-quoted verdict of the Parliamentary Committee which, in 1865, sat in judgment over the fate of our West African possessions, has been responsible for the apathy of the British Government in dealing, during the last five and twenty years, with these valuable territories. It was then decided that nothing should be done to extend our administrative influence over the peoples of the interior, and that our policy should presage our ultimate withdrawal from

the Coast. In consequence of this decision we have, till quite recently, been content to abide in our establishments on the pestiferous seaboard, and to act as middlemen for the modicum of trade which the indolent natives have thought fit to bring down to us from the fertile countries of the interior. There is every reason to believe that if, instead of dragging out a quinine-fed existence in the poisonous marshes of the coast-line, our officials and traders had pushed their way, years ago, into the rich *hinterland* where a hilly country and open plains take the place of swamps and gloomy forests, the trade of the West African settlements would have been ten times what it is to-day. Hundreds of valuable lives might have been saved: our influence in the interior would have been undoubted; and we should have known the possible wealth of the country too well to have allowed the French and Germans to encroach, as they have, upon our legitimate spheres of influence.

Fortunately, before it is too late, a new era is opening for our possessions in West Africa. The backlands of Sierra Leone and Lagos are already being opened by the railroads which have been recommended for years past. The settlements are being considered as among the most valuable of our undeveloped estates, and active measures are at last being taken on the Gold Coast which will speedily lay open a country where, in the words of Burton, "every river is a Pactolus and every hillock a gold-hill."

HESKETH BELL.

SIR SALAR JUNG'S VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1876.

My official connection with Hyderabad dates from the end of 1867 to the beginning of 1884. In April, 1876, I was deputed by the Government of India to accompany Sir Salar Jung on his visit to Europe as political officer in attendance. It has been suggested to me that a short account of that visit, avoiding politics, might be found interesting to the many persons in England who seem to have scarcely heard of this distinguished Indian. My present object therefore is to let memory act on that suggestion.

Salar Jung's name is a household word in India, and he had a legion of English friends who were greatly impressed by his charming personality. Of Arabian descent he was truly one of Nature's noblemen, besides being the Minister and ruling spirit of the largest, wealthiest, and most powerful of the protected Indian States. During the minority of the present Nizam, from 1868 to the day of his death in 1882, he was, though associated with a colleague, practically Regent of Hyderabad under the general control of the Paramount Power. His high personal character, immense services to the Nizam's dominions, and to the Empire during the great mutiny of 1857, were alone sufficient to procure for him a unique position among Indian statesmen, apart from the charm of his manners. Nothing ever seemed to disturb his equanimity, though he was always on the alert to defeat intrigues in a capital which has been termed the Constantinople of the East, or to interfere with his enjoyment of a joke. Hu-

mour, I suppose, is innate, but it is so rare in an Indian that Salar Jung's love of it may partially be ascribed to his early training in and predilection for European society. An instance occurs to me, as I write, which may amuse my readers. It was the Minister's practice to receive Europeans, who wished to call on him, at breakfast every Friday in his palace. Etiquette prescribed that such calls should be arranged through the Residency, and that one of the Residency Staff should accompany and introduce the visitors. On one of these occasions a gallant Major of a Highland regiment, a typical Scotchman of herculean proportions, selected as a topic of conversation with me the wealth of Hyderabad City, the looting of which he seemed to think would be a grand thing for his regiment if they ever got the chance. In spite of my efforts to change the subject he clung to it, and obliged me to dilate on the loyalty displayed by the State, and by Sir Salar Jung in particular, at the time of the Mutiny. As the Minister only spoke in Hindustani and my services as interpreter were in constant requisition, the few guests present being ignorant of that language, my Highland friend naturally thought that his host had no inkling of what he said. My doubts on the point were soon dispelled by the comical twinkle in Salar Jung's eyes as they met mine. By remarking that our host understood a good deal about English though he did not speak it, I managed to turn the discomfort of my position on to the Major, whose dismay at my hint was too much for

the Minister; Salar Jung looked at me and laughed till the tears came into his eyes. He delighted in the Major's huge form and broad Scotch (which I cannot pretend to reproduce), still more when after breakfast that worthy took an opportunity of addressing the following sentence to his host: "I'm told, Sir Salar [his pronunciation of this word made it rhyme to *valour*], you stood by us in the Mutiny. You're a fine fellow and I honour you for it. But, by G—, if you hadn't the — [mentioning the name of his regiment] would have been into you."

In place of the ceremonial *attar* and *pan* which mark a guest's leave-taking in the East, the Minister used to present two little quaint bottles in which the attar was enclosed and sealed so that its perfume might not be too strong for Western taste. When the little bottles were held out on a tray for the Major's acceptance he looked at them curiously and said, "What's this?" On my explaining that he was to take them and pass on, he ejaculated, "I'd sooner have a *doch-an-doris*." Salar Jung begged to know what he meant, so I said jokingly that he evidently thought the little bottles contained something to drink and preferred the old stirrup-cup, which in Scotland went by the name of *doch-an-doris*. Lame as my interpretation of this word was, the Minister's swift intelligence, aided by his observation of the Major's tumbler at breakfast, rose to the occasion. He ordered whisky and soda-water to be brought, and persuaded the Highlander to walk off with the bottles of attar as well.

Not long after this it was my privilege to accompany the Minister on a tour in Northern India. At a dinner-party in Government House, Calcutta, a lady said to me, "How well your Nawab speaks English." "Excuse

me," I answered, "he does not speak but understands a good deal about it. "All I can say is he talked to me for some time last night, and I don't know Hindustani," was her reply. On referring to Salar Jung I found he had been learning English for years and had made up his mind that he would not attempt to speak it, except to his tutor, till he could converse freely and correctly, and had an opportunity of talking to the Viceroy, who was to be the first Englishman to judge of his proficiency. In carrying out this intention he had kept his friends of the Residency and others in the dark. The Highland Major, I may add, is no longer alive to appreciate this little joke.

These preliminary remarks are not altogether irrelevant to my subject, as they show part of the Nawab's equipment for his tour to Europe, which grew out of, or at least took definite shape from the Prince of Wales's visit to India in 1875. After the magnificent reception accorded to him by the natives of India and its aristocracy it was only natural for the Prince and the noblemen on his Staff to encourage a visit to London from perhaps the most striking figure they had met in the East.

The Minister had been persuaded to engage a small ship of the Rubbattino Company, and to take with him a large following amounting to more than fifty persons, including servants, before a medical officer of the Hyderabad Contingent and myself were attached to him. This mistake did not add to the comfort of the voyage or of the journey from Naples, especially as very few of the suite had any acquaintance with Western customs or the English language. To stuff cabins with Bombay mangoes and plantains and let them rot, to lie down anywhere unturbaned and in the lightest attire, to have no par-

ticular desire for water except for drinking-purposes, to cook their food in the bedrooms of foreign hotels,—these and other eccentricities demanded constant disinfecting powder, and action on my part which was only political in the sense that sanitary maxims cannot be enforced, or hotel-keepers appeased, without a certain amount of diplomacy. The captain of the ship would say, when I urged upon him the claims of discipline and suggested daily washing of the decks: "My orders are to make things comfortable for his Excellency; he has taken the whole ship." His Excellency would bid me give any orders I thought necessary, with an Oriental calm and a smile that betokened a milder view of the necessity.

A hotel-keeper at Naples, pointing to discoloured walls and holes burnt in bedroom-carpets by braziers used for cooking, threw up his hands as he exclaimed: "I shall have to re-paper and re-carpet these rooms; no one can be put into them for some days." Another at Turin, who had witnessed an irruption of Mahomedan servants into his kitchen and did not grasp their design in wishing to see slaughtered, in the manner prescribed by their religion, the chickens to be cooked for their masters, bade me farewell in these words: "Delighted to see you on your next visit, Captain, but come alone, come alone. Never again, never again," he repeated, as I expressed my regret and tried to explain the object of Indians being educated by travel in Europe, winding up with a warm shake of the hand and my usual formula, "You must put it down in the bill." He assured me it was not possible to put it down in the bill.

Lest any one should imagine that experiences of this nature are within the ordinary scope of a Political Officer's duties let me note that they were due to the two Englishmen, who met the

Nawab at Naples, and thereafter acted as his Private Secretary and Financial Agent, being entirely ignorant of Hindustani and new to the Indian suite who often came to me in consequence. In London where the Nawab had his own house, and I was lodged in a hotel at some distance, the case was different.

A brother-in-law of the Nawab and three gentlemen from Hyderabad, Major N. the Commandant of his Regular Troops, a perfect Italian and French scholar who, having been many years in the Austrian Army, was invaluable to us on board-ship and on the Continent, represented, with Surgeon-Major W. and myself, the inner circle of the party which dined and conversed with Sir Salar Jung. After Naples, as above mentioned, Mr. O. and Mr. R. joined this circle, while in the large outer ring of attendants who knew no English the only men of note were three Arab Jemadars of great wealth and influence at the Nizam's capital, barbaric, picturesque persons, whom, it was said, Sir Salar Jung was bringing to Europe partly to please them and partly to prevent mischief among the factions under their command at home. Whether he feared that their allegiance to himself might be tampered with by his enemies if he left them behind I do not undertake to say; I only vouch for their enjoyment of the trip, their good behaviour (except as regards braziers in bedrooms, &c.), and the attention their magnificent costumes and costly weapons excited wherever they went.

Passing over the novelty of a first experience of board-ship, and scenes such as Aden and Port Said had to show, over Mediterranean breezes and sunsets, the delight of the Italian sailors when their native coast came in view and cries of *Reggio di Calabria* broke forth as they fell upon their

knees (this act of thanksgiving made, by the way, a marked impression on the Hyderabadees), the approach to and reception at Naples claim notice as Sir Salar Jung's first introduction to that Western world he had so long desired to see. Raptures over beautiful scenery were not exactly in the line of our Indians. I noticed then and later that they could admire to a certain extent buildings, pictures, statues, relics of former greatness, creations of modern genius, because of the human interest attached to these things; but Nature's handiwork, as opposed to man's, the glory of mountains, valleys, and rivers, aroused no enthusiasm. In fact, the Indian, like the old Roman, has little love for scenery, which is more a result of education than we like to admit. I do not wish to represent Sir Salar Jung and his companions as wholly devoid of the æsthetic sense: he was less so than most educated men of his race; but it is no disrespect to his memory to say he took Pope's view that

The proper study of mankind is man.

That study presented to him at Naples, and again at Rome, a wealth of courtesy and cordiality such as only crowned heads could expect. The populace in the streets, which alluded to him in Paris as *L'Empereur des Indes*, were not alone in believing him to be a sovereign prince, a belief which more than one of his suite was foolish enough to encourage, never dreaming that what got into European newspapers could reach the ears of the Minister's opponents at Hyderabad and furnish ground for the charge that he was aping the position of his master and squandering the State's treasure for personal aggrandisement. He himself never pretended to be other than he was. In a letter

written from Rome on May 5th to Sir Richard Meade, the Resident at Hyderabad, after alluding to "a most complimentary reception on landing at Naples" he notes having had the honour of an interview with "the great General, Count von Moltke," and refers to "a private audience with the King of Italy" (Victor Emmanuel) and meetings in prospect "with the Crown Prince and his beautiful Princess" and "His Holiness the Pope" (Pio Nono). He also mentions having "seen and received great kindness from Her Majesty's Ambassador Sir Augustus Paget."

The interview with Moltke, who was staying in the same hotel as the Nawab and who, aged and shrunken, looked more like an American lawyer than a famous soldier, was a little disappointing, owing to the great man's knowledge of English being wanting in fluency. It was marked by a somewhat sarcastic allusion, as I thought, to the approaching assumption by the Queen of the title of Empress of India, that seemed to imply, "Don't you think this imitation of our Emperor's recent action in Germany rather unnecessary and absurd?" That was the light in which many English politicians then viewed it; but Sir Salar Jung took the remark very simply, and without appearing to notice the smile that accompanied it, which after all may not have been so sardonic as my younger eyes imagined.

His visit to the King was not private in one sense, the rooms and corridors through which we passed being lined with entrancing uniforms of every description. The King standing near a window in a crowded room conversed with the Nawab for a few minutes through Major N. as interpreter (he told Sir Augustus Paget afterwards that he had never met an Englishman who spoke Italian

so well) and was altogether very gracious in spite of the Nawab having arrived ten minutes late. He had rather a trick of being a little behind time on state occasions, the notion in Hyderabad being that slavish punctuality was hardly conducive to dignity. This trick used to worry me a little in India where Government House officials are apt to frown on the Political who does not bring his charge up exactly at the appointed time, and hence I laboured to instil the idea that in Europe to keep a King waiting, even for a minute, was esteemed a crime. The King and his Court were so much impressed by Sir Salar Jung's distinguished appearance and by his suite (the Arab Jemadars being particularly noticed) that a visit to the Crown Prince and Princess (the present King and Queen) was invited, and I received a message that full dress on the part of the Oriental attendants was especially desired. It was amusing to see some of the great ladies surreptitiously pinch the gold-embroidered garment of one of the Jemadars to test its thickness, and all of them inspect the wearer and his companions with open-eyed curiosity. The artless questions I had then to answer, accompanied by an expressed wish to hear Hindustani spoken, prepared me for subsequent repetitions of the same performance in London, where even in the present day fashionable people are sometimes unaware that questions as to whether an Indian prince is married or unmarried, how many wives he has, and so forth, are as foreign to his ideas of etiquette as inquiries from him regarding their age, income, or position in society would be to theirs. We are getting on, however; in 1876 the spectacle of a Maharaja waltzing with an English lady would have been impossible.

For the presentation of the Nawab

and his suite to the Pope we were indebted to the kind offices and diplomacy of Archbishop Howard. It was a curious and striking scene. An Oriental statesman, versed in the art of being all things to all men, a strong supporter of law and order and public morality, in private life esteemed by his own countrymen an irreproachable follower of the Prophet, yet having no sympathy with bigotry or priestcraft, introduced to the splendours of the Vatican, with all the colours of the rainbow reflected in the variegated uniforms of Papal guards and the robes of cardinals and priests around a venerable and venerated figure in spotless white, representing a power in Christendom superior to that of any secular monarch! Archbishop Howard began the ceremony with a few explanatory words of courtly hyperbole regarding the distinguished visitor, whom the Holy Father welcomed most graciously, proffering thanks, among compliments, for the protection and assistance afforded to the sons of the Church in the Hyderabad State under Sir Salar Jung's liberal policy, and expressing a hope that such protection and assistance would be continued and extended in the future; to which the Nawab made what the reporters term a suitable reply through our spokesman and translator Major N., who, after presentation and due obeisance as the sole Roman Catholic of our party, proceeded to introduce the members of the suite to His Holiness. We, who were not entitled to the epithet *mio figlio* vouchsafed to Major N., stood forth and bowed respectfully, the Indians salaaming with hand as well as head and body after the manner of their country. One of the Arab Jemadars amused us by grasping the Pope's hand, as it was extended to return his salutation in like manner, and

shaking it warmly,—a greeting which called a slight flush and smile into Pio Nono's pale face and produced a gentle ripple all round the assembly.

But I must hurry on from this interesting ceremony and other incidents of that delightful visit to Rome, the Nawab's wonder at the glories of St. Peter's, the churches, palaces, statues, and picture-galleries, the attentions he received from the British Embassy and Roman aristocracy, the sensation he made, and the impressions he received. Want of space compels me also to leave unnoticed the days spent in Florence, Venice, and Milan, which added so greatly to his enjoyment of the beauties and hospitalities of Italy, and to make Paris the next point of observation.

Here occurred the one disaster of the tour, and one great enough to overshadow all that came after. On the day of Salar Jung's arrival at the Grand Hotel while he was ascending the staircase his heels slipped on the polished landing and he sat down heavily, as a man falls on the ice, before an arm could be stretched out to his assistance. I was close behind, but unfortunately too late. The Nawab's courage as he was carried to his room, and his own assurances, subsequently confirmed by his two private physicians, a French doctor who was summoned, and Surgeon-Major W., permitted us to hope that a violent contusion was the extent of his injury and that he would be up and about again in two or three days. It was not until the end of the month that, still helpless, he was carried to the train and conveyed by special steamer from Calais to Folkestone where he landed on June 1st and met with an official reception from the Mayor and Corporation.

In replying to the Mayor's address of welcome the Nawab said :

It affords me the highest interest and pleasure to carry out my long cherished desire to see this country, with which the family of my master, His Highness the Nizam, has been so closely connected during the past century. I can also claim an intimate association with some of the highest officers of the British Government, dating back as far as the year when my great grandfather, Mir Alam, on the part of the Nizam, proceeded to Calcutta to arrange with Lord Cornwallis the treaty and alliance for making the first war against Tippoo Sultan. You have alluded to the recent visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to India. I must ask your permission to add my assurance to your conviction on this subject, namely, that England and India are thereby knitted closer together in bonds of unity and peace. The opportunity afforded to the Princes and Nobles of the Native States to do honour to the Heir-Apparent of the British throne has been gladly and faithfully accepted wherever it was possible, and I can affirm the result is that this royal visit has very materially strengthened the affections and developed the feelings of the Native Princes and people of India to the British Crown and to the Empress of India. I shall ever pray for the prosperity of Great Britain and her Indian Empire.

Under the escort of the Duke of Sutherland and other English friends the Nawab then travelled to London, where he occupied for two months Lord Rosebery's house in Hamilton Place (now the Bachelors' Club) which had been taken for him. The Prince of Wales sent Sir James Paget and Mr. Prescott Hewett to attend to his injuries, and their examination discovered a fracture in a bone of the right thigh which necessitated splints and a long rest. This accident crippled the Nawab for the rest of his tour, and induced him, after two months of England, to give up his idea of visiting Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna, and Constantinople, and to return to India. Those two months, however, were one continued ovation. In spite of his being confined to, and

carried about in a specially constructed chair, he saw and did a great deal, winning golden opinions on all sides by the simplicity and charm of his manners. By the aid of crutches he was enabled to stand when invested at Oxford with the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, an honour shared in company with Sir William Mansfield (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), Matthew Arnold, and Canon Liddon, and appreciated as highly as he enjoyed the cheers and remarks of the undergraduates which accompanied it. On other great occasions also he was compelled to use crutches, notably on the presentation of the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall, an unprecedented honour for the Minister of a native Indian Ruler; but though he managed to pay his respects to the Queen at Windsor, to stay at Dunrobin Castle for a few days, and to see Edinburgh, his journeys by rail were curtailed by his accident, and he was obliged to decline invitations to Liverpool, Manchester, and other places. Deputations from various Associations were numerous; as were banquets, receptions, and other social gatherings, from those of Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Marlborough House to the entertainments given in his honour by the *élite* of London society. Some of England's most distinguished men were entertained at his own table; all classes, from the highest to the lowest, were anxious to see and welcome the man whom the newspapers hailed as having been chiefly instrumental in saving Southern India from revolt at the time of the great Mutiny.

It is not my purpose to retrace what everyone knew or heard at that time about this famous Indian nobleman so much as to record less known details within my own personal knowledge. I remember his surprise and pleasure at the cool green

tranquil beauty of the English landscape, without an acre of waste land; at English horses, cattle, and sheep; at the parks of London and the daily throng of handsome equipages; the traffic in the streets, the management of which is a constant wonder to foreigners; the miles of stately mansions occupied, as he thought, by rich noblemen whose names I was bound to know; the stupendous wealth of the world's greatest metropolis; the jewels he saw on the persons of English ladies, which he said outshone those of the East; the heat and discomfort of evening parties, which he compared to that of the Red Sea; the freedom accorded to the masses and their intelligent democratic independence; the business character of the people as a whole, contrasted with Paris, which, he observed, wore the aspect of a beautiful city of pleasure. In his comments regarding leading men there was only one of whom I ever heard him speak in tones of disappointment. Beyond inviting him to a grand reception at the Foreign Office held in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Disraeli, the Premier, left him severely alone. "I thought you told me," he said to me, "that Mr. Disraeli was one of the cleverest men and best talkers in England." "He has that reputation," I replied; on which the Nawab innocently informed me that, though the Prince of Wales had introduced him and placed him next to the Prime Minister at dinner at Marlborough House the Sphinx had hardly opened his lips the whole time. I call this remark innocent because I knew that certain persons thought the Nawab's visit to England was not wholly unconnected with a political object which the Premier was not anxious to encourage. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand (being then out of office), dined with the Nawab, and elicited his genuine

admiration so far that he went back to India more in sympathy with the Liberal than with the Conservative party. When I asked him what were the two things which had struck him most on his tour he answered: "It is difficult to say, but perhaps I should name the English man-of-war we saw in Bombay Harbour when the men were turned out for action and fired the guns, and Woolwich Arsenal."

What more can I tell of his sayings and doings without being considered tiresome or indiscreet? An enterprising modern reporter would have found many columns in his visiting-list, in the lavish display of flowers that adorned the exterior of his house; the burly detective in the hall, ever on guard to defend him from sharpers and extortionate tradesmen; the idiosyncracies of the various members of his household, from the Oriental Secretary who was always going to write an article for *THE NINETEENTH CENTURY* or *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* to the good-looking Philistine who discovered more to admire in Fortnum and Mason's shop and the Burlington Arcade than in Westminster Abbey and the National Gallery together; the box taken for him at the Opera where he never appeared (he resembled his countrymen in having no taste or ear for music), the theatres he rarely, if ever, visited; his portrait in the illustrated papers, which might have been described as follows:

His Excellency has a thoughtful face, of light complexion, which, but for the mouth and slightly projecting teeth, might almost be termed handsome. A small neat white turban crowns a head that would attract attention anywhere, in prince or peasant. Eyes beaming with benevolence and humour, always ready to smile, reflect the general tone of features which do not seem to know what sternness or ill-temper means. Children take to him instinctively, while a natural

air of distinction and chivalry lends a singular charm to manners marked by extreme simplicity. About five feet ten in height, his figure is neither spare nor stout, and is generally clad in a long black coat of cloth or velvet, close fitting and buttoned from throat to waist with ample skirts descending to a few inches of the ankle, &c.

Such details, if expanded as they might be, would take up more space than I can hope to be allowed; but I will venture to recall one or two incidents of the Nawab's social life in England which, as already stated, was restricted to two months, the first three weeks of which he was confined to his bed-room where I used to see him daily. Afterwards he would be carried down-stairs and drive in the Park and about the streets while he was in London.

At one of two big dinners he gave at his house, when the Prince of Wales sat on his right and the late Maharaja Dhuleep Singh on his left, he afforded several distinguished men, including the present Premier and late Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, a view of an Eastern durbar with English surroundings. It was whispered that the Prince, just returned from his visit to India, prompted the spectacle. I remember being puzzled at seeing the guests crowded into a smaller room divided from the large drawing-room adjoining by closed doors, till presently on a given signal the latter were opened and the company passed through, headed by the Prince who took his seat at the further end of the room in a chair of state. The guests were seated in rows on his left while the Nawab and his followers from Hyderabad, ranged on the right, one by one formally walked up to His Royal Highness, bowed, and retired backwards after presenting their *nuzzers* which were touched and remitted, in official parlance; that is to say, the Prince merely laid a finger

on the gold coins (varying in number according to the rank of the person presented) placed on a small napkin in the open palm of each, instead of accepting the proffered present or tribute. A common enough sight in India, this little ceremony must have been unique in Piccadilly.

Another scene rises before me when Sir Salar Jung, wheeled into a room at a reception given by one of the first noblemen in the land, took the salutes of lords and ladies like a royal personage, instead of presenting a *nuzzar* in token of fealty. To see a duchess curtsy as she passed in front of him and ladies brought up to his chair and presented rather embarrassed his sense of politeness. When one, with a foreign accent, smilingly inquired if it was the custom in his country for ladies to be presented to gentlemen, he begged me to explain how much he regretted the position that made him the recipient of attentions at variance with his own wishes, and to which he had no title except through the courtesy extended to a helpless stranger. He had enjoyed real power too long to crave for empty show not his due. In this respect, as in others, his Arabian descent and innate modesty separated him from the ordinary Indian grandee. No one would have enjoyed more than he a story about William Pitt I read or heard somewhere many years ago, but which it is to be feared is not authentic, as I cannot find it in Lord Stanhope's or Lord Rosebery's books. It represented a noble mediocrity as assuring the great statesman with some condescension that he might fairly expect an earldom for his magnificent services. "I an Earl!" was the haughty reply; "I make Dukes."

"Why," I was asked more than once, "why is Sir Salar Jung hurrying back to India so soon and facing the Red Sea in August in his crippled

condition, when by staying a little longer his health and powers of locomotion would be greatly improved and he could see more of England and Europe according to his original intention?" The real answer to this question, though naturally suppressed, lay, I was told, in an urgent appeal for his return from the Nawab's zenana in Hyderabad, supported by others, who looked on his accident at Paris as an unlucky omen. No one with any knowledge of Eastern character can dismiss this idea as puerile, though Salar Jung was probably less subject to superstition than most of his compatriots.

On his return journey he had the opportunity, denied to him before, of seeing the principal sights of Paris, having Laurence Oliphant as a guide to the chief points of interest in the siege of 1871 and its history during that momentous period. Most of the suite had been sent back previously, thus enabling him to enjoy the comfort and discipline of a P. and O. steamer with only a few attendants. Though no epicure, the dinner-tables of London and Paris made him exclaim to me with a laugh the first day on board-ship, "How we shall hate the food at Hyderabad when we get back!" He had previously mooted the idea of taking a French cook back with him, but was induced to abandon it from fear that a Frenchman would not long remain to superintend his kitchen. The wish, however, bore fruit in the increased attention paid in after years to those Hyderabad banquets which Sir Salar Jung was the first to render famous in the eyes of European guests, whose praises had hitherto been chiefly confined to the excellence of his *pillaus* and curries.

My gossip has now run to its assigned limit, and must close with the sad reflection how few of my com-

panions on that journey to Europe are now alive! Sir Salar Jung was suddenly carried off by cholera at Hyderabad less than six years after it, at the age of fifty-six, to the grief of millions. Hyderabad, or indeed India, cannot expect to see his like again, for, though grateful admirers may have overdrawn his picture as a statesman and administrator, they cannot exaggerate his priceless services during the greater part of his long rule of nearly twenty-nine years. East or West, little men who receive favours from and tender counsel, interested or disinterested, to a great man are apt to invest him with colossal intellect and virtue when he follows their advice. This was at the bottom of the adulation in the Italian, French, and English newspapers which spoke of Salar Jung as a combination of Machiavelli, Richelieu, and Disraeli combined. It was much to his credit that he was never puffed up by it. His cleverness and tact, the enlightenment and liberality of his ideas, were as patent to those who knew him as his kind heart and sunny, cheerful disposition. They knew also how he shrank from inflicting pain, even at the demand of justice, or from hurting the feelings of the most humble dependant; how, though an Oriental, he disliked deceit, even when it appeared necessary to countermine opposition; how his patriotism desired the welfare of the Nizam's State more than his own, and left his family lakhs of debt at his death, instead of accumulated wealth. But more remarkable than any other of his gifts was a fascination of manner and bearing that attracted every one, young or old, and made all sorts and conditions of men regard him as greater than he really was outside Hyderabad. Whatever difference of opinion there may be about

this estimate of Sir Salar Jung, he was without doubt the most remarkable Indian subject of the Queen-Empress who has ever visited England.

I should have ended here without departing from the rule I began with, of not touching on any political incident of Sir Salar Jung's tour or career, though I am conscious that a limitation of this kind, coupled with a wish to avoid all risk of jarring the feelings of persons still living in England or India, has deprived these reminiscences of a few details that might have been deemed interesting—for an Oriental statesman, of any mark, apart from politics, is somewhat like a diamond without facets. But a brief infraction of this rule may perhaps be pardoned, since a letter has recently been made public in Mr. Thornton's *Memoir of Sir Richard Meade* in which Lord Lytton, referring to an infamous newspaper-attack on his old subordinate when Resident at Hyderabad, wrote to him these startling words:

The intrigues of Sir Salar Jung were regarded by me as the greatest danger to which the British power in India was exposed during my own Viceroyalty—a danger far greater than any which was involved in war or famine. That danger was imminent, and if the gravity of it remained unknown to the public and to Parliament, it is because it was unostentatiously but effectually averted, and its recurrence rendered impossible, by the skill and courage with which you most ably carried out your onerous instructions in dealing with it.

To be told on such authority that Salar Jung's intrigues were a great danger to the British power in India will come as a sudden shock to those who remember and admired him. With the utmost deference I cannot help thinking the statement overstrained. That Sir Salar Jung was

induced to sanction secret attempts to circumvent the authority of the Indian Government, by bringing outside influence to bear on it with a view to remove opposition to his own wishes in one or two important matters of state, is not to be denied; nor was it to be made light of by a Viceroy, whose first duty in the East is to govern. Yet I feel sure that the Hyderabad Minister would honestly have repudiated the slightest intention of disloyalty towards the Queen-Empress or her representative. He was probably induced to think that the latter might be converted to his views, or have his hand forced, through the advocacy of persons in high places and of the Press. This remark refers especially to the dominant idea of his later years, which was to secure the restoration of Berar, a province ceded by the Nizam to the British Government in 1854 for the maintenance of the Force known as the Hyderabad Contingent; an idea which attracted sympathy from Englishmen who could derive no personal benefit from it and whose loyalty to the Queen was beyond suspicion. He knew of course how apt all Governments are to overlook a staunch adherent in the desire to propitiate a possible opponent, and how efficacious a show of resistance or discontent often is. His visit to England and the attentions he received there as a political and social celebrity served, as was natural, to heighten the view he was entitled to take of his own services as indispensable to his own State and the Government of India, and unfortunately did not weaken the effect of the wretched counsel that tried to divide him from the

Resident at Hyderabad. To this counsel all, or most of his mistakes were due, and the pity of it was that it came from foreigners of English birth or education. They taught him for a time to distrust his responsible advisers, and to resort to intrigue when there was positively no necessity for it, he himself being the best advocate of his own claims and the most likely to obtain whatever the Government could give, while one or two of them were enough to discredit any cause, however just. Confidential communications between the Resident and the Minister were, I am afraid, shown to agents whose profits lay in disunion between the two, while disinterested sympathy was attracted by one-sided and inaccurate information calculated by its authors to fetter the Viceroy. But in all this Salar Jung was, I feel convinced, led away by bad advice, and cherished no desire incompatible in his own mind with sincere loyalty to the Paramount Power which he had done so much to sustain in 1857. It would be more difficult to defend one or two measures he took to strengthen his own position by weakening that of his chief rival at Hyderabad; measures which time has avenged to some extent by making a son of that rival the present Minister to the Nizam, while Salar Jung's own two sons and son-in-law have passed away. A young grandson remains to represent the famous Minister,—of whom it may justly be said that, whatever his mistakes, no statesman, with a like environment and possessed of equal power and control of the public purse, has left a whiter memory.

G. H. TREVOR.

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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÏM.)

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN Margaret joined the party at luncheon she found Valda and another of the younger ladies leaning back in their chairs in an exhausted state after the fatigues of the bath, which had, they complained, been unbearably hot. The marble chamber that they used was always heated to a tremendous extent in the morning, and Margaret generally preferred to wait until the evening, when the walls and floor had had time to cool down a little ; but the Turkish ladies seemed to consider that the greater the heat the more thorough the work, and they suffered willingly, though complainingly.

A slave girl stood behind Valda all through the meal, softly rubbing her mistress's hair with a towel ; but it was so long and thick that it was a troublesome business to get it dry, and Valda spent most of the afternoon in the garden with it falling about her shoulders. It glittered in the sunshine like threads of burnished gold, and Margaret, who was sitting by looking after Djemâl-ed-Din, could not restrain an expression of admiration.

"Yes," said Valda with a sigh, "it does look like gold after it has been washed, but it won't last long. My mother's was just like this when

she was young : she has a lock of it, which she has kept, and it is a deeper gold than mine and more beautiful ; but now, you see, it is quite black. Every year mine is getting more brown and less gold, and soon it will be quite ugly. It vexes me to think of it, but I don't know why it should. It does not really matter in the least ; the Pâsha is the only person to care, and he is easily satisfied."

Valda was in a melancholy mood that afternoon, and nothing that Margaret could say availed to cheer her. In the evening, after Djemâl-ed-Din had been put to bed and to sleep (a work always of much difficulty), she asked Margaret to come and talk to her and the Pâsha in their sitting-room. It was Margaret's custom to look in upon them to say good-night, and they had fallen into the habit of asking her to draw a chair up to their two sofas, and talk with them a while. Valda generally took little part in these conversations, and rarely interposed except to put in a suggestion or ask for an explanation ; but to-night it was she, and not Margaret, who talked. Her mood of the afternoon had changed strangely, and had given place to a state of suppressed excitement that made her hardly mistress of herself.

She listened impatiently to an account that the Pâsha gave of a ball

at Ghesireh to which he had been the night before. He did not dance, but he enjoyed going to European parties where he was introduced to charming English ladies, and he liked to tell his wife all about them afterwards. He seemed to have enjoyed this ball especially, and he was very full of it; but Valda listened without sympathy, and at last she interrupted him with a vehement remonstrance.

"Why do you tell us all this, Pâsha? Mademoiselle knows it, and I don't want to know it. You go and amuse yourself with these English ladies,—you sit in these little cosy nooks that you describe,—you converse,—you exchange compliments, *mon Dieu!* and you enjoy it very much. I quite believe you; but you do not consider how annoying it is to me, who have to stay cooped up at home, to listen to your tales."

The Pâsha glanced at her in astonishment, and then he chuckled softly. "You are jealous of these English ladies, Valda, I do believe," he said, looking highly delighted.

"Not at all!" Valda protested energetically. "Do not flatter yourself. The person of whom I am jealous is *you*. Why should you be free to go out and enjoy yourself with ladies of all nations, while I am not? It is villainously unfair!"

"My dear Valda, you see quite as much of the ladies as I do," said the Pâsha, pretending to misunderstand her. "Ladies of all nations come to call upon you, and I know that it is simply for your sake that they are so amiable to me. Only last night two of them asked my permission to come and make your acquaintance. By the way,—I ought to have told you—I said that you would be pleased, and they are coming to call some day this week."

"I do not want them!" said Valda vehemently. "I see enough

women, and I am tired of them. You know that these parties of yours would be very dull if you met only men there. If you know the ladies and amuse yourself with them, why should not I make the acquaintance of the gentlemen? It is monstrous that such an inequality should exist! Don't you think so, Mademoiselle?"

Margaret was dumb with surprise. She had often heard Valda murmur against the restrictions upon her sex; but her remarks had always been tempered by a spirit of fatalism that had made her accept them as irremediable; this open mutiny was a new thing. But not less surprising than Valda's outburst was the Pâsha's manner of taking it. Margaret would have expected him to look excessively annoyed, but she saw that he merely smiled with quiet amusement.

"What would you do, Valda, if I were to take you at your word, and let you come with me to one of these parties?" he asked jestingly. "Should you know how to make conversation with one strange man after another? I don't think you would. I think when it came to the point your irresistible impulse would be to cover up your face and scream to them all to keep away."

"Of course I should," said Valda with quivering lips. "I know that I should behave like a fool; but it is what I have been brought up to be, and it is not my fault. Any reform in this direction will come too late for me; but does that alter the cruelty and injustice of the system?"

Valda sat upright among her cushions, trying to control the emotion into which she had been betrayed; but her eyes were full of tears, and as she finished speaking, her voice broke, and the heavy drops rolled silently down her face.

The Pâsha sprang from his sofa in surprise and dismay, and flung

himself on his knees at her side. "Valda, my dear Valda, what have I done, what have I said to hurt you?" he asked rapidly in Turkish. "Tell me, Yildiz, my star, my delight, what can I do for you? You know that your wish is my wish, and there is nothing that I can refuse you. What is your desire?"

Valda could not tell him. She had dashed away her tears, and was making desperate efforts to regain her composure; but shaken by a storm of agonised weeping, she turned herself away from the Pâsha and buried her face in the cushions. His arm was round her, and he could feel the violence of her sobs, as he looked up at Margaret with distress and anxiety in his kind face. "What is the matter, Mademoiselle?" he asked pressingly. "Do you know of any reason for this?"

He had often known Valda shed tears. She had her melancholy moods, and he had more than once found her crying for no reason that he could discover; but never since the night of his wedding, which he looked back upon even now with a pang, had he seen her in such an agony of distress and self-abandonment as this. He had felt then that all his hopes of happiness hung in the balance. The beautiful young wife whom he had never seen had taken his heart captive from the moment of suspense when, on lifting her veil, he had been dazzled by the vision of overwhelming beauty that met his gaze, and to find his prize shrinking from him, and fainting in his arms, had been a severe disappointment. When she had come to her senses, she had fallen into just such a storm of weeping as this, and he had feared that she would never be reconciled to the fate which had given her to him as a wife. It had been a great shock to him, and the remembrance

of it returned to him now with a miserable misgiving, as he bent over her and vainly tried to calm her agitation. Yet if there were any tragedy in her life Mademoiselle must surely know of it.

"What do you think can be the matter?" he asked again, as Margaret kept silence; but before she could answer, Valda raised her head from the cushions and spoke for herself.

"There is nothing the matter," she said, trying to force a smile. "I am not very well, and that is why I am behaving so foolishly. It is all nonsense about injustice and cruelty, and you must not regard it. I shall be better directly; only let me alone for a moment or two, Pâshajim,—if you would leave me *quite* alone——"

Her voice failed her again, and she hid her face in her hands once more; but the violence of her passion was past, and her sobs began to subside. The Pâsha waited patiently, making no further attempts to soothe her.

Presently she sat up, and smoothed the disordered curls upon her forehead. "I have been very foolish and unreasonable," she said penitently. "Really, I do not know what has made me so silly, unless it is the hot weather lately that has been too much for me. But I will not begin again."

"Is there anything that makes you unhappy, Valda?" asked her husband. "Is there anything you want that I can get for you?"

"No, Pâsha dear, no," Valda said with a little sigh. She looked at him wistfully for a moment, and then, with a gesture of appeal that was exceedingly winning, she held out her hand, and laid it upon his. "You are very good to me, Pâshajim. Nobody could have a kinder husband, and I am much more fortunate than a great many ladies of Frangistan. Mademoiselle is always telling me so, are you not, Mademoiselle? Do you

not think that he is a very good husband?" she added smiling, as the Pâsha, after folding her delicate hand for a moment between his own, bent his head, and pressed his lips upon it.

Margaret was an exceedingly reserved person, and Valda noticed with amusement the deepening of the colour in her cheeks as she looked on at this scene; but the simple-minded Pâsha was absolutely unconscious that there was anything awkward in the situation, and his whole attention was given up to the task of cheering and consoling Valda. "You must go out more, my dear child," he said with solicitude. "I am sure that it is staying so much in the house that affects your spirits; and sitting about in the garden is not a sufficient change for you. Why didn't you have the carriage out this afternoon, and go for a drive with Mademoiselle? You enjoyed it yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, Effen'," said Valda quietly.

"And Mademoiselle enjoyed it too, didn't you, Mademoiselle? Well, you should go out every afternoon, and in the morning whenever you can, and drive out a good way. Don't be content with merely the Ghesîreh round, or a turn through Esbêkiah; drive out a good way to Ghiseh or Matariyeh, and then, when you come to a quiet place, you can get out and walk with Mademoiselle,—that will do you good."

"Yes, but you forget, Pâsha, my time is so much taken up. There are so many calls to make, so many visitors to receive, and my mother wants me continually. It is impossible for me to go out like that, except very occasionally."

"Oh, never mind the visitors; they can be told that you are out, I suppose? I cannot have your health and spirits sacrificed to a pack of

chattering women whom it doesn't give you the least pleasure to see."

"They nearly always send word beforehand that they are coming, and I cannot refuse to stay in, or avoid returning their visits," said Valda with a touch of petulancy. "Here are these English ladies who have invited themselves for this week,—I suppose you wish me to see them?"

"Well, I suppose you must; but they won't stay long, and you can go out in the morning, or after they have left, can't you? I thought that it would enliven you to see these ladies. One of them is an American, a very lively and amusing young girl, most droll in her ways. But if it worries you, I won't let them come any more."

"Oh, it doesn't worry me, I assure you," said Valda quickly. "On the contrary, it is an amusement to me; as much amusement as I ever get."

"What amusement do you wish for, Valda?" asked the Pâsha gently. "Only tell me what you want, and if money or trouble can get it, I will give it you."

"But you do; you give me everything that you can, Pâshajim," said Valda, melting again.

"You would not like to go about unveiled, or to do anything contrary to the customs of our religion?"

"Allah forbid!" she answered hastily. "No indeed! I could never look my mother in the face again,—and all my friends in Constantinople—how could I ever face them if they had such a scandal against me?"

"And you are not really pining to make acquaintance with all the men of the European community here? Oh, Valda, if you could know what scoundrels some of them are——"

"Yes, yes, I believe it, and I don't want to know them at all. Why,

Pâsha, you know that it is impossible, and it is only my crossness that made me ever think of such a thing. You know what a horror I have of being seen by any man, don't you, Mademoiselle?"

Margaret smiled. She was taking very little part in the conversation this evening; but some instinct told her that Valda was glad of her presence, so she stayed on, though it was getting very late.

"You have indeed," she said. "It was the first surprise of my arrival to see you duck down, and hide your face behind little Djemâl-ed-Din's skirts, when I entered your house at Constantinople with the porter behind me carrying my luggage. I think it amounts to a mania with you, Hânem."

The Pâsha looked well pleased. "Well, as it happens, that is fortunate for her. It would be very difficult for a Turkish lady of my wife's rank to break through our custom in that respect. She could not do it, and keep her good name; and that I know Valda would not be prepared to forfeit."

"No indeed, never!" said Valda vehemently. "Sooner would I tie a stone round my neck, and throw myself into the Nile."

"Well, I hope you will never be reduced to such a desperate alternative as that," remarked the Pâsha smiling; "but I don't want you to die of *ennui* either, and as you seem for the moment to be a little surfeited with the society of your own sex, I must find you some other amusement. What do you say to my taking a box at the opera for you? There is a very good French company playing this winter, and there you can see a good deal without being seen."

"But how can Madame avoid being seen at a box at the opera?" asked Margaret as Valda was silent.

"Oh, there are special boxes for the Turkish ladies; all those on the right hand side of the theatre in the second tier have got wire *grilles*, that you can see through quite well, but which effectually prevent anyone behind them from being visible. You have never been, Mademoiselle? Well, you must go with my wife; you will be the best possible chaperon for her."

"It is very kind of you, Pâsha," said Valda doubtfully, "but it will be a considerable expense, I am afraid, and I don't know that for me it will be worth it. I went several times with Nâzla Hânem last winter, and I don't think I enjoyed it much. The actors spoke so quickly, and I could not understand what it was all about."

"Yes, but you did not know French then nearly as well as you do now, and Nâzla Hânem is so stupid; she doesn't understand a word, so she could not explain to you. But with Mademoiselle, you will see, it will be very different. I am sure you will both enjoy it very much, and in the evening there can be nothing to prevent your going out. I will see about it at once."

Margaret took up that day's number of THE EGYPTIAN GAZETTE, to see what plays were going on, and the Pâsha entered into an enthusiastic description of one that he had seen, called LA MARRAINE DE SHARLIE which turned out to be CHARLEY'S AUNT in French garb. The funny scenes in it that he and Margaret recalled, and their laughter over them, amused Valda, and the Pâsha's delight in her recovered spirits, and the devotion with which he watched her were touching to witness.

It was nearly midnight when Margaret at last rose to go, and Valda uttered an exclamation of

concern as she noticed the time. "I had no idea that it was so late," she said, "and I am afraid it will be very cold and dark for you to cross the garden to get to your room. I will send a slave to attend you, and she can carry a lantern. Have you got a warm wrap to put on?"

"Hadn't you better go through the *selâmlek*?" suggested the Pâsha, "The corridor runs all round the square the whole way to your room, and that will save you from having to go out at all. I will lend you my keys with pleasure if you care to accept them."

He spoke laughingly, and Valda looked at Margaret with a smile, as if she did not expect her to take the offer seriously. But Margaret had caught a chill more than once through going out into the night air in this way, and was glad of any chance to escape the risk of it.

"Is there really any reason why I should not go that way?" she asked enquiringly. "Of course I should not like to do anything rash, but I suppose the gentlemen would be all safely shut into their rooms, and if I did happen to meet one of them, he would not say anything to me——"

"Of course he would not," said the Pâsha laughing. "You can perfectly well go, and you are not likely to meet anyone at such a late hour as this. It is only the bedrooms of the *selâmlek* that are in that wing, and their occupants will all be locked in and asleep. They might be rather astonished at seeing a lady passing through if they were about; but I will explain to them, so that you can always go or come that way. It will be convenient for you if the weather should be bad, or if you have a cold. I will get duplicate keys made for you, and in the meantime here are mine, to which you are very welcome." He took them up from the

writing-table, where they were lying with his watch and chain and other things out of his pocket. "This," he said as he handed them to Margaret, "this little key opens the door at this end; that larger one opens into the unused hall on the other side of the square; and this third one, with curious wards, will let you through out of that into the corridor which leads past your room and those of the other ladies. You are very safely locked off from the men, you see!"

"*Bonne aventure*, Mademoiselle!" Valda called out, as Margaret was departing, and looking back, she saw a mischievous gleam of laughter in those lovely eyes. She only smiled back, and went out into the wide corridor, which ran like an immense antechamber all the length of the south wing; but before she had taken many steps, the Pâsha came hastening after her. "You are not afraid, Mademoiselle? You would not like me to come with you?"

"Oh no, thank you, Pâsha, I am not in the least afraid. Why should I be?"

"Well, you must have a candle at any rate. It is all dark in there. I intend to have the electric light all over the palace before long, but I cannot get the men to come, and at present it is all in darkness. Here, take this candle of mine that I always use. You can bring it back in the morning." An old-fashioned silver candlestick with a long wax candle in it was standing on a table in the hall, and he took it up and lighted it for her. "You are quite sure that you do not feel nervous? Ah! you English people—you have no nerves—well then, *bon soir*!" And handing her the candle with a courteous inclination, he turned back to rejoin Valda.

Margaret went on her way smiling a little. The Pâsha's beautiful man-

ners contrasted rather strangely with the Oriental carelessness of his attire. His first act when he entered the *harîm* invariably was to discard the light tweed suit that he wore out of doors and to invest himself in a flowing dressing-gown of purple silk ; and this, with his crimson *tarbâsh*, and the flapping yellow slippers without heels that he loved, made him look very Oriental indeed. Without his fez, or a night-cap, Margaret had never seen him,—he had explained to her that Turkish etiquette with regard to the covering and uncovering of the head is in exact opposition to English customs—and she was by this time so used to his appearance within doors that she hardly noticed it. Sometimes, however, she was struck by its picturesqueness, and she could not help smiling to herself as she recalled his appearance in the scene she had just witnessed ; yet she had been more touched than amused, and the smile faded from her face as she thought of it. She was still musing over it when she passed the garden-stairs and came to the little door above leading into the *seldâmlek*.

The palace was very inconveniently and wastefully built in the form of a great rectangular parallelogram, with a break between the south wing and the main block of the building, where the reception rooms both of the *seldâmlek* and the *harîm* were. From Valda's rooms therefore it was necessary either to cross the garden, or to go through the corridor running through the west block of the palace.

Margaret had never been into this part of the *seldâmlek* before, and when the latched door clicked behind her, and she found herself alone in the gloom of the far-stretching corridor she felt for a moment a little uncomfortable.

To the left of the corridor were some unused rooms looking on to the

garden of the *harîm*, and these were always kept jealously locked, as she knew ; but on the right was a long line of doors belonging to the bedrooms of the friends, relations, and dependents of the Pâsha, strict Turks every one of them. The doors were all closed, and there was not a glimmer of light to be seen under them. The corridor was perfectly quiet and deserted ; but the air felt heavy and close like that of some vault never entered by living humanity, and Margaret felt her heart beginning to beat uncomfortably fast. She felt inclined to turn back, and go downstairs across the garden as usual rather than run the gauntlet of all those closed doors ; but her own self-respect, as well as the thought of what she would have to say to the Pâsha in the morning, prevented her from doing this, and she resolved to make a run for it. She flew swiftly and noiselessly along the narrow strip of carpet that ran along the middle of the wide passage, and never stopped until she had locked herself into the unused vestibule at the end. Then she went on more leisurely ; and laughing at herself for her groundless fears, eventually reached her own room without misadventure. "I shall not be so nervous another time," she thought.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Christmas Day,—Christmas Day in the City of Sunshine ; and palace and mosque, street and garden,—the houses with their mysterious latticed windows jutting from settings of slender marble columns, and the crimson poinsettias and tall palms overtopping the jealously guarded grounds of the Pâshas,—all were steeped in the intense splendour of the Egyptian sunlight. The wide streets of the Esbékiah quarter of

the city were thrown into flickering shade by their long avenues of spreading acacias; but in every direction some long straight road branched off to the outskirts, disclosing a fresh vista of misty beauty,—a white-domed mosque shining golden in the purple distance, or a single slender palm-tree outlined against a narrow strip of blue sky.

A morning walk through the streets of Cairo, before the white heat of the day has begun, while the air is still fresh and the colours still vivid, is an enchanting and exhilarating experience; and Margaret, who was on her way to the early celebration at the English church, walked as if on air through the quiet streets that were so much pleasanter now than they would be later on, when the throng of carriages and fashionable folk would begin to flow through them. She had taken a holiday for the day, and having breakfasted with some English friends who lived in the Teufikieh quarter, not far from the English church, was now on her way with them to the morning service at eleven o'clock.

The church was always crowded at this service by a fashionable congregation composed of the English and American residents and visitors, and to-day it was full to overflowing. The indefatigable orderlies, whose business it was to show strangers to the unreserved places in the side aisles, were at their wits' end to know how to dispose of all the applicants for places, and Margaret found herself separated from her friends and packed away among some very smart people in one of the front rows of reserved seats. The service had begun, and the church was filled with the triumphant notes of the organ rising above the voices of the choir in our English Song of Victory, the *Te Deum*. In that sub-tropical climate,

with every window in the church thrown open to mitigate the heat, and with palm-branches and exotics for decoration, there was little to recall the associations of the festival; but the service was the same as that which was going up from thousands of holly-decked churches in the mother-country far away, and Margaret was soon absorbed in the spirit of it. The chancel was beautiful with masses of white and crimson flowers, tall, slender arum lilies, and blood-red hybiscus, while every arch was outlined with long, slender palm-branches more graceful than any flamboyant moulding. What attention Margaret had to spare from the service was taken up by all this loveliness. She did not notice the people round her, and she did not know that she was sitting next to a person whom she had cause to remember.

He was a tall man, young and of distinguished bearing, with regular and commanding features as unmistakably English as were his blue eyes and fair hair. He was dressed in plain clothes to-day, instead of the splendid Khedivial uniform in which Margaret had first seen him; but if she had happened to glance at his face she could not have mistaken him; he was Djemâl-ed-Din's hero.

This stately personage was not likely to bestow much attention upon a neighbour like Margaret Grey. He could scarcely avoid noticing her late and unwelcome intrusion; but in the neat little figure dressed with unpretending sobriety in Quaker grey, it was impossible that he should recognise the English-speaking Turkish lady whom he had seen at Ghesîreh, and he did not bestow a second glance upon her. Her entrance was unwelcome because, in an overcrowded church, with the thermometer at 86° in the shade, a vacant space beside one is more to be desired than much

beauty and many diamonds, and this girl had neither diamonds nor beauty. Her appearance was eminently respectable; but that was a branding epithet in the society to which he belonged. To be disreputable might not be precisely an object of ambition, but to forego all pretensions to style so far as to incur the accusation of respectability was to place oneself outside the pale.

Djemâl-ed-Din's hero had, in virtue of his friendship with a member of the British Agency, a right to occupy a seat very seldom wanted by its actual owner, and he was to be seen there Sunday after Sunday with a regularity that did credit to his training. In reality there was not a scrap of credit due to him, from the religious point of view at least. He came to church for the sake of a quiet time to himself in the midst of pleasant surroundings; and he liked to look at pretty faces and shining coils of hair, at remarkable hats and silks and satins, with the scent of flowers and the charm of music in the air. He looked very reverent and devout, but he did not take in one word of the service, and the satisfaction which it afforded him was purely sensuous and æsthetic. There was one decidedly pretty girl with a mass of fair and fluffy hair, and a piquant little profile under an immense hat piled up with all the flowers of the greenhouse, of whom an excellent view was obtainable from his seat; and though his admiration was of a cool and critical nature, she was an attraction counting for something in the mixed motives that drew him so regularly to his place. But to-day he scarcely glanced in her direction. She was looking particularly fetching (as she herself would have termed it) in a dress of creamy white, with astonishing butterfly erections of lace and beads on her shoulders, and her hat, which

was a more daring combination of colour than the smartest of all the gay flower-gardens around her, seemed to cry out to be looked at; but all her smartness and all her prettiness were to-day eclipsed in the mind of the person for whose benefit they were principally intended; they were eclipsed by a memory.

It was strange that, sitting next to Margaret and never once heeding her, there should be a man who was thinking of her all through the service,—of her, and of that other Turkish lady whose wonderful beauty was like the splendour of the sun, so dazzling that to the eyes that had gazed upon it, lesser lights must suffer eclipse.

It had been but for a few moments that he had seen that face; but the impression of it had been so deeply printed upon his mind that it was as vividly present to him now as it had been in the moment when he had galloped away. Since then he had thought of nothing but that face and those eyes, and he had wished to think of nothing else. The incident had made an extraordinary impression upon him; and even if it had not been so remarkable in itself, it had left him with a souvenir that would have effectually served to prevent him from forgetting it. He rode straight home from Ghesireh that afternoon without stopping to speak to anyone, and he was standing in the middle of the dusty splendour of his rooms at the 'Abdin Palace in an inexplicable turmoil of spirit, when, chancing to take his handkerchief out of his pocket, he saw something fall to the ground with a dazzling flash of light. He picked it up,—a magnificent diamond star, of strange and beautiful design; a constellation of starry stones that flashed and glittered with all the colours of the rainbow. Where did it come from, what did it mean? He knew of course, so soon as the first

moment of bewilderment was over, that it must somehow have come to him from the child he had held in his arms ; but that the circumstance had not been accidental did not occur to him. He could not explain it, but the fact remained, and the evidence of it was in his hand, sparkling, flashing, very real and tangible.

He stared at it as if stupefied for some moments, and then the recognition of the value it had for him leaped suddenly into his mind. It was a link that would serve to bring him once more into the radius of the light that had shone so suddenly and so blindingly across his path. An object of such value as this must unquestionably be restored to its owner, and it was his paramount duty to seek her out with that purpose. Thus, what would otherwise have been a meaningless episode, a mere passing of ships in the night, might lead to,—what? He did not pause to let himself think. He only knew that he wanted to see that beautiful face again ; his whole soul was concentrated in the desire to see it, and to know the charming personality that must exist behind it, and beyond that he did not look. How was he to accomplish this purpose? In what way, by whose means? And then he remembered the other lady, the lady who had spoken to him with an accent so strangely at variance with her appearance. She was an Englishwoman,—of that he was convinced ; no native inmate of a Turkish *harâm* could have spoken in a moment of urgency like that, in such a tone, with such an accent. She was a governess or companion, and the lady with her must be the daughter or wife of some rich Pâsha. This was a clue ; which of the Pâshas in Cairo had an English governess? There were several, no doubt, but which of them had also so splendid an equipage?

It ought not to be difficult to find out, he thought ; but all through the week he had been enquiring in vain. He was obliged to be so guarded in his questions that he had gained very little information, and he was completely at a loss. He was thinking over the different governesses of whom he had heard, and all the time he was sitting next to the person whom he sought.

The sermon was over,—a thoughtful and powerful sermon which had arrested and held the attention of the crowded church ; and the white-haired priest, in his white robes, in the carved pulpit decorated with white flowers, stood looking over the packed array of smart hats and bonnets and brilliant uniforms below. He stood silent, and looked at them with tired blue eyes that had seen sorrow, and he was perhaps thinking sadly that many of the ears upon which his words had fallen were deaf to their message. He was a man who had read widely and thought deeply upon the burning questions of the day, and he shirked none of them in his sermons. He preached with the learning of a scholar and the knowledge of a man of the world, and the subjects that he chose were such as really affected the hearts and lives of his hearers. There were many more men in this congregation than are usually to be seen breaking the monotony of feminine frippery in such a gathering, and the church was a real centre of help and inspiration to many people who, in the strange surroundings of a foreign land, might without it have drifted far away from the influences of Christianity.

The sermon over, the people stood up to sing, but Margaret sat for a moment lost in thoughts inspired by the preacher's remarks on the subject of Islam ; and it was then for the first time that she caught sight of the

features of her neighbour on the right. The lady on her other side had attracted her attention long ago,—a restless arm bearing a gold bangle, with a diamond flashing in the centre, had taken care of that—but the tall Englishman was so high above her and so close that, even if she had been inclined to look about, she could scarcely have glanced at him without attracting his attention. But as he stood up for the hymn, and she remained for a moment seated, she caught sight of his face, and was at once and effectually roused out of her abstraction.

She stood up beside him, holding her hymn-book with a shaking hand, and finding no voice to join in the singing. Who was he, where did he come from, and how was she to keep out of his way? But a few minutes' consideration convincing her that, though she could not mistake him, it was impossible that he should be able to recognise her, her nerves steadied themselves by degrees. She carefully refrained from glancing at him again, and when the service was over she waited until he had gone out before leaving her seat. Anxiety has sometimes, however, a fatal tendency to defeat its own ends, and the very precautions that Margaret took were the means of bringing upon her the attention she was so anxious to avoid.

She lingered until the second service had almost begun, and then, as she did not want to stay for that, she went out rather hurriedly, almost running into the arms of a man coming round the pillar,—the very person whom she desired to avoid. He was retracing his steps to fetch his hymn-book, which he had left behind, and the expression of her eyes as their glance met his, could not fail to strike him. Where had he seen those eyes before, that look of shrinking surprise and dread? Why did it

seem familiar to him? He was roused to a vague consciousness that somewhere or other he must have met this girl; but he could not remember where, and with a gesture of apology that she did not wait to see, he went forward on his errand. Then, as he stooped to pick up his book, still puzzling over her strange look and manner, recollection flashed suddenly upon him. Those English eyes that he had seen between the folds of the *yâshmâk* on the deserted causeway of the Ghesireh drive,—the same bright and piercing gray eyes,—the same expression of alarm and resolution—it was she! She was the English governess in the household of some rich Pâsha,—dress, manner, appearance, everything pointed to it; and she was the very person he was looking for. He must see and identify her, and if possible speak to her; and with that end in view he hurried out of church. The little lady in grey had been swallowed up in the crowds that streamed down the aisle, but she could not have got out yet, and he waited in the porch, scanning every person who went past. He did not see her, and for a very good reason. Margaret had left the church by a side-door, and she was standing waiting for her friends among the roses and hibiscus on the other side. When they joined her, she went home with them by the nearest way, which was by the garden-path that led past the Church House into the Rue Madabêri; and thus the tall Englishman who was keeping watch over the other entrance waited in vain.

"Never mind," he said to himself, when he saw that he had missed his opportunity; "I noticed her so particularly that I shall be able to describe her, and it will be odd if I don't find out all about her in a very short time. Now that I have my

clue, I know where to go for information, and I will lose no time about it."

CHAPTER IX.

MARGARET spent Christmas Day with her friends, delightful people, unfailingly kind and hospitable, who knew everybody and went everywhere; and it occurred to her that she could easily find out from them what she wanted to know about her neighbour in church. At dessert, after the time-honoured English Christmas dinner of roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince pies, she sat revelling in the pleasant sense of contrast with the conditions of her everyday life, and as she listened to the sparkling talk about Cairo celebrities going on around her, she felt inclined to introduce the subject that filled her mind. But she did not do it; there was the chance that her inquiries might implicate Valda, and after all, what did it matter who or what he was? It was only idle curiosity that prompted her to ask, and it was better to run no risk that could be avoided; so she decided to keep silence.

It was late in the evening when she returned to the palace,—late, that is, for her, for the great gates leading into the outer garden of the *harim* were closed after nine o'clock, and unless she had made special arrangements with the slaves through Valda Hânem, as on the rare occasions when she went out to dinner, Margaret always made a point of being back before dark. This evening, however, the long lines of lamps in the streets were all lighted, and when Margaret came in sight of the great archway in the colonnaded building surrounding the outer court of the palace, it wanted very few minutes to the time of grace. As she passed

under the hanging lamp that flared in the archway, the *boudb*, or porter, who sat on a chair in the entrance all day long, darted out of the little den in the wall, where, in the evening, he lurked like a spider in its hole, and presented Margaret with a letter which he picked up from a slab of stone in the wall.

"A letter for Mademoiselle!" he said in Arabic, the white teeth in his picturesque brown face flashing out into a broad smile of congratulation as he saluted to give it her. "It has just come, and it was brought by a *syce* from the palace 'Abdin,—a very grand *syce*!"

Margaret took the letter, only partially comprehending what the man said, but she saw a keen look in his eyes as he watched her, and she regretted the start that she had been betrayed into as she glanced at the envelope. It was addressed to *Mademoiselle l'Institutrice Anglaise*, with the name of the palace underneath, and the direction was in a handwriting that she had never seen before. Margaret guessed instantly whence it came, and she would not open it until she was safe in the privacy of her own room. She had to see that Djemâl-ed-Din was safely in bed first, and after that Valda, who was sitting with the Pâsha, detained her for a while; but at last she was able to turn the key upon herself in her own room, and to open the letter. It ran as follows:

*Palais Khedeviale 'Abdin, Cairo.
December 25.*

Captain Fitzroy presents his compliments to Miss Grey, who must, he thinks, be one of the two ladies who were walking in *yâshmak* in the Ghesireh drive on the afternoon of Friday last. A valuable ornament was lost upon that occasion, and Captain Fitzroy, who found it, has been making enquiries, with a view to restoring it to its owner. If he is right in his conjecture, he will be glad

to hear from Miss Grey, and will meet her to-morrow or next day, at any place that she likes to appoint.

That was all, and there seemed nothing very startling in the concise and guarded words of the note; yet it cost Margaret a sleepless night, and when the morning came she was still in doubt as to the best course for her to take. If only it were possible to put the letter in the Pâsha's hands, explaining everything to him and leaving him to settle the matter, then all would be safe and satisfactory; but in the face of Valda's express prohibition Margaret felt that she had no right to do this. It seemed as if it were impossible to be loyal to them both, and she thought of taking the whole responsibility upon herself, and telling Valda nothing until she had sent the English officer about his business and could return the jewel with the news. This on the whole seemed to her the safest course, and the best for Valda's interests; but to herself it might be worse than unpleasant. To make an appointment with an absolute stranger without the knowledge of her employers, was a sort of intrigue that was utterly abhorrent to her, and she shrank from the thought of the dangers and misunderstandings in which she might find herself involved. If the Pâsha were ever by any chance to come upon a clue, he would follow it out to the bitter end; and Margaret had not lived so long in a Turkish household without realising what a terrible thing suspicion is when it has once entered into the Eastern mind. She shuddered at the thought of exposing herself to its workings, and told herself that to try to manage the affair upon her own account would be madness; yet some instinct told her also that to speak to Valda about it, to show her the letter, and thus re-awaken in her the unwholesome ex-

citement that was now dying out for want of sustenance, was an expedient which might lead to a serious calamity. Something must be done, the letter she had received must be answered; and while she hesitated, circumstance, as it so often does, stepped in and took the decision out of her hands.

Margaret made her appearance next morning with heavy eyes and pale looks, and Valda, who came out to sit with her under the mandalines in the garden, in the expectation of hearing a lively account of her doings in the town on the previous day, was sorely disappointed by her friend's languid manner and desultory talk. Valda liked to hear any little bit of gossip that could be picked up by anyone going into the town, and in the gay doings of the English community she took an especially keen interest. Human nature is much the same all the world over. In Turkish *harim* or London drawing-room, in all times and places, from the old Ephesians who cried to Diana, down to the British socialist who reads his DAILY CHRONICLE,—everywhere we find the same men and women walking the earth and delighting to hear or tell some new thing.

Margaret did her best to satisfy the demands made upon her, but she was not in the mood for storytelling, and her accounts lacked spirit. Valda's attention wandered, and silence fell between them. Margaret's thoughts went back to the subject that had been occupying her mind all the time that she had been trying to talk, and her companion also fell into a reverie. Perhaps some wave of thought found its way from the one brain to the other, for when Valda next spoke it was about the very person of whom Margaret was thinking.

"Mademoiselle," she said suddenly

"you see a great many people when you go out into the town. Do you think that you will ever be likely to meet that officer,—that good Englishman who saved the life of my little Djemâl-ed-Din? Have you ever heard anything about him?" Margaret started, and could not prevent herself from changing colour under the wistful gaze of the great brown eyes. She hesitated for a moment, uncertain what to say, and Valda, seeing her confusion, guessed in an instant what it meant. "Mademoiselle," she exclaimed, sitting up on her cushions with a strangely altered expression, "you have seen him,—you know something! I see you do! Tell me—oh, tell me directly! what has he said to you?"

"He has said nothing to me,—at least, he has never spoken to me," said Margaret, checking herself suddenly as she thought of the letter.

"Did you see him yesterday?"

"Yes," said Margaret unwillingly.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, and you were going to keep it back from me! All the other tiresome people that I care nothing about you have told me of, and all the time there was this—but where did you see him—what happened? Tell me all about it."

"It was only in church. I happened to sit next to him, and it was not until the very end of the service that I saw him. Of course he did not notice me at all; he could not possibly have recognised me."

"And is that all? Oh, Mademoiselle, I know it is not. You are still keeping something back from me. There is something else, and it is that which is making you so silent and grave and unlike yourself this morning. You must have heard from him,—you have got a letter."

Valda had extraordinary powers of intuition, and Margaret, knowing that her quick intelligence was not to

be evaded, gave up the attempt. She glanced at Djemâl-ed-Din, who had an inconvenient habit of wishing to annex for scribbling purposes of his own every scrap of note-paper that came under his observation, and seeing him safely engaged with the little slaves who were endeavouring to catch blue butterflies under his directions, she drew the letter out of her pocket. "I got it last night," she said, "and I have been tormenting myself about it ever since. I did not want you to be troubled, but now that you have guessed——"

"Read it," said Valda with shining eyes; "let me hear what he says. Oh, it is in English,—then translate it."

Margaret complied, translating into French as she went along, and Valda listened with parted lips. "You have read it all, every word?" she said, when Margaret had done; and only partially satisfied by the assurance that she received, she took the letter into her own hands, and turned over the page as if she would fain have read it for herself.

"*C'est son écriture*," she murmured half to herself. "*N'est-ce pas que c'est belle!*" then looking up, "What do you think Mademoiselle,—you who can read the dispositions of all the world from their handwritings,—what do you say of the character of this gentleman?"

Margaret had formed her conclusions before. She had a strange instinct that seemed to go beyond the set rules of a quasi-science, and in that bold and flowing hand with large capitals, strange upward dashes, and ominously thick down-strokes, she had seen characteristics which were to her the signs manual of a very remarkable and redoubtable personality. Pride and passion, generosity and impulsiveness, combined with indomitable and reckless daring, were all

strangely held in check by an iron strength of will and intense reserve, and the handwriting was one which would have arrested the attention of any professed expert. Margaret had examined it with considerable misgivings, but she had no desire to foster the interest that had been aroused in Valda, and she therefore kept her observations discreetly to herself.

"You see he wishes to arrange a meeting somewhere, that he may restore the star," she said, reverting to the subject of the letter.

"Yes, you must meet him," answered Valda thoughtfully; "but where? The Pâsha must not know of it."

"Oh, Hânem, if you would only take my advice! If you would be perfectly frank with the Pâsha about it!" said Margaret, determined to make one more appeal. "Do let me persuade you! Put the matter into His Excellency's hands at once; tell him simply how it all happened, and let him settle it. He will believe us, and if he is a little annoyed about it at first, it will be better to face that than run the risk of the complications that may follow if we go on with this secrecy."

"What complications?" asked Valda, with a sudden lightning in her eyes. "What are you afraid of, Mademoiselle, that you should speak to me like this? You know what barriers hem me in on every side, and my own sense of honour is a better defence to me than any barrier. The Pâsha trusts me, and so may you. I shall never do anything that could possibly bring disgrace on him or on myself; but I cannot tell him about this. It is impossible; you do not understand what you are talking about. As for this meeting, it can easily be arranged; nothing could be easier, and then the whole thing will be at an end."

"I hope so, I hope so indeed!" said Margaret fervently. "I am sure I will do my best to make it the end. But where do you propose that the meeting should take place?"

"Why not in the gardens of Esbêkiah? There are plenty of quiet nooks there where you could see him and talk to him without fear of being disturbed. To-morrow is Sunday, and you can have the whole day free. What more natural than that you should go for a walk in the Esbêkiah gardens? You write and tell him to be at a certain spot at a certain time, and the thing is done."

"I hate the very idea of it!" said Margaret energetically. "I have never done such a thing in my life before, and I think it is a vulgar and an odious business. Why should I not write and tell him that a meeting is undesirable, and that we should prefer him to pack up the star in a little box and leave it with the porter directed to me, as he did the letter. That would be the simplest plan, and I do not see why he should not do that."

"He will not," said Valda with decision. "If he had wished for that he would have suggested it himself; it is sufficiently obvious to anybody. He wishes for a meeting, and I think it is only natural. It will be no good proposing anything else."

"I am sure that trouble will come of it. In the Esbêkiah gardens people are passing through all day, and if one wishes to avoid notice, that is just the time when one is sure to attract it. I am not accustomed to that sort of thing, and I know that I shall make a mess of it somehow."

"Well, perhaps a public place like that is not the best," said Valda reflectively. "Some stranger might see you and speak about it afterwards, and Cairo is such a place for bad tongues. Our own people, on

the contrary, are discreet, and they know better than to chatter about all they see. Yes, perhaps on the whole it will be better for you to see him here. The Pâsha always goes out on Sundays, and who can tell that some unlucky chance might not take him to Esbêkiah? Here, however, it is quite certain that he will not be, and nobody would ever dream that anyone who came to see you could have anything to do with me. Yes, it had better be here. Write to him to come to the *selâmlek*, and ask for you; you can meet him there, and take him to the outer garden where no one ever goes, and where you will be perfectly safe from observation. I will send a message to the guards that you have my leave to take your friends to see the gardens, and they will think it perfectly natural."

"I don't like that plan either," said Margaret. "If I had friends to see the gardens they would be ladies, or at least gentlemen and ladies; but this officer coming all alone,—the guards will think,—really I don't know what they will think."

"They will think that you have an admirer," said Valda smiling, and then she added with a sigh, "well, and if they do, what does it matter? It is no harm for you, lucky woman that you are. You can meet anybody that you like, and no one can say you nay, while I——" she broke off suddenly, and then, as she met Margaret's grave glance, continued in a different tone. "Well, never mind, I know that you think me very discontented and ungrateful. Now go and write your letter, and bring it to me when you have done, that I may hear what you have said before you send it."

Margaret left the garden; but she was not long away, and Valda uttered an exclamation of surprise to see her

back so soon. "What, you have written it already? Well, you have been quick! What have you said?"

Margaret read out:

Miss Grey begs to acknowledge Captain Fitzroy's note, and she thanks him for the trouble he has taken in the matter. He is right in his conjecture as to her identity, and she will be glad to meet him, to receive the ornament that he speaks of. If it is convenient to him, will he kindly call to-morrow afternoon, and ask at the gate for "Mademoiselle." He will be shown into the *selâmlek*, and she will come to him there.

"It is very short," objected Valda, "and it is not at all amiable. You do not say anything about me, and you speak of his restoring the star as if that were a matter of course. You do not give him the least credit for doing it."

"Of course he wishes to restore it," said Margaret. "No man of honour would ever dream of keeping a valuable thing like that, if there were any possibility of restoring it to its owner. That is a matter of course; and it is best not to put down in black and white any unnecessary detail. I avoided mentioning your name on purpose," she added firmly; "I thought you would prefer it."

"Well, yes, perhaps it is best. Very well then, send that letter. As you say, it is safer to be vague; if anyone were to get hold of that there is nothing to be made out of it. And you tell me that English people are accustomed to stiff letters,—his was rather stiff and formal too, wasn't it? Send it then, and may the eye of Allah protect it! But you had better post it yourself, to avoid accidents."

Margaret went out in the afternoon for that purpose, while Djemâled-Din was asleep and Valda engaged in receiving visitors. It was rather

a long walk to the post, and when she returned, flushed and exhausted with the heat, Valda's friends were leaving. She met them coming down the marble steps in their white *yâshmâks* and black mantles on their way to the carriages, where their slaves were waiting to hand them in, and when she entered the hall, she found Valda there alone, dressed in a loosely-fitting Turkish gown of rich gold and green brocade. "I am going to my own rooms to see if Djemâl-ed-Din is awake," she said. "Will you come to me there when you have taken off your things? I want a talk with you."

Djemâl-ed-Din was still asleep when Margaret rejoined his mother, and Ayôosha was on her knees on the floor by the side of the couch on which the child lay, waving the *senaclic* with long streamers of red horsehair to keep the flies away. Valda beckoned Margaret to follow her into the next room, where she settled herself upon a divan by an open window. "Well," she said, "you have sent off the letter? That is good. Then to-morrow he will come. And now what shall we say to him? There is that to be considered."

"There is only one thing to be said," answered Margaret quickly. "We must say that we thank him very much for his kindness and consideration, that you are very grateful to him for saving your little boy, and that you are glad to get back the star, but that you can hold no further communication with him. There is nothing else to be said."

Valda looked distressed. "I am afraid that you are going to be so ungracious to him, Mademoiselle; I wish I could manage it myself. He has saved to me the only treasure that I care for in the world, my little boy: he is going to bring back this

star, which no doubt he thinks I value highly; and you will receive him in your stiff English way, with just a formal word of thanks, while you show by your manner that you are longing to get rid of him, and that you hope never to see him again. That is not what I wish."

"What do you wish, Hânem?" asked Margaret seriously.

"I wish him to know that Turkish ladies have hearts, and that they know how to feel and to be grateful," answered Valda impulsively. "I want you to tell him that, though I can never speak to him and shall very likely never see him again, yet I shall never forget what he has done for me. His countrymen galloped by, despising the distress of the poor Turkish lady, and covering her with mud and dust, but he,—he was different. He was too noble to do that. He picked up my baby from under the horses' feet that would have trampled him to death, and if I gave him every jewel that I possess I could never repay him. Tell him that I shall never cease to think of him with admiration and gratitude, and that I shall pray every day and every night, so long as I live, to beg Allah to reward him."

"Dear Valda, I think that you overestimate his services a little. Of course it was abominable of those tourists to ride by so rudely and inconsiderately, and in contrast to their behaviour it seemed the nicer of him to stop and pick up Djemâl-ed-Din when he saw your alarm; but I don't think the child was really in any serious danger, and to the English officer it would seem a little thing that he did. He would be astonished if I were to deliver to him such a message as that. I could not do it."

"Well, perhaps you need not tell him quite all that; but I wish you to make him understand that I am

really grateful. And as to the star, I do not want it back. My little Djemâl-ed-Din gave it to him, and he can keep it. Tell him that I should like him to keep it as the token of a Turkish lady's gratitude."

Margaret was aghast at this idea, and she made no effort to contain her dismay. "Oh Valda, that will never do! If it were a trivial ornament it might not perhaps matter; but this is far too valuable a thing."

"Too valuable!" exclaimed Valda in great indignation. "What is it worth in comparison with the life of my baby? Not ten *paras*! Too valuable! On the contrary, it is not half valuable enough; nothing could be valuable enough to reward him for what he has done."

From this position Valda was not to be moved. All that Margaret could say about the wrong to the Pâsha, the risk of misconstruction on the part of the stranger, and the danger to herself, was without effect. Valda insisted that the jewel was her own property, and that she had a right to confirm the gift that Djemâl-ed-Din had made.

"In that case I am very sorry that I have sent off the letter," said Margaret. "If I had understood this before I would certainly not have consented to make any appointment with him. The only object in his coming here was to give him a safe opportunity of restoring the diamonds."

"We had to thank him, we had

to explain to him how it happened," said Valda.

"That could have been done perfectly well by letter; indeed it can be done still. If you are really determined not to take the diamonds back, I had better write and say so, and tell him that there is no need for him to come here to-morrow. He will get the letter in time if I write at once."

Margaret slipped off the divan as she spoke, but Valda sprang up after her, and caught her arm. "No Mademoiselle, no, you are not going to be so unkind! I wish you to see him. I don't want you to write another cold unfeeling letter; I want you to speak to him yourself, and to hear what he says. Then you can explain, you can see what he is like, and you can tell me afterwards. You have no feeling for me, no sympathy; what have I done that you should be so unkind?" She stopped short, with her lips quivering and her eyes full of tears, and she turned her face away, with difficulty suppressing a sob.

Margaret was ready to cry herself, but it was because of the failure of her efforts to influence Valda. Her remonstrances had been thrown away, and now she heard the Pasha's step in the corridor outside. Valda heard it too, and her face changed instantly. "Mind, Mademoiselle," she said, dashing away her tears. "Not a word to the Pasha!"

(To be continued.)

MISS FERRIER.¹

It is more than eighty years since MARRIAGE was published, and you can buy it to-day in any book-shop for fourpence halfpenny. That shows at least a singularly robust power of survival, and immortality is freely claimed for authors who have very much less to show for it than a lady who has amused four generations of readers. If she had been content to do that, her fame might rest secure; but unhappily she was possessed with the desire to convey moral instruction, and that has overlaid her humour and her genuine faculty of creation with a dead weight of platitudes under which they must inevitably sink. Nevertheless her talent was sufficiently remarkable to render her an appropriate subject for a memoir, if an interesting one could be written; and the fact that she belonged to a very notable society,—the little world of Edinburgh in the days when Edinburgh held the Great Magician and was the headquarters of the great Whig Review, might well have led one to hope that the interesting memoir might be forthcoming. Unfortunately this anticipation, if anyone formed it, has not been fulfilled; the book in which her grand-nephew, Mr. John Ferrier, assisted by Mr. Doyle, has put together her correspondence with some details as to her life and family, is nearly as dull as it is given to a biography to be, except for about eighty pages of really charming

and high-spirited letters written by her to Miss Clavering. It did not need a large volume to establish the fact that Miss Ferrier had two sides to her character, one of which was amusing and the other very emphatically not, and that as age advanced the former disappeared; still less was it necessary to display at such portentous length the extreme dulness of her decline. Still, from this mass of material one can disengage some picture of the novelist and her time.

Susan Ferrier was the youngest child in a family of ten, and the only unmarried daughter. Her father, James Ferrier, was a Writer to the Signet and agent to the fifth Duke of Argyll; through the Duke's interest he was promoted to be one of the Principal Clerks of Session and thus had the honour to be a colleague of Walter Scott. His wife died in 1797, and from 1804 onwards, owing to the marriage of her sisters, Miss Ferrier was obliged to keep house for him till his death in 1829. The house must have been a cheerful one enough in the early days of her life when it was full of the young people. Burns passed there and celebrated the charms of the eldest Miss Ferrier; and Susan would seem to have been particularly attached to one of her brothers. But as the others left it, and as old age settled down heavily on her father, the home cannot have been a paradise. Old Ferrier was a taciturn, hard-headed Scotchman; his colleagues in the Session House called him Uncle Adam in his last days, and the Uncle Adam of *THE INHERITANCE* would certainly have been "gey and

¹ MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SUSAN FERRIER, 1782-1854; based on her private correspondence in the possession of, and collected by, her grand-nephew, John Ferrier. Edited by John A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls' College. With portraits. London, 1899.

ill to live with ;" kindly, no doubt, at bottom but harsh and wintry. The tie which bound his daughter to him so close that she would scarcely stir from his side, and would not accept invitations to visit people whom she cared for,—not even tempted by chances of marriage—was a tie of duty rather than affection. Neither of the pair was demonstrative ; Miss Ferrier felt that she was necessary to her father just as his armchair might have been, not perhaps indispensable, but a circumstance of life which he counted on, and took as a matter of course. She gave up her existence to him not in any spirit of sentimental devotion, but with rather a grim sense of what she was doing, and out of a hard intellectual conviction that it was the right thing to do ; and her gaiety was crushed out in the process. Probably to the last day of her life she was what she called Scott, *amusable* ; but she ceased to have the desire to amuse, and became more than a little doubtful whether it was right to think at all about amusement.

At all events that is how I account to myself for the lamentable transformation that took place in Miss Ferrier. Here is the young lady in her twenty-first year as she shows herself in a letter to a married sister Mrs. Connell :

I am much obliged to you for your invitation and still more for the *inducement* you hold out to me, but I don't feel inclined to go quite so far in quest of a *husband*. I think you're very bold in promising to *insure* me one. I assure you it's more than most people would do or even what I would do for myself. I was at a concert a few nights ago, where I was somewhat annoyed by Widow Bell who was there heading *four-and-twenty maidens* ; she looked so queer and vulgar that I was fain to fight shy. She came bobbing along, sticking out at all points and places, keys and coppers jingling in her pockets, led in triumph by a frightful male creature with a large *bow-window* bound in blue and buff, and a pair of

peagreen *upper legs*. I thought I should have swooned with shame when she stopped and stared at me.

There you have the whole point of view of the lively young woman,—say, Lady Emily in *MARRIAGE*—whose sense of the ridiculous entirely gets the better of human kindness ; and you have already pretty fully developed that formidable power of caricature which was the greater part of Miss Ferrier's accomplishment. The description is exactly like a drawing by Gilray, and it is interesting to note that she cherished an album which was principally adorned with Gilray's work. Contrast with that letter one to the same sister but written forty years later. It begins with some details (tamely given) of a fancy-fair to which even she had been dragged. Here is the last sentence or two, winding up a catalogue of costumes : " And now I have done my part in the millinery line, and hope you are satisfied, if not edified. Lady McN. has a masquerade to-night and E. enacts first a *fishwife* and then a queen ; but oh ! what folly all this seems and is ! Not gaiety, real gaiety—only excitement, its vile counterfeit."

Old Miss Edgeworth, nearly twenty years Miss Ferrier's senior and a professed moralist, was about the same time writing endless letters full of genuine gaiety and delight in the enjoyments of other people. It is fair to remember that Miss Ferrier in her later years was afflicted with an ailment of the eyes almost amounting to blindness ; but there is no denying the fact that Puritanism turned to bile in her nature ; her satire, which began with an intellectual contempt for fools and a keen sense of superficial absurdities, grew more and more into a denunciation of whatever was not ascetic.

However, Miss Ferrier as a young

woman had little of the ascetic about her, and she saw not only the whole of Edinburgh society but a good deal of a wider world. She writes to her brother in 1810 :

You was hardly out of the door before I felt sick and went to bed, but was obliged to rise to receive the Laird of Makdougall and his daughter, a great bumping miss in a blue riding-habit; then in galloped Bessie Mure, so that I was at my wits' end between a fine town madam and a *rank Highland miss*. Next day I was in the Elysian fields with my dear doctor, for such his grounds really are, and you may suppose his company did not lessen the delusion in my eyes.

That is thoroughly typical of her surroundings. Her "dear doctor" was a certain Dr. Hamilton, who, says Mr. Ferrier, still clung to the dress of a bygone age, the cocked hat, knee-breeches, shoe-buckles, &c., and would neither wear gloves nor carry an umbrella. Miss Ferrier, it appears, was accustomed playfully to remark that he "dispensed with gloves for fear of slipping the fees," and that his great hat made the umbrella unnecessary. Such was the wit of Edinburgh in its great period. But at all events the doctor was a character even in a society abounding in oddities; and another contrast Miss Ferrier herself notes, that between the Highland Miss and Bessie Mure. This lady was a relative of the Argyll family and a constant inmate of their household, where Miss Ferrier was also on a very friendly footing, thanks to her father's business-connection with the Duke. It was at Inverary Castle that she formed the principal friendship of her life with the Duke's grand-daughter, Miss Charlotte Claverling, and from this connection sprang directly her enterprise as a writer. The Duke's sister, Lady Charlotte Campbell (afterwards Lady Charlotte

Bury) was also a novelist, and in those days it was the exception and not the rule for ladies to write. Lady Charlotte brought the contagion of proof-sheets into that circle; Miss Claverling caught the infection and transmitted it to her friend. At what date exactly the correspondence between the two young ladies began is not clear, for they did not date their letters as a rule, but at all events it had reached an intimate stage in the beginning of 1808, Miss Ferrier being then six-and-twenty, her friend some years younger, and "a fine dancing lady" in London. There is a deal of comment upon contemporary novels in the letters, and Miss Claverling promises poems of her own, which do not appear to arrive. At the same time Miss Ferrier is not guiltless of verse, for she actually bestows a copy upon John Philpott Curran who made an appearance in Edinburgh and a vast impression on Susan's heart. Moreover as the letters go on, a certain amount of cheerful rhyming creeps in. One may as well quote a sample of the correspondence.

I sent to Bessie Mure desiring her to surrender up her cheap glover as I looked upon him as a much more desirable thing than a dear lover, so she made answer that she knew of no cheap man, but she directed me to where I could get good gloves at 1s. 4d. per pair. Well, away I trotted, resolved to become hand in glove with this pattern glover. So I went into the shop.

"Show me some good stout ladies' gloves," quoth I;

So he took down a parcel and gave me them to try;

I picked out a dozen of pairs and said, "Now I'm willing

To take all these if you'll give me them at the shilling."

Then the glover clasped his hands and said; "Madame, I declare

I could not sell those gloves for less than *three shillings a pair*."

So I said: "I was told you had very good gloves at sixteenpence, And your asking three shillings for these must be all a pretence!"

Then he brought forth a huge bundle and opened it out:

"There, madam, are the gloves made from the hide of a nout,

But no more to compare with the skin of a kid or dog

Than the breast of a chicken to the back of a hog."

So, having nothing to reply to a simile so sublime,

I was glad to sneak off and say I would come back when I had more time,

And I swear that's as true as I am now writing rime.

There is a strong, broad touch about all these letters, which very naturally suggested to a literary young lady that her friend had it in her to write something else than letters; and there was no lack of leisure available. Miss Ferrier describes graphically enough her own occupations.

I am busied in the *Arts and Sciences* at present, japanning old boxes, varnishing new ones, daubing velvet, and, in short, as the old wives say, "my hands never out of an ill turn." Then by way of pastime I play whist every night to the very death with all the fusty dowagers and musty mousers in the purlieus—and yet I'm alive! Praise be to oysters and porter!

And so there came from Miss Clavering the suggestion that the two should collaborate by means of the post; and she enclosed the outline of a plot. Miss Ferrier at once knows her own mind; the moralist immediately rises. The plot is excellent, but,—it wants a moral. "As the only good purpose of a book is to inculcate morality, and convey some lesson of instruction as well as delight, I do not see that what is called a *good moral* can be dispensed with in a work of fiction." For an alternative suggestion, what would Miss Clavering think of this? "I do not recollect ever to have seen

the sudden transition of a high-bred English beauty, who thinks she can sacrifice all for love, to an uncomfortable solitary Highland dwelling among tall, red-haired sisters and grim faced aunts." That is the germ of *MARRIAGE*, and, as Miss Ferrier points out, the moral to be deduced is of course that runaway matches are reprehensible. As a collaboration, nothing came of it. Miss Clavering was busy with her own projects, which were certainly very unlike Miss Ferrier's, and after due beseeching her finished performance came through the post and was welcomed with a good deal of amusing chaff. Its heroine, the beauteous Herminisilde, was apparently sent to sea, like Danae, in a tub by designing villains; and Miss Ferrier cannot wholly accept this adventure.

Methinks I behold the Count and the Squire *ramming* her in like so much raw sugar and treading her down, as the negroes do figs to make them pack close! 'Tis no wonder you pride yourself upon your *invention*, that is truly an incident for which you'll find no parallel in the annals of novel-writing. A mere matter-of-fact writer now, had they really wanted to drown a body, would most likely have tied a good thumping stone about its neck and there would have been an end of it: but your count knows a trick worth two of that.

Altogether it was pretty plain that there was a complete incompatibility of literary temperament.

You say there are just two styles for which you have any taste, viz., the horrible and the astonishing. Now I'll groan for you, till the very blood shall curdle in my veins, or I'll shriek and stare till my own eyes start out of their sockets with surprise—but as to writing with you, in truth it would be as easy to compound a new element out of fire and water as that we two should jointly write a book.

And so Miss Ferrier sadly rejects

the various proposals, one of which included a Hottentot heroine and a wild man of the woods,—“I should despair,” she writes, “of doing justice to their wild paces and delicate endearments;” another placed its characters on the moon; and moreover she remarks that Miss Claverling was by her own confession, engaged upon two other novels with two other collaborators, and she questions whether there was a head in the world capable of containing and clearly arranging materials for three books, be they what they may. In short the correspondence shows the amateur lady novelist to have been then what she is now, greatly daring; and Miss Ferrier preferred for her part to keep to the modesty of nature, and her high-bred heroine flung in among the red-haired sisters and grim-faced aunts.

It was some time in 1810 that the early sheets of *MARRIAGE* were conveyed to Miss Claverling's home at Ardencaple. They contained the vivid portraits of Lady MacLaughlan and of the three sisters Douglas, Miss Grizzy, Miss Jacky, and Miss Nicky. Now there might be some doubt about the identification of Lady MacLaughlan, but the three misses appear to have been copied direct from three Misses Edmonstone (cousins, after the Scotch fashion, of the Argyll family) who lived in Edinburgh no further away from the Ferriers' household than next door. There is a fragment of a letter to Miss Claverling quoted by Sir George Douglas in his book on *THE BLACKWOOD GROUP*, which is not included in this volume.

I am boiling to hear from you, but I've taken a remorse of conscience about Lady MacLaughlan and her friends: if I was ever to be detected or even suspected I would have nothing for it but to drown myself. I mean therefore to let her alone till I hear from you, as I think we might compound some other kind of character for her that might do as well

and not be so dangerous. As to the misses, if ever it was to be published, they must be altered or I must fly my native land.

Miss Claverling wrote back in huge delight, insisting that Sir Sampson's lady and the “foolish virgins” should stand; offering even to take upon herself the authorship of the novel sooner than let them be sacrificed. The next letter records Lady Charlotte Campbell's enthusiasm for what she called “the cleverest thing of the kind ever written;” and a later epistle proves that Miss Claverling, though she sent a heroine adrift in a barrel and threw the barrel through a cabin porthole, was nevertheless a young lady of sense and discernment. She was quite content that Miss Ferrier should mangle her own contribution (the episodic history of Mrs. Douglas, which had better have been amputated altogether), and she furnished very sound criticism on her friend's work. “I don't like those high-life conversations; they are a sort of thing by consent handed down from generation to generation in novels, but have little or no groundwork in truth, and the first part of the book will please because the scenes are original in a book and taken from nature.” And moreover she protests vehemently against the “Frenchifying” of Lady Juliana's conversation. The editor makes the amazing statement that “no trace of this blemish remains.” If Miss Claverling managed to get out any of the Frenchification, there must have been a great deal to begin with, for French phrases are sprinkled as if out of a pepperpot over all those novels, and in two cases out of three they are ungrammatical or incorrect. It was plainly an affectation, for Miss Ferrier never quotes French in her letters.

Such was the genesis of *MARRIAGE*.

It was a work full of extremely amusing studies taken direct from life; Lady MacLaughlan is in her way a true creation, and, fantastic as she is, she plainly belongs to the generation which produced Lady Hester Stanhope, a person as "man-minded" and eccentric (though stately even in her eccentricity) as Sir Sampson's directress. Even Lady Juliana, wild caricature though she may be, bears the same relation to the life of those days as a drawing by Gilray, and remains interesting to the student of the history of affectations. But though *MARRIAGE* was partly written in 1810 when its authoress was eight-and-twenty, it did not aspire to publicity till 1817, when the finished portion of the manuscript was submitted to the original Blackwood and received by him with open arms. In 1818 it was published under seal of the deadliest secrecy as to the writer's identity. There was, as we have been shown, excellent reason why Miss Ferrier should conceal her authorship if she was to live at peace with her neighbours; and in addition to that, she had a genuine dislike to the fuss and notoriety which was in those days the lot of the female author. The satiric sketch in *MARRIAGE* of a literary coterie at Bath shows plainly enough what she desired to keep away from, although the satire in that instance is mainly conventional, and does not speak of direct observation.

After the appearance of *MARRIAGE* I cannot trace anything more than the bare facts of Miss Ferrier's life, for the reason that in 1817 Miss Clavering married, and though the friendship continued till Miss Ferrier's death, either the correspondence dropped or no further specimens of it are printed; and there are no other letters in the volume which are in any way characteristic of the novelist. The authorship of *MARRIAGE* remained

just about as secret as that of *WAVERLEY*. Some of Miss Ferrier's own family were not initiated; and there were no doubt a good many people who did not disclaim the honour, which, enviable from the first, became doubly so when Scott, in the epilogue to *THE LEGEND OF MONTROSE*, addressed a kindly word to "a brother, or perhaps a sister shadow, the author of the very lively work entitled *MARRIAGE*." It was only to be expected that such a success would induce the authoress to go on, and early in 1823 the first volume of *THE INHERITANCE* was completed and offered to Murray, but the negotiation was broken off at the entreaty of Blackwood, who paid £1,000 for the copyright of the entire work. Upon the whole *THE INHERITANCE* is to be preferred to its predecessor. Miss Pratt is beyond praise; she belongs to the same sisterhood as Lady MacLaughlan and the Misses, but Miss Ferrier had the power of keeping the individual character absolutely distinct while she stamps upon it the common characteristics of a particular society. Lord Rossville, the pompous nobleman for whose special confusion Miss Pratt is created, really rises above caricature, and the scenes between the pair are often excellently diverting; and one cannot too highly praise the art by which Miss Pratt, while remaining the same person, is made to present an entirely different side of her character to Uncle Adam. The story itself is of course a poor example of a superannuated fashion; we have to swallow it or skip it, just as we do the scenes of protestation between Julia and Falkland in *THE RIVALS*, for the sake of the admirable comedy incorporated with it. Indeed Miss Ferrier's whole work belongs properly speaking to the drama rather than to the novel; and it is surprising that, with her gift for

strong and effective drawing of comic character and her perfect willingness to accept any convention in the way of plot, she did not furnish materials for at least a temporary success on the boards. A stage carpenter of some sort tried his hand at *THE INHERITANCE*, but the result was a lamentable failure.

In January, 1829, Miss Ferrier was released from her long duty by the death of her father. She had lived in increasing seclusion, she was now close upon fifty, and the purpose of her life was gone. *DESTINY* was being written, and by 1830 it was disposed of, not to Blackwood but to Cadell who gave £1,700 for it. Scott, not perhaps a very trustworthy counsellor in such matters, told her that she had sold *THE INHERITANCE* much below its value; and Blackwood had apparently made a statement to her that the second edition was dead stock upon his hands. It is the sort of thing that publishers are prone to say and authors by no means prone to hear; so that one cannot help a retrospective rejoicing over his evident discomfiture when he was taken at his word. Cadell, it seems, did not lose by the bargain. It is hardly necessary to criticise *DESTINY*, which presents the faults of the other novels in an exaggerated form and gives a singularly false and unreal view of life. Glenroy, the unreasonable Highland chief, compares very ill with King Corny in Miss Edgeworth's *ORMOND*; but there is an undeniable pathos in the portrait of this imperious old man, struck down with paralysis, more than ever imperious and unreasonable, yet absolutely dependent upon those whose convenience he had never for a moment considered. His henchman, Benbowie, not a servant, but a companion attached to him by a tie of unreasoning habit stronger than any devotion, is excellently rendered; he

is not wanted to point a moral, and thus Miss Ferrier is content to make him live and he does live. Molly Macaulay, his pendant in the picture, remains almost the only likeable person in the sisterhood which began with the Misses. It is a sad pity that such powers of characterisation were practically nullified by a defective theory of art. The moralisings of the characters whom Miss Ferrier selects for admiration are in this book quite intolerable; and the minister, Mr. McDow, is a caricature so ugly as to be positively offensive, though drawn with a coarse strength.

It was natural that an authoress so successful should be repeatedly pressed to write. In 1837 one Miss Mackenzie, on behalf of a friend, offered £1,000 for a volume, no matter what. Miss Ferrier endorsed the letter: "I made two attempts to write *something* but could not please myself and would not publish *anything*." The elasticity had gone out of her nature, and it is to be accounted to her for a great virtue that she would not consent to "write herself down."

Beyond this we, who read or do not read her novels, have no concern with her, except to be sorry for the gloom of her dark old age, and to respect the somewhat stoical fortitude with which she bore it; but she has left one other piece of writing which must always retain its value. If one of Sir Walter's dogs were stuffed in a museum there would always be, and there ought always to be, pilgrims coming to see it; and no human testimony that throws any light upon him and his life will ever cease to be of interest. Scott was a friend of her father, as he was of almost every human being who came into contact with him, and he had a strong liking for the crabbed old man. Here is a passage which Mr. Doyle quotes from the *Journal*:

Uncle Adam, (that was how they called him in the Session House after *THE INHERITANCE* appeared) who retired last year from an official situation at the age of eighty-four, although subject to fits of giddiness and although carefully watched by his accomplished daughter, is still in the habit of walking by himself if he can by possibility make an escape. The other day in one of these excursions he fell against a lamp-post, cut himself much, bled a good deal and was carried home by two gentlemen. What said old Rugged and Tough? Why, that his fall against the post was the luckiest thing that could have befallen him, for the bleeding was exactly the remedy for his disorder.

So keen an observer as Miss Ferrier was inevitably pressed after Scott's death to set down her recollections of him; she did so, the manuscript was preserved, and has been published by Mr. John Ferrier by way of an introduction to Bentley's Edinburgh Edition of her novels. It should be stated that all Miss Ferrier's copyrights were transferred to Bentley in 1841, and her authorship first formally avowed in his edition of that year. It is worth while to summarise her impressions of Sir Walter, for they are exceedingly characteristic of the observer as well as of the subject observed. She went with her father to Ashestiel in 1811, and Scott wrote some lines for her when she was leaving the house. Nothing perhaps proves more fully the completeness of her seclusion than the fact that she was never Scott's guest again till after her father's death when she visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1829. There she saw Walter and Charlotte Lockhart, the boy looking a Cupid in tartans, whose "sundry extras" so fluttered in the breeze, that his grandfather with his usual ready courtesy recalled an image from his guest's own work and presented him as Major Waddell, remembering how the newly promoted

Countess was called upon by her mother's relations.

The carriage door being opened, out stepped Major Waddell, having upon his back a vast military cloak with all its various appliances of tags and jags and flags and waving capes, and scarlet linings and shining brooch, etc., etc., etc. The Major having placed himself on one side of the carriage door, black Cæsar in no less gorgeous array stationed himself at the other, and then after a little feminine delay there came forth Mrs. Major Waddell in all her bravery.

The whole passage is funny enough, and the solicitude of Mrs. Major Waddell for the health of her much-enveloped husband makes excellent farce; but how Scott, for all his prodigious memory, came to be so pat with his quotation is wonderful, and seems to suggest that Miss Ferrier was really more of a light in her own day than we realise. This was on her way to the house, of which she describes her first impression: "As soon as I could look round, I was struck with the singular and picturesque appearance of the mansion and its environs. Yet I must own there was more of strangeness than of admiration in my feelings: too many objects seemed crowded together in a small space, and there was a felt want of breadth and repose for the eye." Going round the place Scott was her cicerone; one need not say how courteous and eloquent. She stayed ten days, with a very small party.

Every day Sir Walter was ready by one o'clock to accompany us either in walking or driving, often in both, and in either there was the same inexhaustible flow of legendary lore, romantic incident, apt quotation, curious or diverting story; and sometimes old ballads were recited commemorative of some of the localities through which he passed. Those who had only seen him amongst the avocations of life or even doing the honours of his own table, could scarcely

have conceived the fire and animation of his countenance at such times, when his eyes seemed literally to kindle, and even (as some one has remarked) to change their colour and become a sort of deep sapphire blue; but perhaps from being close to him and in the open air I was more struck with this peculiarity than those whose better sight enabled them to mark his varying expression at other times. Yet I must confess that this was an enthusiasm that I found as little infectious as that of his antiquarianism. On the contrary, I often wished his noble faculties had been exercised on loftier themes than those which seemed to stir his very soul.

She would have liked him, no doubt, to dissertate upon the higher morality, the duty of repressing vain habits of wishing, and so forth, like the intolerable Captain Malcolm in *DESTINY*. When Mrs. Lockhart, who was then ill, made an effort, and caused herself to be carried down to the drawing-room as a surprise in honour of Wilkie's arrival, Scott, in his joy at finding her back there seated at her harp and ready to sing for him, insisted upon winding up the evening by joining hands all round and singing

Weel may we a' be,
Ill may we never see.

Yet this struck the austere Puritan lady as "little else than a mockery of human life." "The glee seemed forced and unnatural" and she writes sadly and, no doubt truthfully enough, "it was the last attempt at gaiety I witnessed within the walls of Abbotsford." Still when the worst trouble came she was a welcome guest in the house, and Lockhart has recorded with his accustomed skill her kind tact with the broken paralysed Magician, and her tenderness in hiding even from himself the lapses in his memory, an art learned no doubt in her long tendance upon her own

father. In a few lines of tragic portraiture she has drawn Scott as he received her after his second stroke, scarcely able to rise from his chair yet with his old courtesy insistent on doing so; slow and indistinct in speech, slack and unwieldy in figure, his face swollen and discoloured, a black silk cap sitting ill on his shaven head, and the eyes that could once change from hazel to sapphire now dim and heavy. And to complete the picture, by his side at table sat his grandchild "Hugh Littlejohn," once the pride of his great heart. The child was transformed not less pitifully than the man.

The fair blooming cheek and finely chiselled features were now shrunk and stiffened into the wan and rigid inflexibility of old age; while the black bandage which swathed the little pale sad countenance gave additional gloom and harshness to the profound melancholy which clouded its most intellectual expression. Disease and death were stamped upon the grandsire and the boy as they sat side by side with averted eyes, each, as if in the bitterness of his own heart, refusing to comfort or to be comforted. The two who had been wont to regard each other so fondly and so proudly now seemed averse to hold communion together, while their appearance and style of dress, the black cap of the one and the black bandages of the other, denoted a sympathy in suffering if in nothing else.

Out of doors it was a soft afternoon of May; windows were open, flowers were fragrant, and the singing of birds came into the room. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum*: the woman who had the heart to see and understand these things (though she rounds her description with a superfluous moral) felt not only the comedy but the tragedy of life in a way that was not commonplace.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE ENGLISH IN TOULON.¹

THE Frenchman's zeal for recording the events in which he has himself taken a part has left little in the modern history of his country quite unilluminated. It may be that the event is not in itself creditable to his nation. To the memoir-writer resolved that posterity shall not forget his existence this is a small matter; what is of importance is that he was there, and was stirring. Therefore even such a transaction as the surrender of Toulon to the Allies in August, 1793, under the influence of extreme terror, has not been left without due literary monument. M. Paul Cottin begins his recently published monograph on *THE ENGLISH IN TOULON* by giving a long list of memoirs written by men who were concerned in the surrender. Taken together with State Papers and the reports of the English, Spanish, and other officers, they make a weighty mass of authorities. All these M. Cottin has examined, and extracted with the German care and the large proportion of lucid French method which are the honourable distinctions of the modern historical school of his country. The result is a solid, and withal a readable volume on a passage in the great Revolutionary War, which is for various reasons better worth studying than most. It is as well to note at once, and with the firm intention of returning no more to the subject, that M. Cottin, like all good Frenchmen, is firmly persuaded of the inherent selfishness and duplicity of the English character. We

Englishmen have our own opinion on the point, and know that it is idle to attempt to argue M. Cottin out of his. Moreover, candour requires us to confess that in this Toulon business things were so managed between the general on the spot and the ministers in London that it would be hard to persuade any man of our perfect candour, unless he were already well disposed to believe in our integrity at the expense of our judgment. The effort would be vain indeed when directed against a Frenchman who believes, first, that we are always very astute, and secondly, that we are always very perfidious, and who argues from these premises with all the logic of his race.

The original cause of the surrender of Toulon to Admiral Hood lay in the spontaneous anarchy, as M. Taine calls it, which burst out all over France after the meeting of the States General in 1789. Agrarian outrage went hand in hand with bloodthirsty old religious feuds. Huguenot and Catholic fought at Nîmes in 1790, and again in 1791. Then Royalist agents thought they saw a chance to turn the confusion to the advantage of the cause. Claude Allier, the Prior of Chambonas, tried to use the Catholic mob for the King's service, but failed, and died by the guillotine. It was afterwards said that before dying he confessed to a scheme for introducing the English and Spaniards into Marseilles. The story is probably a Jacobin invention, but a plan of the kind had certainly begun to

¹ *TOULON ET LES ANGLAIS EN 1793*; par Paul Cottin. Paris, 1898.

tempt the Royalists of the South by the midsummer of 1793. The extreme Republicans, the Monnaidiers, as they were called from their badge which was a *monnédo*, or coin with a hole in it, were egged on to massacre by the Terrorists at Paris. It was a shocking welter of cruelty and fear. The Royalists showed all the incapacity of their party, while the moderate men, who were for "moderate measures gently purging France's ills," behaved in a fashion to justify Canning's scorn for the type. One has to confess that the Jacobins, ruffians as they were, showed a definiteness of aim, and a vigour of action which justify their success from the practical point of view. When the Terrorists were everywhere marching to success, the Moderate men, after long hesitations, coalesced with the Royalists, when coalition was too late. In July, 1793, both were beginning to look for help to the Spanish fleet, which was cruising on the coast of Provence under the command of Borja de Gamachos. But the Spaniards were wretchedly insufficient, and were compelled to return home to refit. Between Ivica and the mainland they crossed the outcoming English fleet under Lord Hood on July 6th, when their inability to form a line after long efforts, and their placid readiness to explain the ill-health of their crews by saying that they had been six weeks at sea, excited the derision of the captain of the *Agamemnon*, Horatio Nelson. Hood was on the coast of Provence by July 15th, and there opened negotiations with the Moderates and Royalists under cover of a flag of truce to arrange an exchange of prisoners. It was the curse of the enemies of the Revolution, domestic as well as foreign, that they could never act together or in time. The Marseillaise and Toulonese

hesitated and wavered, till Carteaux swept down on Marseilles on August 24th. Then Toulon at last admitted the Allies. Hood had been joined by a Spanish naval force under Langara, the officer who had been defeated and taken prisoner by Rodney in the first relief of Gibraltar in 1780. They entered together on August 28th and 29th.

The history of Toulon, from the meeting of the States General down to the admission of the Allies, had been the picture in little of the general anarchy. There was a reason why its feuds should be peculiarly ferocious. The naval officers were naturally very powerful in a town which existed for, and by, the mighty arsenal constructed in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. Now of all the privileged corps of the old French monarchy none was more rightly closed to all who were not of noble birth, more jealous of its rights, or more arrogant in its attitude to the outer world than this corporation of sea-officers. It naturally followed that they were much envied and hated. As the French Revolution was even more a social than a political revolt against the ancient order, they were inevitably the objects of bitter hostility. Their most savage assailants were the workmen of the dockyards and the common sailors. The workmen formed Jacobin clubs which terrorised the town, and were treated with much deference by the authorities at Paris. Monge, who was Minister of Marine allowed them to name a part of the officials, and promised that nobody to whom they refused a certificate of civism (nobody, that is to say, who did not profess sound Jacobin principles) should be employed. It is a curious instance of the social character of the Revolution that these certificates were sometimes refused to men of known

liberal, or even republican opinions because they were of noble birth. The sailors were not slow to follow the example of the dockyards. They too began to form clubs, and to enquire into the civism of their officers. Discipline was at an end. The hideous cry of *treason*, which never fails to go up in France in times of trouble, was heard on all sides. There are cases in which crews of ships sent out on service compelled their officers to come back declaring that "they had been sold, and would not rot in foreign jails." They not uncommonly signalled their return by murdering an aristocrat; and such proofs of zeal for the good cause had the unfailing approval of the Jacobin orators. One leading person of that class, a lawyer named Barthélemy, exhorted the sailors to distrust their officers: "When," said he, making an appeal to the suspicion which is one of the strongest features of the southern character, "they command you mildly, and with kindness, it is in order to mislead you, and make use of you." We hardly need the evidence of a sailor, whose letter is quoted by M. Cottin, to believe that discipline had vanished. The ships fell into a state of filth which was the outward and visible sign of disorganisation. The very flag-ship was a cess-pool, and the dirt on her quarter-deck was knee-deep, for the sailors found a peculiar pleasure in demonstrating their independence by breaking all the rules against uncleanness. In such a state of things it is not wonderful that the officers in command at Toulon shrank from attacking the Spanish fleet under Borja de Gamachos, though it was little more numerous than their own and was notoriously in bad condition. The French crews showed no martial ardour, but were chiefly intent on defending the Revolution in Toulon.

It is a detail of some importance that several of the vessels in the harbour belonged to the Western fleet which had its head-quarters in Brest. This introduced a new element of discord. The Provençal sailors not uncommonly had their families in the town, and were more or less restrained by natural kindness and local patriotism. The Western men were free from any such check, and were therefore known for the thoroughgoing quality of their Jacobinism.

It seems wonderful that any of the old corps of naval officers remained in such circumstances. The Jacobin government at Paris must have been well aware that they were its natural enemies, while they must have found their position extremely painful. Yet the need for trained men in command was so great that the Terrorists were compelled to overlook the more than dubious republicanism of some officers. Not a few of them remained in spite of all: some because they had no resource but their pay; others because they were sincerely attached to the Revolution; a good many because they were ardent Royalists, and thought they could serve the King better by remaining on the spot, to take advantage of whatever might happen, than by flying the country, wherein they showed more sense, and also more courage, than most of the French nobles of that day. Thus they remained, enduring what they could not cure. Some of less scruple, or perhaps more sense of humour, than others, made themselves conspicuous for their ardent love of fraternity. One Cambon de Saint Julien took the genial course of fraternal drinking with his crew. What must have been hardest of all to bear, for men of gentle birth and aristocratic training, was that the places of their comrades, who had been massacred or driven into exile

or hiding, were filled up by men promoted from before the mast or introduced from the merchant-service. The new-comers, animated by plebeian envy and triumphant spite, rejoiced to revenge old slights by embittering the lives of the surviving members of the noble corps.

It is very necessary to keep the position and character of these gentlemen well in mind, for it was they who finally decided the surrender of Toulon to Lord Hood. Within the town the Moderates had begun to turn on their Jacobin oppressors in May, 1793. During that month news came that some Toulonese had fallen in an ambush while fighting against the Royalists in La Vendée. Thereupon the Jacobins seized all the priests and aristocrats they could lay hands on, and imprisoned them in Fort Lamalque. There was every sign of an approaching imitation of the September massacre in Paris. But the Moderates took heart of grace and released the prisoners, among whom there were several naval officers. The ease with which they cowed the extreme men is but one proof among scores that the Jacobin tyranny was the work of a handful, and was based mainly on the timidity and divisions of their victims. Yet even now the Moderates and the Royalists looked askance at one another. It was not until the first were encouraged by the report of similar movements all over the south of France and scared by threats of Jacobin vengeance, that they fairly decided to coalesce with the second. When they did the late tyrants of the town were overthrown without a blow. In vain did they parade Toulon sabre in hand singing the Carmagnole; when it came to the point they made no fight. The triumphant Royalists, for since they were the best disposed to a policy of thorough they naturally led the re-

action, took some revenge for what they had suffered. The guillotine was set to work on its late employers. Incidents of a more or less grim humour were not wanting. Two Representatives of the People, Bayle and Beauvais by name, who had been despatched from Paris on a tour of inspection through the South, came into Toulon just in time to be too late. They were marched to the Cathedral, and there compelled to listen, candle in hand, to a *Te Deum* in honour of the defeat of their own party; then they were thrown into prison, brutally, says M. Cottin. A deeper note of tragedy, in which there was yet an element of sour humour, was struck in the fate of the Jacobin Mayor Paul. In the days of his glory he had planted a Tree of Liberty, and had publicly expressed his ardent wish to see an aristocrat hanging from its branches. The tree was now cut down, a gallows was made of it, and the late Mayor suspended thereon.

Toulon had now fairly committed itself against the Jacobins. The tricolor was not as yet replaced by the white flag of the Monarchy, but the delay was solely due to a wish not to provoke the dockyard-men and sailors too far. Yet, as was usually the case, the Moderates and Royalists had acted too late, and even when acting they were of two minds. Very little was done to establish co-operation with other towns, and there were divisions between the Royalists who were for bringing back the King with a constitution which should preserve "the principles of 1789," and those who were for bringing him back without restrictions. It was pretty much the case of the alliance between the Presbyterian Royalists and the Cavalier Royalists of our own second Civil War, which carried within it the germs of its own destruction.

Negotiations were opened with the foreign enemies of the Republic, the Sardinians on one side and the Spaniards on the other, but both were weak and inefficient. To call in Hood was a thing difficult to manage while the crews of the ships in the harbour were not well in hand. So the town hesitated till the arrival of a mob of terror-stricken refugees from Marseilles on August 25th and 26th forced it to act under the goad of panic.

The details of the surrender make perhaps the most valuable, and certainly not the least amusing, part of M. Cottin's book. So far back as August 1st Hood had opened negotiations with the town by sending in Lieutenant Cooke with a mission to arrange for the mutual release of prisoners. M. Cottin, by a not unnatural confusion, names this officer Cook, and describes him in a note as the first son of the famous navigator, adding that he was drowned in the following year. Now there was a James Cook, third, not first, son of Captain Cook, at that time an officer in the Navy, and he was drowned under rather mysterious circumstances in January, 1794. But Hood's officer was Edward Cooke, and he was not drowned in that year, but mortally wounded in 1799, when captain of the *Sybill*, in her famous action with the French frigate *La Forte*. On his first visit Cooke hoisted the white or royal flag, to try the humour of the French sailors. Their protest convinced him that, whatever might be the case with Frenchmen on shore, the crews of the ships were not prepared to discard the Republic. Three weeks passed during which Toulon was simmering in fear and confusion; everybody on shore, or on the water of the two roadsteads, the inner and the

outer, foresaw that a crisis was coming, but no party as yet had decisively the upper hand. The Moderates and Republicans, now being welded into one party by a common fear, had obtained possession of the town and the forts. Two of these were of especial importance, the *Eguillette* and the *Balaguier*, which stand on the left hand to the entrance of the inner or Little Roads, and command the anchorage. Yet the ships' crews were still devoted to the Republic, and were the cause of much anxiety to the Royalists. It is true that, dominated by the forts within, and by the allied fleet without,—for *Langara* had now joined Hood, raising his numbers, if not his real force, to a superiority of more than two to one—the French ships were in an apparently hopeless position. Yet, if they had chosen to fire on Toulon itself, it is quite possible that with the help of the Jacobins, (who were overpowered for the moment but not destroyed) and the workmen of the dockyards, they might have gained the superiority. In any case they must have made the Royalist victory very costly. Before the General Committee, now ruling in Toulon, could ask Hood to enter, it had to obtain some security that it could venture to disregard the ships.

The way in which it obtained this necessary guarantee illustrates both the prevailing confusions of the time and a curious weakness in the French character. It has been said already that a part of the ships in the harbour belonged to the Western or Brest fleet. The crews of these vessels, having no family connections with the town, were well disposed to open fire; but not so the men of the Mediterranean fleet, whose home was in Toulon.

"It is all very well," said they, "for you gentlemen of the Western fleet to talk of firing into Toulon. No belongings of yours are there. But ours are, and though we are as ready as you to fire on the foreigner, we will neither fire ourselves on our own flesh and blood, nor allow you to do so." This of course stopped all talk of coercing the town. There remained the risk that the ships might offer a frantic resistance to Hood and Langara. The weakness of the French character, already referred to, removed that peril. It has often been observed that, in spite of their tendency to revolution, the French are also capable of showing a more than pedantic deference to authority; at a crisis they are apt to be seized with a violent desire to cover their responsibility, to throw the burden of deciding upon somebody else. So it was now. The sailors who had lately been so insubordinate looked to their officers for direction; but the officers in the higher commands were all members of the old noble corps, and more or less openly Royalist. The admiral in command was Jean Honoré, Count of Trogoff-Kerlessy, whom M. Thiers, misled by the foreign look of his name, took for a foreigner. He was in fact a Breton gentleman of Lanmeur in Finisterre. Poverty had compelled him to serve the Republic, but at heart he was a Royalist. When the crisis came he retired into the town and refused to give any orders at all. His flag-captain, Pasquier, urged the sailors to hoist the royal flag. So did the Baron d'Imbert, captain of the *Apollon*, an odd Royalist partisan, who went through many adventures, and did sometimes lean "to cut-purse of quick hand" under the pressure of the times. The crews listened in

gloomy silence. To one another they delivered addresses in the regular revolutionary style, but nothing came of it all. When Lieutenant Cooke had visited the town by night to make the last arrangements, the allied admirals saw the time was come to act. They sailed in on August 28th and 29th. No resistance was offered by the ships; the Toulonese sailors ran their vessels into the inner roadstead and surrendered; the Brest men landed on the west side of the harbour, and endeavoured to escape up country to join Carteaux. A telling testimony to the ferocity of the period was given by the Saint Julien whose fraternal drinkings with his crew have already been mentioned. He had opposed the surrender, for he seems to have been a convinced Republican, though scandal explained his actions by saying that he was in love with Madame Lapoype, the wife of a noted Jacobin. Saint Julien was on the point of joining Carteaux, but remembering the severity of the Terrorists to unsuccessful leaders, he decided to return and surrender to Langara, who sent him as a prisoner to Spain.

With the surrender of Toulon a new scene opened, and one which it is much less pleasant for an Englishman to contemplate, for from this time forward it is not the faults and weaknesses of the French which meet our eye. The occupation of the town was one of those things of which it may be truly said that if they are done when they are done, 'twere well they were done quickly. But it was not done when it was done; on the contrary it was only begun. Having got the town the Allies had to keep it, and that, as faithful history records, they did not succeed in doing. The causes of their failure are better

worth considering than the fighting, of which they did not do much, and what they did was generally poor. The situation is capable of being stated with brevity. Toulon stands on the north side of a fine oval bay, which stretches east and west, and is open for part of its southern side to another bay of the same shape, which again opens to the Mediterranean. The headlands on either side of the entrance to the inner roadstead are fortified. But both these forts and the town itself are dominated by high ground, and are therefore indefensible against an attack from the land. To defend such a place against a besieging army it was manifestly necessary to occupy the high ground, and as General Grey told Pitt (who refused to believe him), this could not be done with less than fifty thousand men. Now the Allies never had a tenth of that number of trustworthy men on shore. To begin with, they placed no confidence whatever in the French who had called them in. One of their measures was to disarm a large part of the natives, and the only French corps they employed was the Royal Louis, a regiment of volunteer Royalist gentlemen. Of their own forces they had, when successive reinforcements had brought them to their full strength, two thousand British soldiers, and two thousand Piedmontese, the sole representatives of twenty thousand promised by the King of Sardinia in return for his subsidy; these men, however, fought well. Then there came six thousand Neapolitans, who looked well on parade, but of whom it is recorded by all authorities that it passed the wit of man to make them stand fire. Before the Neapolitans came the Spaniards had landed seven thousand men, ill-dressed, ill-fed, ill-drilled, ill-officered, who fought on occasion, but could not be relied on to fight always.

The total, therefore, was some four thousand good and thirteen thousand bad troops to do a piece of work for which twice that number of the finest soldiers in Europe would not have been too many.

There could be but one end to such a venture from the moment that the French collected a serious army under a capable officer. The end would have come within a few days if the Republic had not been still weak. The only force it had in the neighbourhood was the mis-called army of Carteaux, fourteen thousand men in not much better case than the Spaniards, under a leader who, besides being a sanguinary ruffian, was a vapouring blockhead. Indeed it is hard to say which side showed the greater feebleness, Carteaux by not striking at once, or the Allies by not dashing his rabble to pieces. Each stood at gaze; but on the allied side Lord Mulgrave occupied the heights above Forts L'Eguilette and Balaguier, on the headland which divides the inner from the outer roadstead on the west. It was an officer-like measure, for this piece of high ground was the key of the whole position; if the French could seize it and establish batteries upon it, they could make the roadstead untenable to ships, and then the town must infallibly fall. Napoleon claimed that he, who joined Carteaux on September 16th, was the first to point out this elementary fact; but as M. Cottin shows, it had been seen by others. The facts prove that it must have been seen by Lord Mulgrave, who threw up the fort which bore his name, and which was from first to last the only serious obstacle to the re-taking of the town, to cover L'Eguilette and the Balaguier and the anchorage.

It was not till the last days of October and the first of November

that the French had accumulated men and guns enough to get seriously to work. One of the first measures they had to take was to remove Carreaux, whose only quality was that he massacred with superior energy. He vapoured that he would not give up his place to the Eternal Father, but he did resign it to the Committee of Public Safety, which sent Coppet to replace him. Coppet lasted only for a few days and was replaced by Dugommier, an honest man and a good fighter if not an able general. Inspired by Napoleon, whom he was one of the first to recognise, Dugommier began the serious attack on the Allies in November. Meanwhile they had had their full share of internal troubles, which indeed did not cease till they retired, and were then only transferred to other fields. Austria, which took our money and promised five thousand men, did not send one, being much too busy in pushing her own fortunes to have troops to spare for the service of the coalition against France. The King of Sardinia, as has already been said, contributed exactly one tenth of his contingent. The breaches of contract of this little sovereign were so audacious that even the long-suffering British Government, the milch-cow of all Europe, was forced to cut down his subsidy. Spain did not take our money, but she wasted her own and displayed a plentiful lack of practical faculty; meanwhile she stood much upon her dignity and very soon began to squabble with us. In short, the occupation of Toulon displayed all the vices which ruined the first coalition against France. The Powers concerned behaved as if the war with the Revolution was a convenient excuse for pursuing their respective ambitions, and without the least understanding of the terrible truth, which was that they were at

hand-grips with a force destined to beat down, to re-cast, nearly to ruin every one of them, except the Island Power defended by the sea and her fleet. Such people deserved to lose, and one's heart is with Dugommier and Napoleon and even the Jacobins, sons of Nox and Perdition as they were, in this fight of theirs with conceited incapacity and selfishness which could not see to the end of its own nose.

Can we however fairly look down from any height of moral and intellectual superiority on our colleagues in the adventure of Toulon? On the whole one has to confess that we cannot. England contributed her share to the sum total of inefficiencies and blunders. Of our admiral and our fleet we have no cause to be other than proud, and against them our allies have nothing to put except the stout fighting of the Piedmontese. Our little handful of troops gave promise of Egypt and of the Peninsula. In a way we can even afford to be pleased with our General O'Hara. When he rode out, without fear and without a plan, in front of his men at the Malbousquet skirmish, and got himself taken prisoner by the French, it was not generalship and it was not war. It was the kind of thing learned on the playing-fields of Eton (though by the way O'Hara was a Westminster man) which does not win battles; but there was a courageous foolishness about it which is rather touching. Maturana, a Spanish officer who reported the event, said that O'Hara behaved like a partisan and not as a general. M. Cottin is puzzled; but Mr. Kinglake would have condoned the act as boyish. It was not here that our fault lay, but elsewhere.

We were to blame for two reasons. The first is that the British Government put a stain on its own good

faith by repudiating the engagements of its admiral. Hood made it a condition that the town should declare for the King before he brought in his fleet; he also promised that the French ships and dockyards handed over to us should be given back to the rightful monarch of France in the state in which they were received. It was on these conditions that the town and dockyard were consigned to us. Now these engagements of Hood's were most inconvenient to Pitt, who had no intention of entering into a war for the restoration of the Bourbons; moreover, being a careful financier, he felt that we were entitled to something for taking charge of the French ships. It is easy therefore to understand that he disliked being led into heavy obligations by the action of the admiral. But Hood should have been warned beforehand not to enter into such engagements; once made they should, so far as was possible, have been observed. What was done was to send out Sir Gilbert Elliot as commissioner to take over the town for King George, and to tell the Toulonese that Hood's promises would not be kept. The inevitable result was to convince not only the Toulonese, but our other allies, that we were manœuvring to keep the town as another Gibraltar.

Yet this might have been made good but for our other and grosser error. This was that we went into the adventure without in the least understanding the extent of the obligation we had incurred or providing the means to carry it through. The navy did its part, but if Toulon was to be held,—and unless it could be held it was sheer cruelty in us to go in—troops were needed, and we had none to reinforce the handful Hood brought with him. Some such

operation as he entered on was foreseen, otherwise he would not have had soldiers with him; yet so little did we realise the nature of war on land that he was supplied with two thousand men where twenty times as many were needed. When Hood's request for reinforcements reached England there were no men to send, because our little army was scattered all over the world on small expeditions employed in nibbling at the colonial possessions of France. The same number of men concentrated at Toulon and used with spirit would have raised the siege and would have served as a rallying-point for the Moderates and Royalists of the South. Then the destructive career of the Jacobin Republic might have been cut short at the beginning and Europe might have escaped Napoleon,—for the greater good of herself and of France. M. Cottin, who excuses us for burning the dockyard when the evacuation became a necessity upon the inevitable fall of Fort Mulgrave under Napoleon's attack, on the reasonable ground that we could not leave the stores to an enemy, has the better right to blame our breach of faith to the inhabitants, and our failure to give the protection we promised. But our sins did not come from any Machiavellian scheme to destroy the navy and seize the colonies of our neighbour. They arose entirely from the cause long ago named by Sir Charles Pasley, that whereas we worked with our navy we played with our army,—which is the reason of reasons why we had to fight a twenty years' war. Let us hope that a generation which has taken to talking very much about Sea-Power will not have to be taught the same lesson at an equally heavy cost again.

DAVID HANNAY.

A NIGHT IN A HOSPITAL.

It was night. The chief light in the silent ward came from the flickering flames of the great fires ranged down the centre of the room; now they leaped up noisily, disclosing the haggard faces on the pillows, now sank into still blackness, leaving the ward to such light as came from the shaded lamp on the Sister's table where the Night-Nurse sat reading the day's report. Hearing a noise, her keen eyes peered through the gloom and discerned the Asthma by the door sitting up in his bed. The nightly struggle for breath began; his companions swore gently, almost inaudibly; the gasping was a familiar sound to them; they only hoped they might get off to sleep before it grew worse. As a quarter before midnight chimed from the city clocks the Nurse rose, and selecting some thermometers from a specimen-glass on the table she took the six-hour temperatures; then providing herself with a small bowl of water, a cloth, and a medicine-glass, she gave the twelve-hour medicines. Half-way down the ward an old man is sitting up. "Ah, my dear," he says, as he sees her approach, "I 'ave 'ad a day, I 'ave. Can't seem to git comfortable no 'ow; give us a drop of physic." He sits up in his red flannel Nightingale-cape, looking like a sad old monkey. "See," he continues pointing to his diet-card, "'e've put me on cawfee; good for the 'art 'e says." As she is washing the glass after the last dose, the door slowly opens and a thin white woman comes up the ward on tip-toe. The Nurse points to a chair, which the woman picks up and carries with her to the

further end. She may come at any time; her husband is on the danger-list.

He is a costermonger up Peckham way, and since his illness, the whole responsibility of the barrow has fallen on his wife. When fish is dear, and the barrow poorly stocked (there being now no master to fight its battle), he rarely lacks a kind friend to step in with news of how badly business is going.

"Do seem 'ard," sums up the visitor.

"Ah, you may say so, when your business is 'addocks," replies the patient bitterly, for he is a personage up Peckham way, with, so to speak, power of the higher and lower justice over the haddock. Here he is merely Number Twenty-One with a poultice; and it is in such moments as these that the whole weight of the truth is borne in upon him. Moreover he has been dying for weeks, and no one has been able to bring even a suspicion of this fact to his mind. As his days lessen, his anxiety for his clothes to be brought to him increases, and his irritation grows with the thin, tired wife, whose days are spent with haddocks up Peckham way, and her nights by bed Number Twenty-One, waiting for its occupant to die. "'Ere, where's my boots?" he says, looking over the contents of the bundle which she has been forced to bring for the sake of peace and quietness. She stands by his bed and the uncertain flame reveals from time to time her scanty skirts and draggled feathers. "Garn, Bill!" she exclaims with a hoarseness begotten of the conscientious and vigorous

persistency with which she presses her wares on the good wives of Peckham. "D'ye think the Lord 'ud 'ave ye stamping about the 'evens in them there 'eavy boots?" And Bill lay back on his pillow and understood, while the waistcoat and the trousers slipped tactfully to the floor, realising they would be no more wanted. It was thus that Number Twenty-One's approaching end was broken to him. Mrs. Bill was of opinion that either one lived and wore one's boots, or one died and pawned them. If she had been a little premature in her arrangements was this entirely her fault? The House-Surgeon had spoken very distinctly on the subject of Number Twenty-One a month ago, and we must live, and when haddocks failed then boots stepped in. Thus she mused, sitting conscientiously by her sick husband.

She had her own worries too. Each morning for the last six weeks her friends had asked, "'Ow's Bill? Bin took, poor chap?" and each day she had answered, "No." And Mrs. Yallop (whose barrow marched with hers) being aware of that little matter of the boots, had smiled once or twice of late, observing, "You've bin too sharp over them boots, ole gal." "'Old yer noise," Mrs. Bill had answered tersely; but the smile remained with her.

Suddenly there came a whispered call from a distant bed. "Oh, Nurse, this bloke is carryin' on cru'l," said the voice from the shadows; and Nurse went over for the hundredth time to a strange figure tossing in delirious restlessness.

A little, thin, old man with wide-open eyes stared at her from the pillow. At the head of his bed, beside the medicine-rack, hung a wooden board on which a paper was pinned, bearing the name *Anton Krebske* and the date, but with no

address. In the locker under the window lay his clothes, neatly folded by the Probationer who had put him to bed, and on the top of all lay an old violin. "It won't fold, and there's no place to hang it," muttered the Probationer; neither was there any friend to take it away, so the violin had to be admitted with its owner.

And this was all that was known of the new case; too ill to struggle he could only drift, and the great sea of London had borne him to the door one January night. Coming under the head of *urgent* he had been admitted at once, taken to the ward and put to bed, where he had lain ever since with wide unseeing eyes.

When night came and the ward sank to rest and darkness, he began as his neighbour said, to "carry on cru'l," moaning, speaking words difficult to understand, and every now and then singing "rum kind o' toons" according to the Diabetes, who was very cross and thirsty and whose last attempt to empty the Doctor's jug had been deftly frustrated by Nurse, but who was still not without hope; there was a boy with fits at the extreme other end of the ward; a lot might happen during a really good fit, he mused thirstily.

That Anton Krebske possessed the temperament of genius was evident from the threadbare, buttonless, and generally distracted state of the clothes laid away under the violin; the violin that came from the land of the viol, the great sunny plain of Lombardy,—not an Amati, but still of that great family, a poor relation, hoping as all good violins do, to get back at last to rest among the soft passionate voices of Italy. Of late its labour had been for pence; once it had filled the pockets with coins of more precious metal, but that time was over, even the age of silver was

past; the fogs and greyness of this foreign land had entered into its heart and the day of copper reigned. But this same temperament of genius, that squanders as quickly as it earns, has the qualities of its defects, the power of closing its eyes to the comfortless present and living in the past and the future. The open eyes saw none of the wholesome antiseptic ugliness of the ward (the high blindless windows, the blue-checked cotton quilts), but looked across and beyond it to deep Thuringian forests to the accompaniment of the overture to TANNHAUSER. As the chant of the pilgrims falls on the sleepy uncomprehending ear of the patient in the next bed, he turns angrily, desiring the minstrel to "old 'is noise and give a chap a chance." The old voice suddenly stops in its song, though not in obedience to the occupant of the next bed. "I must go, it is time, it is time," mutters Anton Krebske several times, with great difficulty trying to raise himself. He is tired, but he must not keep them waiting; his fumbling, restless fingers try to catch the blankets, but they give and he falls back, still talking quickly to himself. Another effort, and at last he is standing, leaning against his bed. "The hands shake, it does not go well when one first rises," he says, as grasping the mattress he walks the length of his bed. "No clothes?" He looks round; "but that makes nothing; the violin, where have I put it? *Gott*, I know not!" Reaching the window-locker he sinks down on it in a heap. "But I must go," he repeats, raising himself by holding the lid of the window-seat which opens as he rises. "Ah, in my coffer I keep the violin." The remembrance brings relief, and he pushes back the seat, raises the violin carefully, and then, pulling an old high hat like a hairy caterpillar from its tight corner,

he puts it on and taking the violin under his arm sets out for rehearsal.

Nurse is in the scullery mixing a poultice; a shout from the ward and the poultice is brought to nought. In the doorway stands a shrivelled old man, simply dressed in a short night-shirt and a tall hat; under one arm he carries a violin. "Nineteen," she whispers, "how dare you get out of bed!"

"Noble lady," he answers, speaking very quickly, "I rejoice to meet you, but I cannot stay; I go to the theatre; strangely enough I have lost my way."

"Come," she says, taking his arm, "I'll show you the way."

"*Sehr lebens würdig*," he mutters under his breath, and she leads him back to his bed, tucking the clothes tightly in all round him. Again he thanks her, explaining that the rehearsal is an important one or he would not have troubled the gracious lady. Stretching his arms out, he plays an imaginary violin, watching the conductor eagerly for the time. Some bars are very difficult; over and over again he plays them, with an incessant muttered comment, from time to time flinging his old arms in despairing weariness on the blue-checked quilt; his head turns from side to side, and he smiles a sudden smile as he sees a friend in the orchestra; then the flash dies and his anxious eyes turn away. After a moment's silence he begins to sing, softly and quickly. At first the sleeping people are not disturbed, it is so low; but by degrees it gets louder and faster, a strange wild sound; they awaken, they listen, they turn in their beds to get a better view, they sit up. "Nurse!" they call, "Nurse!" and she comes, but she cannot quiet the old man possessed by the weird music of the Venusberg. She brings him some milk and ice in a feeder, but he will have none of it and waves

her away with burning, restless hands. She takes one in hers and cannot count the rushing pulse, and still the music goes on, now loudly, now softly, as the strength waxes and wanes. He is not lonely now; he is quite well and young and at home again; people think much of young Krebske: "Greatness awaits him," they tell one another, pointing as he passes down the street.

A cold grey light begins to creep into the ward. Mrs. Bill rises wearily from her chair and goes, for business is business and haddocks wait for no one. The Heart is sipping his coffee with blue lips; the Diabetes, in better spirits, is enjoying half a pint of lawful happiness in a white mug. The Ward-maid appears laden with brushes to do the fires; she pauses by Number Nineteen's bed. As his eyes light on her the hurrying music stops. "*O du mein Schöner Abendstern!*" he murmurs, whereat she, being unaware of the compliment and very sleepy, turns angrily away. "You be'ave yerself,—you're another;" and the Evening Star passes on to the grates.

Nurse, coming back to the ward with more of the coffee which is to renew the heart of Number Twenty-Two, suddenly lays the mug on the table and carries forward some screens with which she encloses bed Number Nineteen. Thus all is hidden from the curious frightened eyes of the neighbourhood. The world without stirs in the late winter dawn, but in the ward all is still now. The big door swings and a light footstep walks

past the beds; it is the Night-Sister's last round. She walks up to the screens. "Go on with the breakfasts," she says; "I'll wait here for you;" and Nurse emerges and goes back to her mugs, for outside the screens life goes on as before.

Inside, there is no more music, only a difficult breath from time to time; the eyes are no longer restless, but fixed with a still, listening look. With kind but unavailing hands the Sister tries with all the might of science to detain the poor Knight on his way; but as he said himself, "I cannot stay, this is an important rehearsal." And although he had indeed lost his way and strayed sadly from his early promise, it may be (who knows?) that in keeping this last important engagement, new chances may be his, rehearsals that may end in a brilliant performance. And so poor Tannhäuser went away alone in the chill dawn. The Sister makes a note on the card hanging over the bed, and, crossing the ward, opens a drawer in which bandages of all kinds and widths are neatly packed, takes a piece from a three-inch bandage and disappears again behind the screens. Making a slit in the middle of the bandage and one at each end, she binds it round the head and chin of Anton Krebske; then removing the pillows she lays him straightly in his bed, and closing the screens till they exactly meet, she sadly leaves the ward. Even in hospitals some people can never feel death to be a common thing of every day.

FREDERICK THE NOBLE.¹

MANY years ago two little English schoolboys were standing in a tremor of sinful excitement on the extreme edge of the public gardens of Wiesbaden. As it was strictly forbidden to walk on the grass in the public gardens of Germany, it obviously became the chief aim in life of our two young barbarians to assert their national independence by setting this regulation at naught, furtively and with loins girded. Consequently, they were at feud with the red-bearded park-keeper. Him on this particular afternoon they had lured, by devious bye-paths, to a quiet limit of the gardens where a dash across the intervening lawn could be carried out with safety to themselves and to the infinite annoyance of their pursuer, who was now stalking his quarry behind a clump of fir-trees. The time for flight had come, when the small law-breakers saw a gentleman, an Englishman as they guessed from his tall hat and frock-coat, walking at a rapid pace along the path by which they were expecting Barbarossa to make his futile swoop upon them. As the stranger drew nearer they saw the tall, well-poised figure and handsome clear-cut features of the Crown-Prince of Germany. Their first instinct was for flight; second thoughts suggested the wisdom of standing their ground, even though they had already transgressed on to the untrodden grass, and of abiding the issue. As the Prince drew nearer the urchins had the decency to take off their caps. He seemed to take in the situation at

a glance; there was a twinkle in his eye and a twitching about the corner of his mouth; he knew English boys when he saw them, and knew of the superfluity of their naughtiness. With a kindly smile (it was wonderful to see how that smile lit up his stern face) he raised his hat, and bowed with grave courtesy to acknowledge the homage of two small, shame-faced boys. Awed and respectful at his heels followed their dearest enemy, the red-bearded keeper; and he, too, amazed at the honour done them (he was an old soldier) saluted them deferentially and in military fashion as he passed them at a modest distance in the wake of his future Emperor. The two small boys returned his salute with the gracious condescension of a brace of Grand Dukes. It was the hour of supreme triumph, but they had just had a lesson in good manners which had impressed even them. This was the first and only occasion on which the writer of these lines came, personally, into touch with the late Emperor. But the impression made on him by that chance meeting remained. Since that date the small boy has been a hero-worshipper and his hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*, is Frederick the Noble.

In later years it has been his delight to read whatever has been written touching the life of his hero; and it has recently been his good fortune to read a work by one who worships, not more devoutly but to far better purpose, at the same shrine. Margaretha Edle von Poschinger has now published the first volume of

¹ KAISER FRIEDRICH; by Margaretha von Poschinger. Vol. i.; Berlin, 1899.

her biography of Kaiser Friedrich, dealing with his early life and letters from 1831 to 1862. The author has already won for herself as a novelist a name in the German world of letters. From her earliest youth, so she tells us in the preface to the first volume, the Emperor Frederick had been her hero, and it had always been her ambition to write the story of his life. Conscious of the great difficulty of her task, she was encouraged to persevere in it by the advice of a "statesman held in high honour in Germany" who was convinced that it might well be achieved by "the unsophisticated judgment and innate truthfulness of a feminine temperament." Without discussing the eminent statesman's sanguine and gallant diagnosis of the feminine temperament, it will at least be owned that Madame von Poschinger has that capacity for taking pains which, if not exactly the equivalent of genius, is a most useful quality for a maker of books. To use a phrase too often suffered to cover a multitude of biographical sins, she has decided to let the life of Frederick tell its own story as it is revealed in his private letters, in bald official documents, in the dusty files of newspapers, and in the memoirs of his contemporaries. This was a course that could be taken with the utmost confidence. It is one of the great tributes to the memory of her hero that his admirers need have no fear of what time may bring to light. In its every relation, in its every phase his life was great and lovable. Even the waspish spleen of Bismarck's little Busch cannot smirch it. I may add that since reading this volume I have had the privilege of seeing the unpublished reminiscences of an Englishman whom some twenty years ago the Crown-Prince honoured with his acquaintance; and it has been most

interesting to note how the fulness of his manhood bore out the promise of his early years.

Born on October 18th, 1831, the anniversary of the Battle of Nations at Leipzig, the coming of the future Emperor was welcomed by a great poet who was soon to pass away into that broader light for which he craved. In August the Princess Augusta, his old pupil and constant friend, had written to congratulate Goethe on the occasion of his last birthday. In November the poet replied from Weimar to congratulate the Princess on the birth of her son in a very quaint letter. When the news of the happy event reached Weimar, Goethe, it would seem, was paying a visit to some agricultural show or other, "so very heartily patronised from above." The genius of the place inspired him to draw a rather cumbrous parallel between the fertility of Nature and of the House of Hohenzollern. The boundary between the sublime and the grotesque seems perilously narrow. "In moments such as these," he writes, "while we were admiring the wealth of vegetable nature news arrived which transported us to the climax of human happiness, the recovery of your Royal Highness and the new life on the tree which from its old and venerable roots ever sends forth new branches;" and he regards "this coincidence of epochs and events" as the happiest augury for the future. Although the poetic imagery on which the biographer sets such store may appear to English notions a trifle fulsome, it is touching that the genial light of the last greeting Goethe sent to the Royal House of Prussia should fall on the cradle of its infant heir. It was only towards the close of his life that the Prince learnt under what high auspices he had entered the world. Among his papers after his death was

a copy of Goethe's letter, dated 1886 in his mother's handwriting.

The early education of the young Prince was as liberal as it was judicious. Though, as was inevitable in the case of a member of the House of Hohenzollern, his military training was strict and exacting, no King of Prussia before him had a wider or a more systematic education than Frederick William. This he owed in great part to his mother. Princess Augusta made the education of her son the great duty of her life. In a letter to Major von Roon in 1848, at a time when, on the retirement of General von Unruh, he had been requested to take up the appointment of governor to the young Prince, she lays down the high principles which had always guided her in the education of her son.

I have always looked upon my son as a gift, entrusted to me by God, for which He demands a reckoning. His training, therefore, has claimed my whole strength; I have devoted myself to him exclusively; it has contributed greatly to my own development and afforded me, together with its inseparable anxiety, great comfort and joy. . . . It is our task to train a thorough man who must, in all circumstances, be equal to his duties and who throughout his life must always win respect and confidence, however God's will may dispose for the future and for his own walk in life. As a man, may he show himself especially favoured only for his devotion to duty and for his honour; as a sovereign, may he prove in deeds that his personal merit will justify his birthright.

Touching on the troublous days of March, the remedy for which must be strength and clemency, the Princess continues: "He (my son) belongs to the present and to the future; he must therefore take up the new ideas and work them out for himself so that he may obtain a real and living insight into his times and not live remote from them, but in and with

them." The letter ends with a heartfelt appeal to Roon to undertake the education of her son, if he be in sympathy with her views.

Every word of the letter is worthy of one who could claim Goethe for her master; yet it is not perhaps surprising to find Roon replying, with conscientious and characteristic bluntness, that he hardly thought himself fitted to undertake the education of the young Prince on these lines.

I feel too old, rusted into the so-called prejudices too deeply, halting; I cannot keep up, and the so-called "height of the times," in so far as it does not of itself come down to the level of my horizon, always appears to me like a Chimborazo. Will this "reactionary" temperament of mind (as people are wont to call it) not be prejudicial to my young master? Shall I be able to appraise the new ideas of our days with that warmth which might be necessary in order to reconcile and to identify him with them? And yet your Royal Highness lays weight on this, and I think that you are right.

The Prince's first governor, General von Unruh, was a man of very different stamp. Appointed to his responsible duties when his pupil was hardly out of the nursery, he lived with the Prince until ill-health compelled him to resign in 1848 when his pupil was already beginning to put aside childish things. During these impressionable years von Unruh must have exercised a powerful and ennobling influence, which has perhaps hitherto hardly been fully appreciated, in forming the character of his pupil. He seems to have combined the loftiest qualities of an officer and a gentleman who never allowed his military training to warp his natural character, a somewhat rare distinction in a Prussian soldier of that day, who, as a rule, was all drill and buckram. Von Unruh never dragooned his dear Prince into the paths of virtue. He

was content to further the development of his pupil's character by example and by suggestion rather than by precept. The great lesson he taught the Prince was consideration for the feelings of others of humble estate, and it was a lesson that his pupil never forgot. How cordial and affectionate the relationship between them became may be seen in the correspondence between them that Madame von Poschinger has published. It lasted long after von Unruh had resigned his official appointment. His cheery letters to his "dear young Prince," written often enough from a bed of sickness, are infinitely touching for their ring of manly piety and for their chance allusions to suffering bravely borne. The letter he wrote to him in 1850 from what he thought to be his death-bed, with directions that it was not to be delivered until the writer had passed away, is a lasting memorial to his sincerity and devotion.

I believe, my dear Prince [it ran], that I have always been honest towards you; and you may feel the more certain at this solemn hour of my complete sincerity. Let me before all else express my heartfelt thanks to God that during the time while you were entrusted to my guidance and up to this hour, He has kept your heart pure and undefiled and has preserved you from the many follies which only too easily corrupt one's youth. . . . That this is due to no merit of mine, I know; I am indeed most surely convinced of this; let us rather gladly confess that it is a fair and free gift of God. . . . Further let me gladly confess that your love and your affection for me, your obedience and your conduct towards me were in the main (and if perhaps with some, yet with very few exceptions,) of a kind as to afford me only pleasure and satisfaction. . . . I do not presume to give you counsel for your future life; I would only urge you to seek it in prayer at that source whence every good gift flows. . . . May the Lord God bless your present and your future, for time and for eternity, and may

He vouchsafe us to meet again hereafter, sinless and redeemed, before His throne of grace. With this wish and prayer, my very dear Prince, your devoted old friend bids you, for this life, farewell.

Among others associated in the young Prince's education was for many years the late Professor Ernst Curtius. The young scholar of Lübeck first attracted the attention of the Princess of Prussia by his lectures on the Acropolis of Athens, and she, after some petty opposition on the plea that only born Prussians ought to be concerned in the education of their future ruler, succeeded in attaching him to her son's household for six years. Curtius was instructed to lecture to the young Prince on classics and on history. He was much more than a mere dominie. The critical and trained judgment, the ripe scholarship tempered by refined taste and catholic sympathy for all that was best in art and letters, which characterised the master were reflected in the pupil. It was under the guidance of Curtius, too, that the young Prince first began to make the acquaintance of his future subjects. During the absence of von Unruh, Curtius was fond of taking his pupil on informal little expeditions to every part of Germany. In his panegyric on the Emperor Frederick before the University of Berlin he told a pretty and characteristic anecdote of one of these picnics. Curtius proposed to take the Prince, who was in Lübeck with him at the time, in strict incognito to see one of the peasant-proprietors in the neighbourhood. The pastor of the village was enlisted to furnish introductions. He, knowing somewhat of the simple manners of his flock, thought it expedient, under oath of secrecy, to tell the young peasant of the honour in store for him. When the visitors arrived at his house his wife, at a

sign from the pastor, was about to hand the first cup of coffee to the Prince, when his old grandmother caught her arm and shrilled: "No, 'Stine, serve his Reverence first." The Prince was delighted at the success of his incognito. But the old lady spoiled the situation immediately afterwards by asking, "And now tell me, your Reverence, which of the two young people is really the Prince?" adding, after her young visitor had confessed his identity: "Such a fine young man, and he doesn't look a bit like a prince!"

A son of this clergyman enlisted in the Prussian army. One day when the Crown-Prince was inspecting the troops on Mount Valérien, he heard the young officer's name. "Then you are a son of Pastor —?" he said. "Is your father still alive? Then remember me to him most kindly. Does he still pray for abundant wrecks (*gesegnetes Strandrecht*) at the end of the service?" Twenty-five years after he had attended that service, and in the turmoil of the most eventful days of his life, the Prince remembered that quaint bit of medievalism.

The Prince was in his happiest vein among the simple peasantry of the Fatherland. Soon after his marriage he took his young wife to spend a few days in a very primitive village of the Silesian Tyrol. The Princess was the chief guest at the wedding-festivities of one of the villagers, while her husband led off the dancing with the bride. During his visit to Wiesbaden, the Prince, before setting out for his morning-walk, was in the habit of strolling through the marketplace which lay opposite the palace. He had always a pleasant greeting for the white-kerchiefed peasant women sitting over their baskets. At times he used to make small purchases and banter the women for the rise in prices

which his marketing always portended. Before strangers indeed the market-women of Wiesbaden used, when the tall figure of the Prince, picking his devious way amid the baskets of vegetables, caused a stir among their purchasers, to assume an air of superior and obviously feigned indifference; "It's only our Crown-Prince," they explained.

On attaining his majority at the age of eighteen the young Prince, after his formal investiture with the Order of the Black Eagle (accompanied by a portentous avuncular lecture from his Majesty Frederick William the Fourth), matriculated at the University of Bonn. The two years which the Prince spent in his quiet chambers in the old Electoral palace overlooking the Rhine were probably among the pleasantest of his life, and certainly not the least profitable. He threw himself heart and soul into the work and pastime of a German student's life. He attended the public lectures and, according to Lindenberg's interesting study of KAISER FRIEDRICH ALS STUDENT, he protected the students' duels from interference and helped to safeguard the time-honoured and picturesque traditions of the Corps.

Madame von Poschinger, on whose authority it is not clear, tells a very charming story of those student-days. On a summer's night the Prince was returning with a few companions from a ramble near Rolandseck. Some one suggested a supper at the local inn. "All right," said the Prince, "so long as you drop His Royal Highness and remember that my name is Fritz." On entering the inn the strains of a voice as of a siren held the young men in thrall. Mine host professed not to know the singer's name. Once more the liquid notes thrilled out into the night. The student Fritz sprang from his seat:

"It is Jenny Lind," he cried, "it can only be Jenny Lind." He dashed into the adjoining room; it was Jenny Lind. The great songstress felt that she ought to be angry at the intrusion, but it is difficult to be angry on a summer's night at Rolandseck. The end of it was that she found herself at the piano singing national songs to a delighted audience of three unknown students. "If I had a voice like the nightingale of Sweden," said the student called Fritz, "I would sing the song of Blücher's Hussars." "Sing it to me," answered Jenny Lind; "I know that all German students can sing." Fritz was nothing loth; all the fervour of his patriotism rang out in the stirring refrain in which the warrior-poet, Ernst Moritz Arndt, had given voice to the spirit of the Wars of Liberation. "A song that carries one away with it!" said Jenny Lind. "I should like to try it." Then the young Prince again seated himself at the piano to teach the greatest singer of her time the song to the music of which he was to lead his troops to victory at Weissenburg and Wörth. She was not long learning it. "Like the roll of an organ and the clash of bells," says the chronicler, "the magnificent voice rang out over the whispering river." When her new friends were taking leave, Jenny Lind asked her teacher to tell her his name. At that moment the door was thrown open and a tall white-haired figure entered the room. "Ernst Moritz Arndt," whispered the students in respectful welcome. "Yes, Ernst Moritz Arndt," he answered; "and if you, fair singer, ask that man's name, I will answer for him: he is called His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia." The introduction of the old poet at the psychological moment sounds perhaps somewhat like a dramatic after-

thought, but let no iconoclast attempt to destroy our belief in the rest of the charming story.

It was during these student days at Bonn that the Prince paid his first visit to this country, and saw his future wife for the first time at the opening of the International Exhibition of 1851. Lindenberg, who is as a rule very trustworthy, tells a story of the deep impression this first meeting with his future wife made on the young man. At a dance, after his return to Bonn, one of his most intimate friends found him standing against the wall watching the dancing instead of joining in it as was his wont. He asked the Prince how he had enjoyed his visit to England. Every hour of it, he was told, had been delightful; then on the impulse of the moment the Prince added in a whisper: "If you will give me your word not to say anything about it, I will show you something." The pledge given, he drew a locket from his waistcoat-pocket, and, pressing the spring, showed his friend a miniature of the little Princess Royal. Ever since his betrothal, it is true, the Prince always wore a portrait of his wife as a girl, the gift of the Queen, in a locket on his watch-chain; but at the time of this confidence the Princess Royal cannot have been more than eleven years old. Still, the story of love at first sight is too pleasing to be criticised captiously.

After leaving the University, the Prince devoted himself for several years almost exclusively to his military duties. Like all the Hohenzollerns he was a soldier born and bred, but, unlike all the members of his House, there were times when he was glad to lay aside his uniform. At the tender age of seven he was a full-fledged private of the Prussian Guards, standing exactly four feet in his stockings. At his coming of age

he received his commission; but he had had to work for it. Throughout his military career, though his promotion was necessarily rapid, he was never invited to go up higher until he had mastered the duties of the step below. In all his subordinate commands he went through the mill with the rest. That this discipline was in accordance with his own wishes there can be little doubt; he took his profession seriously, and disliked the idea of being promoted over the head of men who had experience he could not claim. In a letter to his mother, in answer to a proposal to make him spend the winter (probably of 1855) in a government-office in Berlin, he puts these views forward at some length.

As regards the duties of chief of a battalion I am very anxious to get to know them by personal service for at least half a year, as I did when I got my company. For this, as I am well aware, a solitary experience in the autumn manœuvres is not enough to gain the knowledge I want, in order all of a sudden to pass over the regiment, as Alvensleben wishes me to, and take up the command of a brigade. In this capacity I should have to decide on questions which I myself should not have learned by thorough comprehension and experience, and should therefore, with that lack of self-confidence which I still feel, not make much progress. Were I, according to Schreckenstein's advice, to remain on the strength without definite rank or duties throughout the winter, and were only to engage in theoretic studies in Berlin, the idea might well become current in the army that I am now no longer anxious to continue my active service as heretofore, but prefer to be promoted straight away into a position of authority, where except for the autumn and one or two small summer manœuvres there is little to be done. Such, at least, are my personal scruples which I confide to you, dear mother, quite frankly.

His keenness did not evaporate in ink. As a captain he had proved that

he had no wish to shirk the dullest detail of routine. He knew every man in his company by name; every day he inspected their rations personally. On one occasion, when he had to reprimand his non-commissioned officers for the state of the men's boots, he handled the dirty footgear himself to point out the defects to the delinquents. No detail of his regimental work was beneath his notice. In the manœuvres he slept with his officers round the camp-fire, and the field-mice once took a mean advantage of his slumbers by eating the lining out of his helmet. Long before the opportunity came for gathering laurels on a stricken field he had shown that he was no feather-bed soldier. He had too, all the true soldier's gentleness for anything weak and helpless. Madame von Poschinger tells a charming story of this trait in his character. While he was in command of his regiment in Breslau a thick fall of snow had over-night covered the square in front of the Palace, and a narrow track hemmed in by several inches of snow on either side was the only passage. Along this a little school-boy was hurrying on his way to the Gymnasium, when half across the square he encountered a tall officer. One, it seemed, would have to make way for the other. The little lad hesitated to step aside into the snow. "It won't do for you, little man, to get wet feet," said the Prince, as catching the urchin in his arms, he lifted him over his shoulder and set him down in the beaten track. A child in trouble never appealed to his great heart in vain. One day in Wiesbaden a little girl, a daughter of the people, had been sent out to fetch the beer for supper. Running home across the street, she stumbled, fell, and smashed the precious jug. Then arose a shrill wail of lamentation to the unheeding heavens; but a gentle-

man, hurrying homeward from his wonted constitutional in the Nerothal, took in the tragedy at a glance. Crossing the road, he picked up the hapless child from the broken sherds, wiped away tears and beer with his own pocket-handkerchief, put a sovereign in her grubby little palm, and was gone almost before she had stopped bellowing. The Kaiser's Beer-Jug is, I believe, to be seen in a certain street in Wiesbaden even unto this day.

Two very interesting passages in this volume recount the Prince's two visits to Russia. Their chief interest is due to the fact that they are written by the Prince himself, who recorded his adventures and impressions from day to day in an informal diary, posted probably for the subsequent edification of his mother and his "little sister 'Wiwi,'" afterwards Grand Duchess of Baden. His first visit was in 1852, in answer to an invitation to attend the Russian manoeuvres. In these rough notes, obviously written on the spur of the moment, the Prince shows a remarkable gift of close observation and shrewd comment. The greater part of these entries are concerned with purely military criticism, but now and again come a few lines which throw a curious light on the primitiveness of the Russian court a generation ago. For example, an entry dated from the Peterhof casually mentions: "H.M. and the Grand Dukes appeared in Prussian uniform and after dinner had a lot of fun with the cadets. Two of them had to undress behind the shrubbery to show if they had washed properly." Again, on the following day: "The Emperor ordered them all [the marine cadets] to march past, and out of the ranks grabbed the smallest of the lot, whom he ordered to undress, in view of all the on-lookers standing along the railings

and before all of us, to see whether he was clean. He also asked the same boy how many fleas he had about him; the boy after some calculations, answered quite calmly, 'Nine.'" After all, there seems to have been some reason for this very searching inspection. The second visit the Prince paid to St. Petersburg was much more ceremonious. In 1856 he was despatched with a large and distinguished following to represent Prussia at the coronation of Alexander the Second. The description he gives of the gorgeous ceremony in the Kremlin is graphic and picturesque enough to be the work of a Special Correspondent of our day. He only breaks down when, greatly daring, he essays to depict the costumes worn by the ladies of the court. The gallant endeavour shows perhaps most clearly the purpose his journals were meant to serve. "To describe the splendour of the toilettes of the Grand Duchesses I have too little expert knowledge. They really had jewels on every seam of their gowns and of their trains, and, with the exception of Mary, they had all chosen trimmings of ermine. Mary had taken sable, *à la Bajarde*, as she said. My grandmother in white and *drap d'argent* was splendid to behold, as also was Fanny. Marouça appeared for the first time *en queue*." For one conscious of his shortcomings, this dashing attack on the phraseology of *chiffons* is little short of heroic.

Madame von Poschinger also publishes a curious letter of the same year, alleged, on what authority is not apparent, to have come from the pen of the Empress Eugenie while the Prince was paying a visit of state to the French Court. Whoever may be the author of it, it is interesting, as showing the impression the grand appearance and chivalrous bearing of the Prince in his early manhood made

on a shrewd, and probably not a very sympathetic observer.

The Prince is a handsome man, nearly a head taller than the Emperor, well-built, fair, straw-coloured mustachios, a German such as Tacitus has described: a man of chivalrous politeness, not without something that reminds one of Hamlet about him. . . . His companion, a Herr von Moltke (or something like it) is a silent man, but nothing less than a dreamer, always on his guard and putting other people on theirs: he surprises one at times with the most pertinent remarks. They are an imposing race, the Germans. Louis says the race of the future. *Bah ! nous n'en sommes pas encore là.*

Limitations of space forbid us to touch on the happy story of the Prince's wooing, of his betrothal, and of his marriage; nor indeed is it necessary, for there is little in it that would be new to English readers, based as the narrative is, mainly on the Queen's JOURNALS, as edited by Sir Arthur Helps, on Sir Theodore Martin's biography of the Prince Consort, and on Moltke's letters to his wife. Moltke gives a very amusing account of the Oxford Encænïa of 1856, when his young master and the Prince of Baden received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law, and where the uproarious behaviour of the undergraduates shocked the soldier's notions of discipline. When nearly a quarter of a century later one of the undergraduates who had helped to swell the tumult in the theatre reminded the Crown Prince, in the course of a desultory chat, of the scene, he became keenly interested when this solitary experience of English University life was recalled to his memory. He always enjoyed being reminded of incidents connected with his visits to this country where, as he often said, the happiest days of his life had been spent. "You know," he said on his

return with his young bride, to Mr. Perry under whom he had studied our language and literature at Bonn, "how I have always loved England." To Englishmen, perhaps a graceful compliment to his wife's nationality, he was always the most charming and courteous of hosts. The gentleman from whose reminiscences I have already freely quoted, gives one or two graphic pictures of the charm of his manner towards his English guests. The first time he met the Crown-Prince was at a formal dinner given in honour of the military and official notables of Wiesbaden. It was a rather trying ordeal for a foreigner who could claim no other uniform than the black coat of the majority of his countrymen and, in a country where most men who have the entry to Court circles can boast of a handful of orders, could make no greater effort for the decoration of his person than is effected by a white neck-tie. He was soon, however, set at his ease.

The Crown Prince of Germany [he writes] always impressed me as one of the truly great and noble men of the earth who can condescend to men of humble estate without making them unpleasantly aware of the condescension. On the first occasion when I was bidden to dine at the palace, he met me, I remember, at the head of the grand staircase with a kind smile and word of welcome which at once relieved me of any feeling of insignificance. When with Englishmen he always seemed to me to be inclined to disregard the burdensome minutiae of court-etiquette as a thing of little moment. After another dinner, when a knot of his English guests had foregathered and were talking, with more conviviality than strict etiquette would approve, about hunting and sport in general, he came up saying, "What are you fellows talking about?" and joined in our conversation as if he were one of us.

After his marriage the Prince, though he had won his way into the hearts of the simple burghers and peasantry of the Fatherland as *unser Fritz*,

showed that, when the duties of his position did not stand in the way, he always enjoyed being "one of us."

Some of the most interesting letters published in this volume are to be found in the Prince's correspondence with his aunt, the Dowager Empress of Russia. During his visits to the Peterhof a very genuine affection seems to have sprung up between "my dear Aunt Charlotte" and her nephew, which was kept alive by sundry little attentions on either side. After his marriage the young bridegroom answered her congratulations in a long and intimate letter which reflects the happiness of his married life.

I did not like — to leave without giving him a few lines for you, which come from a happy bridegroom in the most real meaning of the word. Your loving words to Victoria were a great pleasure to me, and were a precious continuation of all the tokens of your gracious interest in her since you knew her as a future niece. Our home-coming was wonderfully beautiful and impressive, and universal joyous participation in it by all classes and at all places must have been a genuine reason for congratulation. My wife knew how to act her part in it so well and prettily that I was able to see for myself how pleased they were with her. . . . In my married life I find an endless source of delight, peace, and happiness, and I have a presentiment that the atmosphere of what they call our honeymoon will remain for our future home life.

His presentiments were true to the letter. One day, after many years of married life, the Prince was asked whether he and the Princess did not feel their quiet stay in Wiesbaden, which had then become almost a yearly event, a pleasant change from military duties and court gaieties. "Yes indeed," he replied; "it is like what you in England would call a honeymoon." Whatever his engagements might be, the Prince always made a point of returning in time to

accompany his wife on the walk, which, in accordance with her doctor's orders, she took every afternoon during her stay in Wiesbaden. On Sunday afternoon he always accompanied her to evening service at the pretty little English church. They used to enter with the rest of the congregation and take their allotted seats without formality of any kind, unless one of the churchwardens succeeded in catching them at the door to lead them up the aisle. Although contrary to the custom of the Lutheran Church, the Crown Prince always knelt during the prayers. One year, on the eve of his departure, he discovered that he had lost his prayer-book. He sent an urgent message directing that search should be made in the church, where it was at length found, a very well-worn, unpretentious little volume. When it was restored, its owner explained, as if in apology for the hue and cry raised for its recovery, that it was precious to him because his wife had given it to him before their marriage.

The first instalment of this biography ends with the accession of William the First to the throne of Prussia. The duties and difficulties of the heir to the Crown devolved on the son. His duty towards his father came into conflict with the principles of enlightened Liberalism in which he had been educated and to which he was sincerely attached. In the struggle between the Crown and the Constitution on the Army Bill the ministry of the New Era went to pieces. To the King there seemed to be no alternative between abdication ("to let Fritz see what he can make of it") and a ministry under Bismarck. The difficulties of the Prince's position became acute. Though far from being in sympathy

with the dynastic traditions and reactionary tendencies of the Soldier-King he could not, though the harassed monarch accused him of so doing, bring himself to join the opposition of his political friends and advisers against his father. With what consummate tact and self-restraint he bore himself during this grave crisis of 1862 a letter written to his father from Osborne shows. The King had at length consented to inaugurate his reign by the coronation-service at Königstein, in lieu of the solemn act of homage by the Estates on which, though repugnant to the spirit of constitutional government, he had obstinately insisted.

The events of the past week must indeed have been most painful to you and, I believe, the decision in favour of a coronation must have been difficult to you. If, finally, there was no alternative except by dismissing the ministers who possess your confidence, you may look on the ceremony you have decided on as mischievous, and perhaps retain your conviction that the authority of the crown had been weakened owing to the omission of the old act of homage. I do not intend to re-discuss my views, which you know and do not agree with, but venture instead to make a request to you. It is that you should not look on the coronation-service with repugnance. For my opinion is, that even if the coronation may appear mischievous to you, it is none the less necessary to bear the benefits it may confer in one's mind and to consider its favourable result. First of all, your assumption of the crown of our ancestors with your own hand is, just in these times, a solemn proof that no temporal authority confers it, however many of its privileges may have disappeared in 1848.

So long as his wise policy of conciliation and concession was practicable, the Crown Prince continued it with judgment and with some success. But even then the gaunt figure of the Man of Blood and Iron, destined to cast its shadow over his whole future, was thundering at the gates. The repeated rejection of the Army Bills, despite the King's promise to his son that he would never give the ministerial presidency to Bismarck, brought the most inveterate and unscrupulous antagonist of the Crown-Princess into office. The character of the Prince was too great to harbour rancour; and in time he schooled himself to forget even the gratuitous humiliation of the Dantzig episode. When he was ordering the furniture for his new home he gave a large commission to a certain firm in Berlin. Some one reminded him that its manager had played his part behind the barricades of 1848: "Well," replied the Prince, "I suppose he has forgotten all about it; I am sure I have." This was a character which Bismarck, as every page of his *Memoirs* shows, could not understand, much less appreciate. Proven in court and camp, tested alike in health and prosperity as in sickness and in trouble, a gallant gentleman without fear and without reproach, a heroic figure and a blameless name, the memory of Frederick is one which the two kindred races of a great stock will join hands to blazon on their common roll of fame.

HENRY OAKLEY.

WITH THE CAMEL-POST TO DAMASCUS.

WHEN I saw Moussa I understood what the American Consul meant when he spoke of a driver's face. I had called on the Consul a few days before with Khaled, the camel-dealer, who supplies the Turkish post with dromedaries for the journey between Baghdad and Damascus. At the time I was under the impression that Khaled was to accompany me across the desert; but the Consul knew better. "That is not a driver's face," he said.

Now Moussa's was unquestionably a driver's face. It was like an old coffee-coloured parchment. The heavy brow was furrowed and pitted with years of exposure to the fiery heat of August and the fierce cold of January nights in the Syrian desert; the grizzled hair of his cheeks matted his face almost to the eyes; his beard might have been a sprig of withered tamarisk bush; his eyes, neither expectant nor reminiscent, infinitely patient, infinitely resigned, were cast from long habit on the sky-line. Moussa and the camel are inseparably connected in my memory. When I used to wake in the desert from dreaming of some English garden or crowded city, I would peer out of my sheepskins to see the camel's arched neck framing a starry ring of sky, with head posed so motionless, that were it not for a slight twitching of the mouth you would think the patient beast asleep. My thoughts turned instinctively to Moussa. The old man would be nursing his beaked coffee-pot over the scanty embers of a thorn-bush fire, as patient as fate. He looked like one who had been devoted from his

youth to a great trust in which his life centred. I cannot remember ever having seen Moussa or the camel asleep. Moussa never looked quite comfortable when out of the saddle; the jogging swing of the camel was second nature to him, and I have no doubt that he would have suffered extreme discomfort in an easy chair. The old man was plainly clad in long black boots, a very dilapidated, weather-worn sheepskin cloak, and a brown hood clasped with a simple black *aagal*;¹ all of which seemed quite insufficient against the icy winds that after sunset sweep across the desert from Lebanon. Relics of brass buttons and an edging of red braid revealed that there had been some pretence of a uniform. As might be expected, his figure was slightly bent, and his gait a rather difficult shamle; but he never lost his peculiar Arab dignity, which was heightened perhaps by the burden of his trust and the memory of that longer journey of his youth to the prophet's tomb at Mecca. At least such were my impressions of Haji Moussa, the old man who, in Oriental parlance, was my father and my mother during the long ride over the desert from Baghdad to Damascus. I obeyed him in all things implicitly, as one does the captain of a ship. His attitude was paternal enough to make me feel a child again and wonder if I had been good at the end of each day. Life in the desert with Moussa was so new and unaccustomed.

We left Baghdad one morning early

¹ A cord of wool or goat-hair worn round the head to secure the turban.

in January, much the coldest time of the year in the valleys of Mesopotamia. The puddles in the lanes which led out of the city wore a thin coat of ice, and there was hoar frost on the ground. To protect myself against the cold, as well as to disguise my European identity, I had purchased a heavy sheepskin coat in the Baghdad bazaars and wore over my deer-stalking cap a Bedouin turban fastened with the customary black *aagal*. When one has passed beyond the Euphrates valley into the lawless Bedouin country the precaution is very necessary, though in my case it proved ineffectual.

We started without the post. It was to follow in the evening and pick us up before we reached Hitt on the Euphrates, whence we struck off into the desert of Palmyra. We travelled very slowly that first day, and an hour before sunset we turned off the track to some shepherds' huts on the left, where Moussa was warmly welcomed. Moussa laid my quilt between the camel-bags on the leeward side of a low thorn fence which sheltered the Arabs' rude goat-hair tents. I was not a little surprised to find that he intended to sleep here, though I expected to be roused every minute. In the middle of the night a little twelve-hand rat of a pony arrived, panting and neighing, laden with the mails and a second postman, and escorted by two Zaptiehs, privates of the Turkish military police. In my imaginings I had pictured the famous post, half a score of men splendidly mounted, galloping across country with the mails, attended by a large escort, relays every twenty miles up to the Euphrates, then a hurried transfer to the fast-trotting dromedaries ready harnessed on the further bank, and the terrible, ceaseless ride of eight days and nights over the parched desert to Damascus. The

reality fell ludicrously short of my dreams. For two days this poor little spent pony struggled in our wake, and we made short stages, travelling slowly to enable it to keep up with us. I used to sit on the mails to drink my coffee, and when the bags gaped too ominously, Moussa would patch them up with his darning needle.

It was not until the fourth morning after leaving Baghdad that we first sighted Hitt. We spent half a day there. Then the ride began in earnest, and I found that all the difficulties of the way were crowded into that forced march over the Palmyra desert; and the motive of this furious haste and the consequent hardships and fatigue of the journey was not to expedite the post, as I had imagined, but, for the sake of man and camel, to curtail so far as possible the passage of the inhospitable wilderness between the Euphrates valley and the mountains of Anti-Lebanon. When we reached the first pasturage of Syria by the village of Doumeir, Moussa became more dilatory than ever. The conveyance of the mails seemed to cause him no anxiety. For my own part I was glad of these delays, as the slow camel-riding had given me an acute pain in the small of my back. One gets used to the motion in time, when the muscles are hardened and accustomed, but it was a great relief to become inured to it gradually. It was also very pleasant to sit round the fire with Moussa's friends, smoking and drinking coffee, listening to their chaff and trying to understand it. The *feringhi* was often the theme of conversation; though there was none of the rude and inquisitive scrutiny of person and paraphernalia which is so annoying in the further East. The simple shepherd-folk were perfect gentlemen, courteous, dignified, hospitable, independent. Moussa

was evidently a great favourite and well-known to wayfarer and *fellaheen*. After the evening meal of rice and dates and *khobes*,¹ the strong coffee and the strong tobacco and the fatigues of the day would have their effect, and I would lie back in my sheep-skin and warm Persian quilt and listen to the talk, until the forms by the fire became more indistinct, the strange voices more meaningless, and the two camels, who seemed to watch over us all, more and more unreal. When I woke in the night there they were still, their black eyes fixed above us and beyond us on the starry sky-line, patient, motionless, expressionless, unintelligent, unintelligible as the Sphinx. I remember but one lapse from this impassiveness, born of the desert. One night as I was making my bed, my poor beast, suffering from days of hunger and thirst, swung his head round, detached my pillow and began demurely to chew it. Moussa spoke a few plain words, reproachfully as an elder brother might, and gently took the pillow away.

On the morning of the fourth day, on the summit of a sandhill, we first sighted Hitt. In the far distance wreaths of dense, black smoke issuing from the vicinity of a lofty, chimney-like tower offered the incongruous suggestion of a manufacturing town in the Midlands. Instinctively we drove our camels on at a fast trot until the little post-pony became a diminutive dot in our rear. As we approached nearer, Hitt revealed itself, a walled city built on a low hill, with its rows of serried rooftops giving it the appearance of one huge battlemented fortress dominated by a single towering minaret; for the chimney proved a minaret, and the

smoke rose from the bitumen-wells outside the city. We had to wait our time on the Euphrates bank, while the great oblong ferry-boats plied across the stream, heavily laden with flocks of sheep and goats and asses. The scene by the river-bank suggested a people in migration; horses were neighing, asses braying, camels gurgling, sheep bleating, and herdsmen shouting. In this medley Moussa was hailed by many acquaintances. The old man was so respected that we had no occasion to wait our turn. So soon as we could persuade the kicking, struggling, protesting camels to embark, the post was added to our burden and we took leave of my friend the belated carrier of mails.

A few minutes after noon we were entering Hitt by the north gate. The little city is so compact that you would think there was not possibly room for a camel; the butt of Moussa's old blunderbuss, which was packed securely underneath the camel-bags, rattled against the wall as we ascended the street, and the bags jammed uncomfortably at the corners. We drew up in a narrow, tortuous alley at the house of one of Moussa's friends. A room was cleared for me and a fire lit on the floor. It was the only occasion that we slept under a roof. I would have much preferred the open desert; for our quarters, though no doubt the cleanest in the city, compared unfavourably with any old disused limekiln or ruined caravanserai. Luckily it was not the season for vermin.

Hitt is the dirtiest, unsavouriest, sleepest and most biblical-looking city I have ever seen. There is hardly breathing-room in the narrow winding alleys that run down to the river-bank. One has to edge along the walls to avoid the contamination of the open sewers of the street,

¹ Bread generally made by kneading a cake of dough on the convex surface of a metal plate heated over the fire.

which poison the air the year through, until an occasional winter shower washes the noisome filth and offal into the river, where the women go to fill their pitchers. The houses are dark and windowless, unrelieved by the picturesque gables which lend their charm to the purlieus of Baghdad and Damascus. Where doors are opened to admit the impurer air of the streets one catches a glimpse sometimes of families stabled together in rooms half choked with smoke, chimneyless except for the insufficient aperture in the roof. The most astonishing feature of the place is that the streets show traces of having once been paved with bitumen. The mystery of these incredible evidences of a past civilisation is explained by the wells outside the south gate, whose dense fumes, when the wind blows from that quarter, envelope the city in a suffocating cloud, which must act as a wholesome disinfectant. Thus no doubt is the city saved from the ravages of disease. It is a relief to follow the continuous stream of half-veiled women, who glide noiselessly down the street to the Euphrates bank. The river is dammed in the centre to direct the current against the huge, unwieldy waterwheels, which revolve slowly in the arches of great stone-work piers built half across the stream. The water is caught in small earthen jars attached to the palm-leaf flanges and emptied into an elevated drain which is distributed in a thousand little runnels over the palm-gardens. I have seen waterwheels in Cambodia constructed on identically the same plan. Many of the piers are ruined and unrepaired, and the huge, creaking frames, doomed to pursue unceasingly their purposeless revolutions, add vastly to the quaint picturesqueness of a scene strikingly characteristic of Oriental ineptitude, and eloquent of the pathe-

tic aimlessness of a people crusted with the conservatism of centuries. North and south the city is fringed with palm-gardens, now suffused with the soft, violet haze of sunset, eastward lies the Euphrates, and westward stretch the interminable solitudes of the Palmyra desert. There lies my path. As I ascend the winding street to Moussa's lodging, I am seized with a burning eagerness to be on the road, to explore the best and worst of the desert, and to become inured to its hardships as quickly as I may. The twelve hours' stay in this walled city was very galling. I hated this enforced dallying on the brink; but the custom of the East is obdurate.

It was with a feeling of awe that I led my camel down the street the next morning in the chill grey before dawn. Neither Moussa nor I spoke a word. We mounted silently and urged our camels at once into a fast trot. Looking back I saw Hitt haloed by the glory of the rising sun. Thick clouds hung over it, flecked with fire like the skirts of smoke above a great conflagration. Then the track dipped down into a hollow and we passed between low sandhills on either side, left the last palm-fringed village to the north, and rode contentedly into the illimitable desolation beyond. The sense of the desert was upon me, the embracing soothing spirit of unconfinedness, as we rode on to woo the solitude and peace of those boundless wastes, too real, too awful for monotony.

We made a halt at sundown to cook rice for the evening meal; then on again into the darkness. After sunset we used to rein into a walk, the camel's most uncomfortable pace, and Moussa would take my rein, guiding himself by the stars through these dark, moonless nights. By some mysterious instinct he kept the beasts

to the track. Hour after hour we rode on until time seemed an eternity; a cold breeze swept the desert, and in spite of my wrappings and sheepskin the wind bit icily. After several hours I became half numbed and unconscious until I fancied myself swimming at sea, breasting the billows of an illimitable ocean; then again I was a boat in tow, as with every swinging step of my camel a little wave of wind broke against my face and chilled me to the bone. I would wake myself with an effort from this unhealthy state of torpor, for it was a long drop from the saddle to the ground, and in the desert a broken limb is little short of death. So we rode on silently, speechlessly, threading the darkness of the night, until I felt my beast stop, just as a boat grazes the welcome shore, and Moussa was alongside of me, with quaint sounds bidding the beasts kneel. The bliss of that moment was unspeakable. Then we built our house, the bags to windward of us, the warm wall of a camel on either side; and above us the stars. But still in my half-consciousness I was being propelled against the resistless waves, and for weeks an imponderable presence was driving me on over that desert sea to Scham, haunting my sleep and interpenetrating my dreams.

It was on the second day after leaving Hitt that we fell in with the Bedouin. We had marked the low black tents of an encampment the evening before far on the northern horizon, and early that morning we had met two men on the track who must have taken word to the Sheikh that there was a *feringhi* with the post. We had been riding some hours and it must have been nearly noon, when I noticed that Moussa was beckoning to me and pointing over his back. I turned and saw some dim objects bearing down upon

us from the horizon. As I drew my camel closer up to his, Moussa whispered hoarsely, "Bedou, Bedou!" and placing a finger on his lip he drew the wrist of his right hand ominously across his throat, grimly indicative of our possible fate if I said a word or showed any resistance. They were on us in an instant. Two ruffianly-looking men leapt from the first camel and seized our reins, motioning to us to dismount. They immediately began rifling our bags. The second camel brought two more on the scene, better-featured and of more dignified bearing than the first. A third followed, and its rider, an altogether superior-looking man, evidently the Sheikh of the tribe, greeted us with the customary *Salaam Aleikoum*. The contrast between him and his followers was very marked. It was hard to believe that they were of the same race; for I have seldom seen two more villainous, murderous-looking ruffians than our first assailants. As the Sheikh rode up they ceased ransacking the camel-bags and began gorging themselves on a bag of dates and *khobes* which they devoured rapaciously.

During this scene Moussa began to busy himself with lighting a fire and boiling coffee. He affected the attitude of a host, resigning himself graciously to the entertainment of importunate guests. Meanwhile I had been engaged in examining the Bedouins' property, which comprised a rifle by an English maker, with Martini-Henri action, sighted up to five thousand yards, a rather antiquated Snider, and a hare which had been caught in a noose. Neither of the rifles was loaded; they travel light, these Bedouin, and ride hard. On the arrival of the Sheikh I thought it best to assume indifference, so joining the group by the fire I passed round my tobacco-pouch and smoked the pipe of peace, too

polite and considerate to object to the entertainment of Moussa's friends. The conversation naturally turned on myself. Moussa told them that I had come to Basra from over the sea and was bound for Stamboul. When they asked if I could speak Arabic, he replied that I only knew the words for hot water and Damascus, which was untrue; I owe Moussa a grudge for that speech, but it raised a laugh. I had never seen the old man so jocular. As he ejaculated the word for hot water he nudged me and kicked the kettle with his foot, then pointing along the track to Damascus, he muttered the words "Scham, Scham," whereat the Bedouin laughed more than ever, which was not reassuring. I left Moussa to play the cards; he was a good actor and knew his audience. I smiled unintelligently at his jest, pretending not to understand a word. Moussa's voice was always a mild protest, but now it seemed more gently protesting than ever; as I looked at him he seemed to me to become more aged and reverent, almost pathetic in his confidence and trustfulness in the goodness of human nature and of Bedouin nature in particular. I felt that the Sheikh wished himself well out of the business when Moussa handed him the coffee. I even began to have hopes that our acting might prove a reality, and that, owing to Moussa's tact, we, the tolerant hosts, might be allowed to go on our way after parting amicably from our uninvited guests. But soon the conversation took dangerous ground. It was a question of toll; Moussa was explaining to them about my letter of credit, and they were incredulous or pretended to be so. They demanded ransom; Moussa protested; they insisted. Their voices grew higher and more menacing; but Moussa bowed his head sadly and I knew that he was saying: "The

feringhi has got no money. How can I give you gold?" Then at a sign from the Sheikh one of his rascally followers mounted my camel and rode off. The others followed, and Moussa and I were left alone. As the Bedouin rode away, to use the words of a certain war-correspondent, I wished that I had never seen a camel, nor the desert, nor the light of day.

We piled the mails and all our kit on the back of one laden dromedary, and started walking, very dejectedly and disconsolately, back towards Baghdad. I led the camel, and the old man shambled behind. He spoke but one word, "Baghdad," dwelling on the guttural with such a bitter deep-drawn sigh, that I remember wondering at the time how anybody could dream of spelling the word without the *h*.

The Bedouin rode on ahead and in less than an hour's time they had disappeared into the horizon towards the encampment we had marked the night before. I felt that we had not seen the last of them. It was a dismal procession, Moussa and I and the camel. The old man walked with difficulty, but after a while I persuaded him to mount. My mind was chiefly occupied in calculating how many days it would take us to reach Hitt, and in picturing the ignominious return to Baghdad. I dreaded more than anything the insincere condolences of all the people who could say, "I told you so;" the bitterest part of all was that they really had told me so. If the Bedouin were trying to force my hand they had succeeded, for I would have given them all my possessions then, if they would only give me back the camel, with just enough food to take me through to Damascus, and clothes enough to prevent me from perishing with cold on the way. I knew that

the Turkish Government subsidised the sheikhs of the tribes to allow the post an unmolested passage through their country. That is why the mails are entrusted to a single old man. An escort would be useless against such odds; or at least any escort whose expenses would not be unreasonably disproportionate to the end in view. The Bedouin know this. Their security is unassailable; they may plunder and pillage, but no vengeance can overtake them. The Turkish Government does not hold itself responsible for any chance wayfarer who may accompany the post, and they would never attempt to send a punitive force into the desert. The only way in which they can avenge an outrage is by seizing any member of a suspected tribe who may venture near Hitt or Damascus to purchase camp-necessaries in the bazaars; but that is a very slight hold, as these nomad people might be hundreds of miles away before news of an outrage could reach the Turkish authorities in Baghdad. After all, the only protection one has in the desert is the good nature of the Bedouin themselves. The worst of them will generally leave a traveller enough food to carry him to the nearest place of safety. They have been known to take a good dromedary and give in exchange an inferior beast of their own; in Damascus there is a story of a traveller who arrived in his shirt. But it is several years since a European has accompanied the post. The Bedouin of the Palmyra desert will never kill unless resistance is shown. I was warned of this, and had hidden my revolver in the very bottom of my portmanteau. Moussa carried a useless old blunderbuss through the safe and populous valley of the Euphrates, but having no wish to present it to the Bedouin he left it behind at Hitt. The old man proved my salvation, as I am going to tell.

We had been walking the best part of two hours when we sighted the Bedouin again on our left. They had dismounted by a small pool of water, and as we drew nearer they called out to us to join them. I was for going on, but Haji Moussa decreed otherwise, and I obeyed him in all things. Up to this moment I had felt little anxiety for my personal safety. I had expected to be searched and robbed, perhaps even to be stripped to the shirt, but I felt confident that I need fear no violence if I kept a cool head and a control over my temper; but as we approached the Bedouin a second time it occurred to me that they might have held counsel together and decided that, since they had stolen one valuable dromedary, it might be better to provide against news of the incident reaching Baghdad. The situation was a little difficult. We formed another ring but this time there was no fire, nor coffee, nor play-acting. Moussa was protesting, expostulating, entreating. He told them that the camel was his own, that he was a poor old man and a *haji*, and that the *feringhi* had no money. During this scene he concealed in his mouth two English sovereigns, which I had given him when we first sighted the Bedouin; it was all the money I carried. Meanwhile I listened as before, an interested and unintelligent spectator. I could see that Moussa was convincing the Sheikh about my letter of credit. The Sheikh's manner reassured me; and the disappointed baffled expression of his two sinister-looking dependents reassured me still more. The two others who completed the group were of the same type as the Sheikh, and seemed to reflect his every mood, which was also reassuring. At last my two portmanteaus and bag were brought forward and searched. The Sheikh presided with

scrupulous politeness, for all the world like an officer in the Marseilles custom-house. He passed his hand lightly over everything, taking care not to disarrange the packing. All my European kit, dress-clothes, shirts, collars, ties, and articles of toilet were passed, and my revolver escaped notice at the bottom of the bag. I was travelling very light. The Sheikh appropriated an Arab turban cloth, but he was much too considerate to deprive me of any articles of European fashion; he had no hankering after curiosities. The provisions were calculated and apportioned; his men fell on their share rapaciously like dogs; and then we were allowed enough to continue on our way. But which was our way? That was the question I was burning to answer; the weary trudge on foot to Hitt and the ignominy of the return by caravan road to Baghdad, or the long desert ride to Damascus, the now almost impossible goal of my desires? I was not held long in doubt. The Sheikh with a wave of his hand signified that the inspection was over. Moussa loaded both camels and motioned me to mount; then with a *Salaam Aleikoum* he bade the Bedouin god-speed and turned his camel's head to Damascus. At the same moment the Bedouin mounted and rode away in the opposite direction. They had tried to force my hand, and found that I held no cards.

As we rode on Moussa lifted his open palms to Allah and laughed. There was no merriment in the sound; it was rather the laugh of a man whose smiles mark epochs in his existence. For a moment his face was transfigured; the brows lifted, the white teeth flashed a revelation

and closed; it was like the opening and shutting of a prophetic book.

So we rode on side by side to Dasmascus, over the boundless desolation; bleak, undulating plain, and rocky ravine, barren sandhills and interminable stretches of yellow, brown, and grey, grey, brown, and yellow. Sometimes a startled hare would cross our path, or a flock of desert wheatear; but often we would ride on for hours, spanning horizon after horizon without view of living thing, through tracts too starved and desolate to lend a niggard sustenance to the scant thorn-bush. We were riding in the early morning when the sun rose, and the brown earth glowed beneath us, a burnished plain, and a thousand little spearheads glistened and glistened as they caught the rays. We were riding through the day, and at sunset when the violet screen faded in the west, and through the long hours of night until the seventh star of the Plough had climbed high above the skyline. So we rode on for six days after the Bedouin left us, only halting an hour for our morning and evening meal, and six hours at night to snatch a welcome sleep; until one morning I woke to find the mountains of Damascus heaped around us, and to hear in the distance the tinkle of a sheep-bell. Then we urged on our spent camels to the Arab paradise of Scham. The sense of life grew upon us slowly; but when our hearts were warmed by the surprise of the first tree, and the unimaginable delight of fresh, green grass and flowers and running water, Moussa broke into song; and I wondered, for these things were miracles in my eyes.

EDMUND CANDLER.

A TALE OF THE GREAT FAMINE.

For six months there has been no rain. For six months, day after day and day after day, the sun has risen and run his course and set with never a cloud to hinder him. The sky used to be blue, but it is so no longer; as the air grew more and more dry, the blue faded from out the heavens and they have turned into a dull grey. Long after it rises, and long before it sets, the sun becomes a great crimson eye glaring angrily at the earth that is wrapped in haze. All the distance is hidden in this grey haze, so that you cannot see for more than half a mile. The earth is bare and brown, not a blade of grass upon the ground, not a leaf upon the trees. What the cattle graze on no one can imagine, probably not even the cattle themselves, for they are become pitifully thin. When they come home in the evenings they raise along the road a cloud of dust that does not fall for hours, but hangs in the hot dusty air like a pall. The earth aches for rain.

The villages are half deserted. There remain in them but a few who take care of the children and very old folk, tend the cattle, and tap the toddy-palm which yields some small return of juice even in this drought. The rest of the people are gone elsewhere seeking work. Some are in Lower Burma, where the rice harvest has given them employment; many are in the famine-camps, working all day to earn a famine-wage,—anything to tide them along till the rain comes.

For this is the year of the Great Famine. Never before has Upper

Burma known such trouble as this; never in the history of the country has it been distressed as it is now. Whole villages are depopulated, and those who have lost their all in the drought may be counted by many thousands. So great is the distress, so wide-spread the calamity that its extent holds us. The broad facts, the number, the figures appeal to us; we lose our sense of detail, and view only the mass. Our feeling of individual sympathy becomes blunted. If a calamity befall one or two, or a dozen, we like to examine into the case, to learn the particulars, to understand the details; when whole districts are suffering we very quickly forget the individual in the community. Our power of compassion, of understanding is limited, and we soon become weary.

Moreover it seems to us that there is a great sameness about the individual cases. After we have learnt a few and find the story much the same,—scanty rains year after year, till the family has lost all superfluities and retains just enough to get on with; on the top of these years the great famine, all crops dead, heavy debt to money-lenders, plough-cattle sold for half their worth; in the end destitution and misery—the tale becomes monotonous. It is rarely dramatic, only miserable, sordid, pitiful; and so we lose our interest and the famine becomes to us a mere question of economics. But every now and then, breaking through the sameness of the misery, there comes a tragedy which is apart, a tragedy which is of the famine and

yet not of it, a story whose cause is the same as that of the others, but which is very different from them. Such is this story which I am about to tell; it happened but recently, the end was but a few days ago.

The two men who were the actors in this tragedy lived in a village far inland from the great river, lying in a small valley. It was but a small village of people living upon the fruit of their fields round about, doing but moderately even in good seasons. There were stretches of rice-fields behind the village, and when the rains were good these could all be cultivated and gave good returns; but in ordinary years there was not enough water for them, and the cultivators were dependent upon millet and cotton crops grown on the higher ground. These staples require but little rain, and a crop can usually be obtained from them.

The two young men were cousins. They were much of an age, and they had lived together and worked together in the village all their lives. They were co-heirs, indeed, in the same piece of land, and they worked it together, sharing the expense and the work of dividing the crops therefrom. It had been the property of their common grandfather. He had possessed a good deal of land in the village and many palms; but he had many descendants, and on his death the property was broken up and divided among the heirs. A council was held, and it was agreed that one should take this field and one that, men usually obtaining arable land and women the palm-trees.

Thus included in this property was one of the best fields in the village. The soil was red and rich, and it lay in a hollow so that the washings from the neighbouring fields enriched it year by year. The crops of millet that it could produce were famous.

Notwithstanding this, when the property came to be divided there was a reluctance on the part of any of the heirs to take this field as his share. Although of all the property it was the best, yet when it was suggested to this one or to that to take the field, he always refused. For in fact it had a bad reputation. Whether it was haunted or not no one could say, but it was unlucky; it had a bad influence not only upon its possessors, but upon any man who crossed it. As you set foot upon it, said the villagers, your mind became crooked; you began to think wicked thoughts, to imagine crimes; it was as if something evil whispered in your ear as you went. Terrible tales were told of how those who often crossed it, more especially those who worked it, became depraved, subject to sudden impulses to crime, lost to all sense of right. For years before the death of the old man it had not been cultivated at all. No one would set foot on it, even for the sake of the certain profit, and it lay fallow. Thus at the council of decision the land went a-begging. No one would take it; men shook their heads when it was mentioned, and women shrieked. At last it was suggested that the two young men should take it. As every one else had refused it, either they must take it or, fertile as it was, it must be left to lapse into forest. And so the young men, after consultation, agreed to take it. They were young and were not afraid. They laughed at the tales, and the land was in value far beyond what they could have expected for their share; they would be set up for life. So they laughed and accepted.

The village shook its head when it heard, but the young men only laughed. They were not to be frightened by a superstition, they said; it was good land and they would work it. And so

they did, not dividing it, as I have said, but working it in common. And for two or three years they did well.

Then they both fell in love with the same girl.

Love-making here in a Burmese village is not very different from what it is anywhere else, I think. Only perhaps their loves are a little hotter, the hearts of the young folk more impatient. They wooed, these two men, they wooed as other men woo. They went at night to call upon the parents and see the girl, and they brought her presents, and they talked to her as young men do. They sang songs too, little love-songs, hiding under a tree near, that she might hear and understand. And the girl listened. She was a girl like other village girls, round-faced and quiet, with soft brown eyes, and generally very busy over household affairs. She liked to be wooed, as girls do, and she seemed in no hurry to end the pleasant days of courtship. For over a year it went on, the two lads coming sometimes alone, sometimes together, to make love to the girl, and yet she gave no sign which of the two she would take. And the villagers shook their heads. "It is the land," they said. "You see that land, how unlucky it is. This is the beginning of it; the two owners fall in love with one girl; more trouble will come."

And the boys were troubled, sure enough. It is wearing on your temper and forbearance when you are striving for the love of a girl, and your friend strives too, and the girl will not decide. The lads did not quarrel, but it was easy to see that the strain was becoming too hard for them.

And then they did the wisest thing they could do. They felt that the state of affairs was becoming unbearable, and they determined to end it.

They went to the girl's parents and told them. "Both of us," they said, "love your daughter; but whether she loves either of us, or which of us, we cannot tell. When we try to ask her she is silent, or gives a reply that is no reply. And so we are getting to hate each other and we are very unhappy. We wish you to tell us which of us you will take for a son-in-law; that will end it."

Then was there great discussion in the house of the girl's parents. She was called in and asked which of the two she liked best, and she said that she did not know. She liked them both; she did not want to marry yet. And she was afraid of the field, she said; it was very unlucky. How could she marry a husband who owned such a piece of land? Why did her parents trouble her to answer? But her parents would not listen to her evasions. The boys had wooed her for a year, and she must make up her mind; her behaviour was not that of a good girl. As to the land, the tales about it were rubbish. It was a rich piece of land; in these bad years that was a serious consideration. To deprive yourself of a good husband and a good inheritance because of a silly story would be absurd. Thus the girl was told to make up her mind, and she did as she was bid, and chose the elder of the two cousins. So he was sent for by the girl's mother and told of his good luck, and he was happy. But the other went away. He did not feel any ill-will, he said, but he was sick at heart; he could not bear to see the girl marry any one but him; he would go and live at his uncle's house in a neighbouring village. And he did so.

All this happened just at the commencement of the rains when everyone is hard at work. Therefore it was arranged that the marriage would not take place yet. There was much

work to do ; it was not a time for honeymooning ; after the crops were gathered in and sold, and money was plentiful, would be a better time.

So the lover worked at his field. He worked it all alone this year, his cousin having gone away. It was agreed that he was to pay a certain proportion of the crop as rent for his cousin's share. The early rains were not good, but still the seed was sown and sprouted, and if later rain came the prospects would not be so bad. But it was the year of the Great Famine. The later rain never came. The sun shone and shone and shone, all through the rain-months of July and August and September. Never a shower came, and the villagers watched in despair while their crops died around them. The village was ruined. By October all hope of rain had gone, and with it all hopes of being able to marry and settle down for the young couple. The crops had failed ; food was short in the village and would grow shorter yet ; no one could tell how they would be able to live till next crop. This was no time for marriage.

And then one day the young man came to a resolve. On an evening when the sun had set at last and the hot dark night had come, when the cattle had wearily moved homeward from the brown fields, and the choking smoke hung over the village, he came to see the girl. She was in the verandah of her house as he came in, and there in the dark he told her of what he had resolved.

"The crop has failed," he said ; "the crop has all failed. I have been in the field to-day and there will be nothing ; only a little food for cattle will I get off my field. And I have no money now, all is gone. There are my plough-cattle, but if I sell them what shall I do next year ? And so I have made up my mind. I will not

stay here, but will go away to the lower country and reap the crops there, in that land where rain never fails. I shall get good wages ; thus I shall save my cattle, and next year there will be rain again and we shall do well."

The girl listened in silence. She listened to what her lover said, and the tears came into her eyes and she cried. "You will go," she said through her tears, "you will go far away to that country that I do not know ; and who can say if you will ever come back again ?" And although the young man tried to comfort her, yet the girl would not be comforted. "We were to be married," she said ; "and now you will go away and I shall never see you again." "I will come back," said the lad ; "I will surely come back. Do not many men go and return every year ? There is no fear. And when I return we will surely be married."

But the girl would not be comforted. "No, no !" she said ; "it is that field. You see now that they were right when they said it was bad luck to take it. It has separated your cousin and you, and now, because it will not give any crop, it is separating you and me. And you will never return again, never !"

So at last, because the girl would not let him go, he said that he would marry her first. They should be married at once, he said, to-morrow, and then after that he must go away. "For I must go," he said, "or what are we to eat ? I have nothing, and my people have nothing, and your people have nothing either ; nowhere in the village is there any food. I must go ; but we will be married, and then, when I am away, I will send to my wife my earnings from below to help her father and her mother, and all will go well. If I stay here we shall all starve."

And so, as no better might be, the

girl consented. They were married very quietly, as is the Burmese custom, so quietly that hardly anyone knew, and for one short week they lived their married life together. It was as a dream that week, a dream that was hardly a reality; a week of love and tenderness, of wonder and delight, and over it all hung the dread of a great fear, like the grey haze that hung over the earth. Then the young husband went away.

There are no posts in these little villages far away in the interior; there are no postmen to bring letters, and news comes but rarely. Once, three months after he had left, the wife received news of her husband; another villager had met him down in the lower country and brought her a message from him, and something more than a message. He had done well there; he had made money. Going down before the rush from the famine-districts occurred, he had secured work at once; and as pay was good he had secured much money, which he now sent to his wife. "Here are fifty rupees," said the messenger putting the money on the mat; "and here is a little line from him which he wrote." It was but a little line, for though indeed the lad could write, it was not very well. And this was it: "From the husband to the wife. I have done well. I send you money. In three months more I will return." It was scrawled on a little piece of white paper, and the girl put it in her bosom and kept it there.

And so the time went on, and the country grew more and more dry, and the famine settled upon the land. Those who were poor before were now starving; those who had been rich were now poor. Only by the care of Government, and the marvellous charity of the people to each other, was it that the country was

not sown with corpses. Plough-cattle were sold to any who would buy. What if there be no cattle to work with next year? One must live now, they said.

So three months more passed away. And then there came to the young wife more news of her husband. He was returning; a man had met him and had brought from him a message to say that he would return soon. His money, for he had more money, he would bring with him. The girl was to expect him in a week, such was the message. But the young wife's heart was full of dread. She could not shake off the belief, the certainty that trouble was about to befall. Was not the land still there? Could there be luck with that? And so she went about still with sad face and her eyes full of tears; and the people wondered.

It was just after sunset, but not dark yet for a dull grey light still hung over the earth. There were no clouds, but the sky could hardly be seen except just overhead. The distance was all hidden in dust and gloom that pressed upon the earth like the shadow of a great despair. The fields were brown and bare and the trees lifeless, lifting dead arms to a dead sky. In the west the evening star was become a dim crimson point. A feverish wind blew intermittently across the wasted land, bringing with it pillars of revolving dust and dead leaves. The wind was hot to the touch and made one shiver; but when it stopped all was so still that one gasped for very breathlessness.

Two men were walking along the road towards the village. It was still some way off, but the night is pleasanter than the day to travel in and they kept on. One laughed and sang a little as he went.

"It is all very well for you to laugh," said the other crossly. "You have got a wife waiting you, and you have money in your bag. I have nothing," and he opened his hands with an angry gesture.

"Oh," answered the other, "what does it matter, brother? I have some money, and I will give you some; you can repay me out of your share of the land. And for wives, there are plenty of them."

The other grunted. "I do not want a wife," he said.

"Well, well," said the first speaker soothingly, "you have been unlucky. You came down too late, when it was hard to get work."

"How was I to know," said the other angrily, "how was I to know that there would be such a lot of men for work?" He seemed to take the remark as a reflection upon him.

There was no reply and they went on again together. It got gradually darker and the veil closed in about them so that they could hardly see twenty yards in front of them. The wind dropped into a breathless stillness.

"Where is the moon?" asked the elder cousin. "To-day is the tenth day of the waxing moon; where is it?"

The younger nodded towards the east. "I suppose it's there," he said.

The elder regarded the crimson blur in the sky curiously. "Yes," he said at last, "that will be it. I never saw it like that before."

"It is like a blotch of blood," said the younger.

The elder shivered. "Do not say that," he said; "it is bad luck to talk like that."

The dust rose behind them as they went, and hung upon the road like a ghastly veil. Far away a jackal cried, and his call was answered here and there till the night was full of ghostly cries. *Ah ha! Ah ha! Ah*

ha! they howled in rising cadence like the laughter of a maniac.

"Does your wife know that you are coming?" asked the younger suddenly.

"I sent her word," answered the elder. "I said I would come in a week or days; she will know."

"But not exactly to-night?" insisted the younger.

"No, not to-night," returned the other; "I am two days earlier than I thought. She will be all the more glad." Here he smiled with pleasant anticipation.

There was silence for a time and again the younger spoke. "How much money have you got?"

"Seventy-five rupees," answered the elder.

The younger was astonished. "As much as that! But how did you get as much as that? I thought it was only thirty or forty rupees."

"Oh, I saved," answered the elder.

"You see, when you have a wife waiting for you, you do not spend money. You do not go to dances or buy toddy; you keep it for her."

"That is a lot of money," said the younger reflectively.

"It will do," said the elder; "it will keep us till the rains come, and it will buy seed for us. I wonder when the rains will come this year; I think they will be early."

"It seems to me," answered the other, "that it will never rain again, never."

The determined pessimism of his companion depressed the elder man, and he walked on in silence for a time. The night had grown a little lighter as the moon rose, but the stars were all smothered in haze.

"I turn off here," said the younger, stopping.

The elder was surprised. "But I thought you were coming home with me?"

"Oh no," answered the other. "You don't suppose I care to see you kissing the girl I wanted to marry! No, I am going off to my uncle's."

"But," urged the other, "you said you would come. As to my wife she will be very glad to see you, just as if she were your sister."

"No," replied the younger, "I won't."

"Well," said the elder, "I think this is hardly fair; I think you might come with me. I have a lot of money with me and do not like to go alone, and besides I paid your passage-money to come up, so I think you might do this for me. Come just for one night."

The younger hesitated. "Do you want me very much to come?" he asked, looking upon the ground and moving his foot uneasily in the dust.

"Yes," said the elder, "I do. Come now, brother, let us go home together as we used to do," and he took his hand and pulled him forward gently.

The younger resisted. "Are you sure that you will not be sorry for asking me home?" he said.

"Sorry," laughed the elder, "sorry? I should be glad if you would come and live with us always. Are we not brothers?" Then he drew the younger again, and he yielded at last, sulkily. They went on together for a mile along the road hand-in-hand and then they stopped. "This road is a long way round," said the elder; "we had better go across the fields; it will be nearer."

"All right," said the younger, "go on."

They turned off into the fields and presently found a little foot-path leading the way they wanted to go. It was a short cut used in the dry weather to get to the village; during the rest of the year, when crops were

on the ground, the fences were closed and it could not be used. As the path was narrow and the fields on either side very rough, they went in single file. First went the elder man and behind him followed the younger. There was just enough light to be able to keep to the path.

The young wife and a girl-companion were coming out of the village gate. They had water-jars on their heads and were on their way to the well. So great was the drought that the water had sunk to the bottom and it was hard to get enough. During the day it was almost dry, the water oozing in very slowly so that it did not yield more than two or three buckets-full every half hour; but after sunset the inflow was more copious, and at intervals all night long the girls were at the well drawing water, going to and fro.

The two girls went down the village-street to the gate; it was open, but the watchmen were upon the alert. They went through the gate and down the path to where the well lay between two great tamarind-trees in a little hollow. It had a brick curb and a platform round it, with a little flight of steps. The girls let down their dippers into the well and drew up the water. There was just enough, they found, to fill their jars, and they drew slowly, fearful of spilling it as they drew. The well was deep, and their arms ached a little with dragging at the cord. When the jars were full they sat down upon the curb to rest a while; it was cooler here than in the crowded village, and it was quiet. They sat silently looking over the parched fields.

Suddenly there came to their ears a cry. It was very feeble and seemed to come out of the illimitable distance. The girls peered into the night fearfully. The cry came again, a cry not

sharp but hoarse, and seeming to end in a moan that crept along the ground. The girls leapt to their feet in terror, their hearts beating; then they crouched behind the well-curb and stared across the fields, their hands clasped. The moan came nearer; it was coming between them and the village. The girls dared not move; the path was open and the dreadful thing, whatever it was that was crying, would see them if they went. They pressed still closer to the well.

The cry ceased; but presently the girls became aware of another sound, as of a man gasping, of a man in great agony. It came nearer, and then was heard the cry again, "Come, Come!" The girls got up from behind the well again and looked out. It was a man, then, after all, not a devil or a ghost: it was a man in trouble; and they could see a figure that staggered across the dim-lit field. As they watched, it swayed to and fro and the man fell. "Come," he cried again as he fell.

"Run," said the young wife, "run, shout, call the guard!" And the girl ran. When she came near the gate she screamed to the guard, and

they rushed out with half the village following.

They found them down by the well, the young wife holding her husband's head upon her knees, while she tried to pour a little water into his parching lips. All his breast was a mass of blood and the woman's hands and dress were dabbled with it. Down her face ran great tears of agony and she bent to kiss him again and again. She would not let any one touch him or move him. "Let him be," she said. "He will die directly; let him die here." So the people stood round in a ring and watched. "His cousin killed him," she said to the people. "He stabbed him; and my husband snatched the knife from him and stabbed him back." The dying man had whispered in her ear and she had understood. "It was on his own land," she added, "in his own field that he did it,—in the evil field."

And there they found the murderer dead. Stabbed with his own knife he lay dead on the field that they owned together, and all about were scattered the silver coins.

HENRY FIELDING.

A NEW VERSION OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.¹

IN these railroad-times, when a book, written yesterday, is reviewed to-day and forgotten to-morrow, an article upon a volume published three months ago may seem to have something of a belated appearance. Yet an apology should hardly be necessary. A book from Sir George Trevelyan's pen is no matter of every-day to be hastily skimmed, noticed, and thrown aside like the last popular novel or mis-called biography. He is perhaps the one living English writer of whom it may be safely predicted that he has done work that will last. In *THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY* he has added to the scanty roll of English biographies of the first class one which is likely to live as long as the fame of its illustrious subject; and in its successor, *THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX*, he showed a knowledge of the political, social and literary history of the time and a power of picturesque expression not unworthy of the author of the *Essays on Chatham* and *Horace Walpole*. A new volume from the same hand was naturally anticipated with delight by every intelligent reader, who was prepared without misgiving to resume the story of Fox's life where he had reluctantly laid it down eighteen years ago. That volume has now been published with the unexpected title of *THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION*.

Sir George Trevelyan explains in his preface the reason for this change in the scheme of his work. The

story of Fox between 1774 and 1782 is inextricably woven with the story of the American Revolution; and the difficulties of writing a political biography as distinguished from a political history are consequently insuperable. This is sufficiently intelligible; Fox's figure is not that which looms largest in the British history of that disastrous period, and would consequently be smothered by any attempt to hang the drapery of the American Revolution about it. Yet surely it is something very like this that Sir George has done; and the result, to those at least who anticipated a continuation of the earlier volume, is undeniably disappointing. There is a considerable number of readers, not inconvertant with the general history of the first twenty years of George the Third's reign, who would be glad to know more accurately the part played in it by Fox; and there is an increasing host of unruly sceptics who would fain be convinced that Fox was something more than a great debater and in private life one of the best friends and most delightful companions that ever lived. Sir George, however, doubtless knows his own business best; so in a charming introductory chapter we take leave with much regret of his hero and pass directly to the relations between England and the American Colonies. We read on: we arrive at the Congress of Philadelphia, and then suddenly the head of Fox again thrusts itself up, not a *placidum caput* by any means, from the troubled waves of political controversy; and for nearly ten pages we are treated to

¹ *THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, Part I., 1766-76*; by the Rt. Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan. London, 1899.

reasons why George Selwyn's stories of him should not be accepted without caution, and to an anticipatory account of his later years and of his death. In spite of ourselves we rub our eyes and ask whether this is a history of the American Revolution or a biography of Charles Fox? In fact Sir George, despite the assertion in his preface, has not made up his mind as to the story he means to tell, and this hesitation, constantly perceptible throughout the book, gives it an appearance of disorder and desultoriness very unlike his best work. He seems, indeed, to have lost something of his old skill in handling his materials. He dwells with all his old picturesque charm of style on sundry topics which, though interesting in themselves, are not of sufficient importance to deserve the space which he assigns to them. A contrast, for example, between education in England and America is doubtless in point; but is it necessary to fill five whole pages with sketches, however graphic, of the contemporary life at Eton and Oxford? And is it in accordance with the traditions honoured by Sir George, that one of those five pages should be filled by the bodily transcription of a letter in the heart of the text? Lord Macaulay would have compressed the whole of it into two telling sentences. In fact, until we reach the beginning of military operations, we hardly know on what road we are travelling, so persistently does Sir George entice us into the by-paths where he has lingered during his own journey. If we must submit to such treatment a better guide it would be hard to find; but we have a tenderness for our button-hole, even when he lays hold of it.

Again, in a volume which purports to cover a period of ten years, it is surely out of all reason that nearly

one fourth of it should be occupied with the military operations of a single year. The details are indeed handled with admirable spirit; but if taken as a military history the narrative is inadequate, if as a political history it is excessive. And the same defective sense of proportion, on a smaller scale, is conspicuous throughout the volume. It is hardly necessary, for instance, to devote a page and a half to illustrate the undeniable fact that a voyage across the Atlantic in the days of sailing-ships frequently occupied several weeks and even months; and the selection of a few extreme instances is misleading, for there were good passages and bad passages in those days as in these. Cromwell's expedition to Hispaniola in 1654 sailed to Barbados in three weeks; the British reinforcements despatched to the West Indies in November, 1795, did not reach their destination, owing to terrible weather, until March, 1796. The fact is, that Sir George has been over-indulgent to himself in dwelling on such small points as please him, to the neglect of more important matter and the confusion of his general narrative.

Even in the matter of style the book shows certain signs of deterioration. In the first place, Sir George has fallen into the habit of inserting original documents far too frequently into the body of his text. Everyone knows how the constant change of style tends to break the continuity of the story: "He never walks gracefully," said Landor, "who leans upon the shoulder of another;" and such interruptions are particularly irritating from a writer who has an excellent language of his own. But a yet more serious charge might be brought against Sir George. He could never have been accused of imitating Macaulay, but his style always showed what may be called a family likeness, and

this was in the circumstances natural and certainly not unpleasing. This likeness has now developed into something perilously near imitation. "I am a very unsafe model," wrote Macaulay in his *Journal*. "My manner is, I think, and the world thinks, on the whole a good one; but it is very near to a very bad manner indeed, and those characteristics of my style which are most easily copied are the most questionable." The truth of this estimate is abundantly shown in the present volume. "He called on the Bedfords for troops as often and as importunately as ever the Bedfords had called for trumps when a large stake was on the table"—"From the day when Rodney broke the line off Dominica back to the day when de Grammont did not break the line at Dettingen, a commission in the British Army was no sinecure." This is a mere "mocking-bird imitation," to say nothing of a sacrifice of accuracy for effect, of which the original would never have been guilty. And again: "He delivered himself in phrases which were worthy of his father's son in their manly common sense, and of his son's father in their broad humanity." We all know Macaulay's felicity in recalling personages to us not by name but by allusion; but, to borrow a leaf from Sir George's phrase-book, this last sentence should not have been written by his uncle's nephew, and certainly would not have been written by that nephew's uncle. In a word, in his effort to be antithetical, Sir George has, in this instance, fallen into sheer nonsense.

And now for the purport of the book as avowed in its title, the American Revolution; and I will venture to preface my remarks by some words of one whom Sir George praises as an excellent and

learned author, Professor Tyler of Cornell University. In order to acquire a discriminating and just acquaintance with this epoch, he writes, we must take the attitude "not of hereditary partisans but of scientific investigators." This is a part of the Professor's teaching which Sir George seems to have neglected. He opens his account of the Revolution after the repeal of the Stamp Act, and without enquiry as to the original causes that brought about the quarrel with the Colonies. When, however, he has advanced well into the middle of his subject, he sums up a part of these causes in the following words:

The merchants of the Northern Colonies had been born into the inheritance of a cruel wrong, which was more deeply felt as the forces that govern trade came to be better understood and in some cases were for the first time discovered. Cromwell, with an insight beyond his age, had refused to swathe and swaddle the infant commerce of America; and under the Commonwealth that commerce grew fast towards prosperous maturity. But a Stuart was no sooner on the throne than the British Parliament entered on a course of selfish legislation which killed the direct maritime trade between our dependencies and foreign ports and (to borrow the words of an eminent historian) deliberately crushed every form of Colonial manufacture which could possibly compete with the manufacturers of England (p. 143).

And this statement is supplemented somewhat earlier by the following sentence: "As soon as the exiles had conquered from the wilderness a country which was worth possessing, the statesmen of the Restoration stepped in to destroy their liberties, to appropriate their substance, and to impose on them the form of Church-government to escape from which they had crossed the ocean."

Let us see how far these statements show signs of scientific investigation.

In the first place, let it be remembered that practically the whole of the American and West Indian Colonies were founded under the Stuarts, and that to every province, down even to the minute island of Nevis, there were granted free institutions after the English model. Massachusetts, the most important of all, received her charter in 1628, and by a piece of sharp practice contrived to shift the head-quarters of the Company from London to Boston, where, the King being fully employed in quarrelling with his subjects at home, she was left very much to her own devices. At the close of the Civil War the Colonies were equally neglected, for the simple reason that there was no time to look after them; Cromwell indeed confessed as much to the Governor of Rhode Island in a letter which is still extant. The result was that Massachusetts, at the head of the confederacy of New England, soon began to assume the airs and graces of an independent State. As early as in 1644 she negotiated with the French in Nova Scotia without reference to the Mother-country; she refused to trade with Colonies that were loyal to the King's cause during the Civil War; she resented the appointment of Commissioners by the Long Parliament for the administration of the Colonies at large; and she hinted to Cromwell that the side which she might take, in the British war against the Dutch in 1653, would depend entirely on the treatment that she might receive from him. It was under this last threat that Cromwell granted to New England the privilege of exemption from the restrictions of the Navigation Acts. No one has a higher admiration for the great Protector than the present writer, but if his insight into mercantile regulation was beyond his age, it is singular that he did not extend the exemption

to the West Indies, which he most certainly did not.

The Protectorate reached its appointed end, and King Charles the Second and the statesmen of the Restoration came on the scene. The foundations of the Empire had been laid, but it was necessary that they should be established more firmly by the reassertion of the supremacy of the Crown as the one bond of union capable of holding the growing structure together. A Council of the Plantations (the germ of the present Colonial Office) was therefore formed to superintend the affairs of the Colonies and to regain hold of the reins that had been dropped for so long. No sooner was the Council fairly settled than a flood of complaints poured in against Massachusetts. Neighbouring Colonies complained of encroachment, subjects of tyranny and oppression, tender consciences of religious persecution. And these complaints were true. Nominally exiles for conscience-sake, as they loved to call themselves, the people of Massachusetts were really exiles for liberty to oppress the conscience of others. Membership of the Church of their peculiar choice was indispensable to admission to the governing body. Other sects, except Quakers (who were remorselessly persecuted) and Papists, were nominally allowed the free exercise of their religion, but were compelled under penalty of a fine to attend the worship of the dominant oligarchy, and were excluded from baptism and communion. Thus five sixths of the population were disenfranchised and excommunicated; and their wrongs did not end there. The magistrates, being of the elect, observed less the letter of the law and the nature of the offence than the religious professions of the parties concerned, and it was difficult for anyone outside the congregation to obtain a verdict

against a member within it. Finally magistrates, ministers, and elders were exempt from all taxation, and disposed of the revenue at their own sweet will. Such were the free institutions of Massachusetts, the liberties which the statesmen of the Restoration were called upon to uphold.

And the ambitious little community was bent on carrying its rule beyond its own boundaries as fixed by charter. In 1652 she appropriated the province of Maine; not content with Maine she swallowed up New Hampshire, and, still insatiate, was pushing encroachment still further when the Crown at last intervened. With an arrogance which has its fine side she imposed an oath of allegiance to herself, talked constantly of her independence, and coined money (base money, it should be added,) with her own impress. In fact it was a question at the Restoration whether the King of England or the theocratic junta of Massachusetts Bay was to be sovereign of the Northern Colonies.

The whole of these proceedings, the intolerance of other sects and the invasion of other provinces alike, were in direct violation of the Charter of Massachusetts, while the imposition of an oath of allegiance and the striking of coin were undeniable infringements of the royal prerogative. To these delinquencies there were added two further matters which might excusably have irritated the King and his ministers not a little, namely the absolute refusal of Massachusetts to comply with the new Acts of Trade and Navigation (a subject to which I shall presently return), and the ostentatious welcome given to two of the regicides, Goff and Whalley. With Sir George Trevelyan's text before him the reader would naturally look for a tale of immediate and peremptory coercion. Nothing could be further from the fact. The statesmen of the Restora-

tion prepared a letter of all possible tenderness, inviting the Colony to submit without alarm to the royal authority, and carefully avoiding all reference to regicides or Navigation Acts. The King supplemented this by a letter confirming the Charter of Massachusetts, granting amnesty for all offences in the past and refusing to hold the settlers responsible for them; in return he asked only that they should observe their charters strictly, repeal all laws contrary to his government, take the oath of allegiance to him, and administer justice in his name.

This conciliatory and generous policy had no effect, but it was none the less continued for full twenty years. Complaints from the neighbours of Massachusetts continued to stream in, and in 1664 the King sent out Commissioners, who were particularly instructed to use all gentleness in endeavouring to conciliate the Colonies. They were welcomed everywhere except in Boston, where they were met by malicious slander, not at all befitting a city of saints, and such obstruction as compelled them to return home with a confession of failure. Still the King would not resort to extreme measures, and for ten years more Massachusetts, by the most transparent quibbling, to give it no harsher name, contrived to evade obedience to the royal orders. Meanwhile, although England had done untold service to New England by the capture of New York from the Dutch, the oligarchy at Boston persisted in her violent courses. She re-occupied Maine with an armed force, she dispossessed Indians, who were tributary to the Crown, of their lands, and encroached upon French territory with a lawlessness that kept her neighbours in hourly dread of reprisals. Complaints still poured in, with representations of the injustice done to

other Colonies by the exemption of Massachusetts from the Navigation Acts. An emissary was sent out to enforce them, and met with the same violent treatment as was witnessed in Boston on the eve of the Revolution. Finally after seven years more of forbearance, and after offering Massachusetts endless opportunities to recede gracefully from an untenable position, the Charter of the Colony was cancelled in 1683, and it was at last finally decided whether King Charles or the General Court of Massachusetts should be master of New England.

Just two years before the crisis, in 1681, Benjamin Franklin's father had arrived with his family in Boston, "in order," to use Sir George's words, "that they might enjoy the exercise of their religion in freedom." Franklin's own words are, that he *expected* to exercise his religion in freedom. The reader may judge whether his expectations were realised. "Conventicles," writes Sir George, "were forbidden in England by laws cruelly conceived and rigorously enforced," as though there were no corresponding persecution as cruelly conceived and as rigorously enforced in New England. Sir George has no excuse for ignorance of the fact, for Franklin relates how his father exerted himself to procure mitigation of these oppressive laws in Boston, and it would have been more ingenuous if he had recorded it. That admirable writer and historian Francis Parkman has not hesitated to state in plain words that Massachusetts was untrue to the cause of freedom; and it is hardly too much to say that no statesmen ever did better service to true liberty than the statesmen of the Restoration when they overthrew the theocracy of Massachusetts.

And now for a word as to the Navigation Acts. Sir George Trevel-

yan refers us to Mr. Lecky's comments thereon as unanswerable, and the justice of the epithet may be freely admitted. The commercial policy of England towards the Colonies was undoubtedly selfish, but it was in accordance with that of every other European nation, and, as Adam Smith said, on the whole less illiberal and oppressive than in any other country. Moreover it bound the English for the benefit of the Colonists as well as the Colonists for the benefit of the English, and was much mitigated in practice, as Mr. Lecky shows, for the benefit of both. It was a false and mistaken policy, though the greater part of the world still refuses to be convinced of the fact; but it is surely a gross exaggeration to call it a cruel wrong. The oligarchy at Massachusetts in the seventeenth century objected to it strongly, partly because everybody all the world over has always objected, and will always object, to payment of duties and to commercial restrictions, but chiefly because they regarded themselves as independent and utterly rejected the exertion of the royal authority. They did not speak of it as unconstitutional taxation by the Mother-country then, nor did they at the time of the American Revolution. They admitted one and all, even Franklin himself before a Committee of the House of Commons, that laws passed by the British Parliament for the regulation of trade with the Colonies were necessary and right. Yet presumably it is to this that Sir George Trevelyan refers when he writes that the statesmen of the Restoration stepped in to destroy their liberties and appropriate their substance. As to the last charge of all, that these same statesmen "sought to impose on them the form of Church-government, to escape which they had crossed the ocean," it is to

be presumed that he refers to their efforts to obtain the toleration of Anglicanism which was enjoined by the Colonial Charter, for a tolerable acquaintance with the State Papers of the period supplies no other justification for the expression.

After the accession of James the Second there was indeed considerable interference with the liberties of the Northern Colonies. Charter after charter was cancelled, and the representative Assemblies were abolished. There was, however, more that was statesmanlike herein than at first sight appears. James's great object was to unite these jealous, selfish, and quarrelsome little communities under a single government, in order that their whole strength might be concentrated against the unceasing encroachments and menaces of the French in Canada. That such a thing would have been possible with the retention of representative institutions cannot, I think, be supposed for a moment; and no doubt the project was not the less to James's taste on that account. The system which united the Northern Colonies in one lasted but eighteen months, breaking to pieces at the Revolution of 1688, and it need not therefore detain us. But freely granting, if need be, the futility of James's scheme of administration, however sound from one point of view, it must be mentioned that, far from attempting to appropriate the substance of the settlers or to impose episcopacy upon them, James expressly confirmed to them liberty of conscience, free exercise of their religion, continuation of existing systems of government for Cambridge College, and safe possession of property. The reader may now perhaps judge whether Sir George Trevelyan has approached his task in the spirit of a scientific investigator or of an hereditary partisan.

With the reign of King William

the Americans entered upon the half century of conflict so graphically described by Mr. Parkman, and Massachusetts for the first time applied to the King for military aid. William could not afford to give it, and New England with great spirit attempted the conquest of Canada for herself, but failed, owing to indiscipline and disease among the troops and dissension among the Provinces. In 1702 the war broke out again. The Colonies as usual were hopelessly divided, and showed neither zeal nor unity for the common cause. With the help of the British fleet, however, Nova Scotia was captured in 1709, and the expulsion of the French was fairly begun. "If the French Colonies should fall," wrote a French officer at this time, "it will not occur to Old England that the various Provinces will unite, shake off the yoke of the British monarchy, and erect themselves into a democracy."¹ So early were the consequences of the removal of a dangerous neighbour foreseen.

After the peace of Utrecht the French fell back on that old policy which is now called by the new name of a policy of pin-pricks. They built the fortress of Louisburg, which fortunately was an extremely costly and foolish proceeding; they also erected a fortress at Niagara (which James the Second's Governors at New York had not permitted), and finally they constructed their famous stronghold at Crown Point. The ground on which Crown Point was built was claimed by New York, but the Province was too busy quarrelling with her neighbour, New Jersey, to interpose; and thus, though both New York and New England denounced the encroachment furiously, neither would lift a finger to prevent it. Governor Burnet of New York, from sheer

¹ COUNT FRONTENAC AND NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV.; by Francis Parkman.

public spirit, built a fort at Oswego as a counterpoise, out of his own pocket; but the Province refused to pay him and the debt remains unliquidated to this day.

Then came the war of 1744, when the Colonial forces with the aid of a British fleet besieged and captured Louisburg, a feat of which the Colonies were justly proud. The Americans, however, received little help from the Mother-country during this war otherwise than from her fleet, which in 1747 utterly defeated a French squadron on its way to recover Louisburg. The fortress was, however, returned to France by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, a proceeding which Sir George characterises as shameful, though as a matter of fact, despite the natural indignation of the Colonies, it was eminently wise. Cape Breton was of no value, and Louisburg of less than none, as was shown by its subsequent demolition, whereas Madras was well worth keeping. Louisburg was a source of weakness rather than strength to the French, for the expense of maintaining it in repair was ruinous, and unless protected by a superior naval force it was bound to fall, together with its garrison, into the hands of the British. The question was in fact a military one, and as Britain undertook the defence of the Empire she had a right to decide it for herself. She therefore returned the fortress and established the naval station of Halifax hard by it, for the protection of the Colonies and of her own trade.

Again the French began to encroach on the Ohio. Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia in vain urged the Assembly of the Province to vote money to erect forts in the threatened district. The Assembly for long refused altogether, and at last grudgingly voted an inadequate sum; the rest of the Colonies, though the danger was

common to all, remained jealous and apathetic, and the result was the establishment of Fort Duquesne. Sir George Trevelyan indeed informs us that Washington won a victory in those parts which "on its own small scale was as complete as that of Quebec;" but this is probably a playful sally at the expense either of Washington or of Wolfe, or indeed of Sir George's own intelligence, for despite this complete victory of forty men over thirty-five, Washington was compelled to capitulate with his whole force within five weeks. Washington deserves no blame for the misfortune, but the fact remains. Even after this reverse, however, the Colonies would not work together for the common cause, and Pennsylvania held aloof with almost criminal obstinacy. The result was that British troops had to be sent from over-sea to set right what the Colonies, notwithstanding the incessant warnings of their Governor, had allowed to go wrong.

So Braddock came and was defeated, and other commanders came and made but sorry work of it, until at last Pitt rose to power and took the task of driving out the French seriously in hand. The Colonies had supplied troops throughout, but owing to their jealousies, the indiscipline of the provincial forces, general disunion and unconscionable dilatoriness, their efforts were of little profit until Amherst came on the scene, with Pitt to back him in London. Sir George Trevelyan's summary of the well-known events that followed is characteristic. "Pitt's name recalled proud memories. . . . The Colonies had given him cheerfully in men, in money, in supplies whatever he had asked, to aid the national cause and secure the common safety." Then, after an enumeration of the contingents furnished by some of the Colonies and of the expense to which

they subjected themselves for the purpose, Sir George continues: "That was how the French were cleared from the Great Lakes, and from the valley and tributaries of the Ohio. That was how Ticonderoga and Crown Point fell, and the way was opened for the siege of Quebec and the conquest of the French Dominion." It might be asked in reply whose fault it was that the French were allowed to establish themselves on Lake Champlain and on the Ohio; and the answer might well be based on the American historian, Parkman, to show that it was not the fault of the representatives of the Crown in the Colonies. But the conquest of Canada was not effected, as Sir George would have us believe, mainly by the unselfishness of the Colonies. Undoubtedly under Pitt's influence the Colonies outdid all their previous efforts; but Pitt added the solid inducement of arming and feeding the provincial forces at the cost of England, leaving to the settlers the expense of their pay and clothing only. He also furnished twenty thousand regular troops on the spot, five and twenty thousand more with sixty thousand German mercenaries, all in English pay, to make a diversion in Germany, a fleet at Quebec in 1759, and fleets always in the Mediterranean and off the French coast to cut off all French reinforcements from America. All this was needed before Ticonderoga and Crown Point could fall, helpless and unresisting, into Amherst's hand; nor had their fall anything whatever to do with the siege of Quebec, which was opened before Amherst had so much as embarked on Lake George, and opened by no effort of provincial troops but by the skill and daring of the British fleet. Sir George is known to be fond of military history, but he is sometimes very studious to conceal his knowledge of it.

Thus the Americans were delivered from their enemy. I have no wish to underrate their share in the work. Their troops were gallant men and excellent material; their leaders were, many of them, able, skilful, daring, and devoted officers, who did most admirable service and taught the British troops most valuable lessons into the bargain. One of the most telling strokes in the whole war, the capture of Fort Frontenac, was entirely the work of Americans, and was conceived and executed with an ability that was a lesson to British commanders. Nor must the apathy of the Americans towards the eternal encroachments of the French be too hardly judged by Englishmen, for English carelessness and neglect in the face of similar matters is proverbial. Above all, the indomitable and energetic spirit of Massachusetts throughout the whole struggle is worthy of the highest admiration. Still the fact remains that the brunt of the conquest from beginning to end fell upon Britain, that she accepted the burden and did her duty not unhandsomely by the Colonies, and that without her the French would not have been cleared out of the continent.

It may be objected that I have chosen very few and short extracts from Sir George's work on which to base so long a criticism. I had gladly taken more could they have been found, but the truth is that there are no more. The whole history of America previous to the Revolution is, for Sir George's purposes, summed up in these few inaccurate and misleading sentences; and we are expected to plunge into the heart of the contest as though it were a municipal election, with a hardened prejudice that everything on the American side was right and everything on the British side was wrong.

Such are not the methods of enlightened Americans, and such is not the spirit in which to approach the writing of what, presumably, aspires to be history. The intellect of a politician may be numbed with no great harm to anyone except himself; but it is otherwise with the intellect of a historian who can wield the pen with a master's hand. Professor Tyler acting, as befits a serious writer, up to the ideal which he has raised for himself, opens the story of the quarrel between Britain and America with an acknowledgment that it was right and reasonable for England to look to an adjustment of colonial relations at the close of the long wrestle with France. Sir George Trevelyan never hints that there was any need for such adjustment. He says not a word as to the administrative problems that pressed for solution, and for speedy solution, at the Peace of Paris. He offers no explanation of the remarkable fact that within twelve months of the surrender of Montreal, even before peace was signed, a Boston lawyer was already raving against the commercial code and the oppression of Parliament; or, in other words, that the Colonies had hardly been relieved from the presence of the French on their borders before the demagogue was at work and the first step taken towards revolution. He makes no comment on the difficulty of dealing with a people which could forget obligations so rapidly and discover the existence of grievances so suddenly: he is not even at the pains to illustrate and account for such proceedings by the light of their past history; and yet he labels his book with the title of the American Revolution.

For one thing, the question of Imperial Defence, the immediate cause of the quarrel, is studiously ignored;

and yet it was not unreasonable that the Americans should contribute towards the cost of defending the Empire, especially at a time when England was reeling under the exhaustion caused by the long struggle. Sir George airily observes indeed that she had passed through the war "with hardly any sense of distress," but Mr. Lecky thinks differently; and considering that the National Debt had been doubled from seventy to one hundred and forty millions, and that the standard for recruits had been reduced to five feet two inches, most people will be inclined to think that Mr. Lecky is right. Sir George begs the whole question of Imperial Defence by exaggerating, as I have already shown, the part taken by the Colonists in the conquest of Canada, and by adding, "What they had done before, they were willing and ready to do again, if they were allowed to do it in their own fashion." But their own fashion had been repeatedly tried and found wanting, owing to their jealousy, their selfishness towards each other, and their inveterate habit of thwarting their governors; and, as I have shown, it was not until Pitt took a great part of the expense of their troops upon himself that they really came forward with zeal. New England, and especially Massachusetts, must indeed be regarded in a far more favourable light than such a province as Pennsylvania, but even the contingents of New England were hampered by division of command. It was exactly with the hope of improving on this old unsatisfactory fashion that England brought forward her new proposals, which, though unfortunate, were surely not inequitable nor unreasonable. The Colonies, however, summed up the whole question of defence very conveniently for themselves in a single sentence. From external attack they

argued, we are secured by the British fleet, and there is no fear of internal revolt. They did not ask themselves who paid for the British fleet.

The Stamp Act undoubtedly was a disastrous experiment, for the offence that it gave to what Pitt himself called an irritable and umbrageous people; but Sir George might have mentioned the fact that the question of Imperial Defence was raised directly in its preamble, and that the revenue to be derived from it was set aside expressly for the payment of troops and of military expenses in the Colonies. His summary of the whole position may be quoted in full, for, like all his references to the really important questions of the time, it is very short. "It was a very different matter that America should be called upon to maintain a standing army of royal troops at a moment when not a grain of our powder was being burned in anger on the surface of the globe; and that those troops should be quartered permanently within her borders and paid out of American taxes which the British Parliament had imposed, exacted by tax-gatherers commissioned by the British Ministry." Now as a matter of fact British troops, though in no great numbers, had been quartered in America for a century, and during the same period the Americans had paid taxes imposed (though not expressly for payment of the troops) by the British Parliament and exacted by tax-gatherers with British commissions. This leads to another branch of the controversy as to which our author is equally obscure.

"In the sight of Chatham," Sir George writes, "the Americans were Englishmen who did not choose to be taxed without being represented; Whigs who had not abandoned the principles of the Great Revolution." Now if we turn to Chatham's scheme

submitted as a basis of reconciliation in 1775, we find that his draft bill asserts the right of Parliament to make laws to bind the Colonies, and especially laws to regulate trade and navigation, for the maintenance, among other things, of the navy; it asserts also the King's right to quarter troops in the Colonies, though not to the prejudice of the rights of the citizens, while expressly disclaiming that any other charge for the King's service should be levied without consent of the provincial Assemblies. It also recommends the assembly of a Congress to recognise the supremacy of Parliament and to consider the voting of a perpetual revenue to alleviate the National Debt, in great part incurred for the benefit of the Colonies. Thus Chatham was for perpetuating the restrictive laws as to trade and navigation (the "cruel wrong" which Sir George so virtuously reprobates) avowedly for the support of the British navy. Surely, even under the authority of Chatham, it is difficult not to call this taxation without representation. It is true that the Colonists themselves tried to draw subtle distinctions between external taxes, imposed for the regulation of trade, and internal taxes; but Franklin himself, for all his ingenuity, broke down, though he concealed his fall with consummate dexterity, in attempting to uphold them before a Committee of the House of Commons. In truth the Colonists had submitted, rightly or wrongly, to taxation without representation for upwards of a century, and to a renewal of it so recently as in 1733. American Royalists of the time saw the fallacy of the Revolutionary writers and exposed it. "Shall we establish distinctions between internal and external taxation one year and laugh at them the next. . . . Shall we refuse to obey the tea-act not as an oppressive

but as a dangerous, a sole precedent for taxation when every post-day shows a precedent which our fathers submitted to and we still submit to without murmuring?" So writes one, and another adds more pertinently: "A person that drinks New England rum distilled from molasses subject to a like duty is equally deserving of a coat of tar and feathers with him that drinks tea." Mr. Pownall in the House of Commons loudly lamented that Parliament should have opened America's eyes to the fact that she had endured taxation for so many years without being aware of it, but James Otis had already discovered and published the fact in 1761. In fact the question reduced itself to this: the British Government said, "You have submitted to taxation without representation for a century and you should not therefore kick against it now;" and the Americans answered: "Have we endured it for so long? Then it is high time that we ceased to do so." There was not much to choose between the two parties in the matter of right,—Professor Tyler indeed inclines to award the supremacy as an abstract question to the British side—but the Stamp Act was a fatal method of declaring rights.

It is curious and instructive to note how quickly the Americans divested themselves of the notion that they owed, or ever had owed, any obligation to England. Franklin, Sir George Trevelyan's idol, endeavoured with great skill and marvellous effrontery to persuade a Committee of the House of Commons that the war against the French in America was in no sense an American but wholly a British concern; that whether on the St. Lawrence, on the Ohio, or at Cape Breton, it was all for British and only secondarily for American interests. It would have been easy to ask if the Ohio Company had not

been formed in Virginia, with but one English partner, and why New England had so often invoked British help and gone the length of invading Canada and investing Louisburg unaided. It is even more singular to reflect that a single pamphlet by Thomas Paine should have sufficed in six months to convert a passionate attachment to the Mother-country into a rage for independence. The fact is that the difficulty of adjusting the relations between England and America at the Peace of Paris was almost insuperable. There can be no doubt that it was clumsily handled by Grenville, and worse than clumsily by those that came after him, but it is questionable whether even Pitt could have managed it successfully or with more than ephemeral results. It is easy to throw the whole blame of the catastrophe on one man, or on a few men of one party; and it is indisputable that the separation of America from England could have been accomplished at any rate without bloodshed, though hardly without ill-feeling. But it is idle to suppose that a people, whatever its professions of attachment, can have felt any really deep sentiment of affection for a parent State if such sentiment could be so swiftly and suddenly perverted into its exact opposite. It has been the present writer's fate to peruse unusual numbers of documents of the seventeenth century bearing on American history, and a source of infinite interest to him to observe the faithful reproduction of every trait observable in the American Revolution; the passion for a grievance, the intense jealousy and suspicion, the quickness to take offence, the phenomenal speed with which discontent ripened into animosity and animosity into open and lawless violence, always excused by some subtle plea of lawful opposition,

the immediate and peremptory denial, in the name of freedom, of all liberty to hold opinions at variance with the approved creed for the time being, the instant choice of capable leaders, and the development of skilful and efficient organisation for resistance.

Sir George Trevelyan cares for none of these things. It would be easy, did space permit, to point out many other things for which he cares as little. For instance, he construes two wrongs into a right sooner than appear to censure Franklin's dishonourable use of General Hutchinson's private letters; and he writes the name of Patrick Henry in the same sentence with George Washington, as though the former were a single-minded patriot instead of a broken man who had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a revolution. In short, every comparison is drawn in favour of the Americans and in prejudice of the English. Where this can be done fairly, by all means let it be done. No Englishman grudges admiration to the ability and devotion of the American leaders, least of all to the greatest of them; he would as soon grudge it to Chatham or to Burke. But he must be allowed occasionally to entertain a doubt as to the straightforwardness of Franklin, and as to Sir George's estimate of the man described by Professor Tyler as the "never-hesitant, ever-gossiping Adams." And when he writes that the people in Pennsylvania and New England constituted "a commonwealth containing no class to which

a man was bound to look up and none on which he was tempted to look down," let him read the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD over again and remember the existence of the "white servants" or "bought servants" which formed so numerous and so discontented a class in Pennsylvania that the French had serious thoughts of turning the Province into a recruiting-ground.

There is nothing to be gained by writing books in such a spirit as this. Even the advocates of that great Union of Hearts which is to join England and America for ever in a common cause against all the world, for whose edification this work may possibly have been written, will hardly be deceived by so transparent a pretext. Have we not enough of Whig and Tory, Great Liberal Party, Great Conservative Party, Great Ins and Great Outs, in our newspapers, and if we weary of it there cannot we go to our vestries? A revolution is always, and inevitably, a dirty business, and party-spirit is neither the beginning nor the end of wisdom. The two left an ugly mark on the two greatest Englishmen of the eighteenth century, men of mighty and commanding genius, Marlborough and Chatham. It is a thousand pities that what might have been a history written, both for our pleasure and our profit, by an accomplished man of letters should have been turned into a party-pamphlet which can please few and profit none.

J. W. FORTESCUE.



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NOVEMBER, 1898.

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Notes on New Books.

Already 25,000 copies of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories, *The Day's Work*, have been sold in the brief time that has elapsed since the date of publication (Oct. 7th), and a second issue was called for within a few days of that date. Fortunately the publishers were prepared for the phenomenal demands upon them, and no delay was incurred in supplying the public.

* * * * *

Dr. Moritz Busch's work on *Bismarck*, which, upon its appearance, created so great a sensation in England and Germany, has already run through some thousands of copies, and the demand for these "secret pages" from the great Chancellor's life bids fair to become remarkable. This might have been expected, considering the many startling contributions to the secret history of European politics which it contains, as well as the "drastic" portraiture and opinions of the chancellor himself in connection with nearly all of those with whom he had dealings.

* * * * *

A new novel by Horace Annesley Vachell, entitled *A Drama in Sunshine*, has been recently issued. Mr. Vachell's former stories, "The Quicksands of Pactolus," "The Romance of Judge Ketchum," etc., are still fresh in the mind of the public.

* * * * *

The Loves of the Lady Arabella, by Molly Elliot Seawell, which has just been published, is a dashing story of the end of the last and beginning of the present centuries, when the Blacksmith of Gretna Green was an important personage, and deals as much with some stirring incidents in His Majesty's Navy as with the love affairs of the Lady Arabella herself. The book is illustrated by the facile pencil of Mr. George Gibbs.

* * * * *

An account of the recent *Campaign in Tirah*, by Colonel H. D. Hutchinson, Director of Military Education in India, has just been published. The narrative is primarily based upon letters contributed to *The Times*, but the author has also had access to all available material from official sources, and has collected information from officers engaged in the different parts of the campaign. It may therefore be regarded as the most authoritative record of the Expedition.

The heavy run, both in England and the Colonies, upon the cheap one-volume edition of Lord Roberts' *Forty-One Years in India* continues, and several thousand copies have been disposed of since the date of publication. It is expected that as many more will be sold within the same space of time. A remarkable career for a book which is now in its thirtieth edition.

* * * * *

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have just published a story by an anonymous writer entitled, *Elizabeth and her German Garden*, which is already beginning to take a hold upon the public by means of its freshness of style and subject. There is, moreover, a quaint shrewdness and simplicity about the characters and conversations in the book which is likely to please the fancy of those—and they are many—who can appreciate these qualities. The interest in the work loses nothing in that its author prefers to remain unknown.

* * * * *

Under the title of *Spiritual Apprehension* the Rev. Llewellyn Davies has collected various of his Sermons and Papers, which are intended "to promote that inward action towards things invisible and visible," which he has sought to indicate by the title. A particular feature in the work is the view taken of that great bone of contention, The Athanasian Creed, which Mr. Davies sets forth from diverse aspects in his preface.

* * * * *

Everybody is aware of Mrs. Molesworth's power of writing fascinating stories for children, and her latest issued effort of *The Magic Nuts*, a fairy tale, with appropriate illustrations by Miss Pitman, is in no measure below her standard. *The Magic Nuts* has been published in good time for early consideration among Christmas gifts for young people.

* * * * *

The Life and Letters of Edward Thring, the famous Head Master of Uppingham, by Mr. George R. Parkin, is now published. The work is practically a history of the new formation, under Thring, and the complete rebuilding, in every sense of the word, of Uppingham School, apart from comprising the Life, Diary, and Correspondence of a strong personality. It contains, also, many reminiscences of life at Eton in the "thirties."

* * * * *

The First Epistle of St. Peter, the Greek Text, by the late Professor Hort, is now ready for issue, and forms an important link in the arrangement planned in 1860 by various leading theologians to divide

among them the task of writing a Commentary upon the New Testament. Dr. Lightfoot, Dr. Benson, Dr. Westcott, and Dr. Hort each undertook a part in the work. The Synoptic Gospels, The Acts and Epistles of St. James, St. Jude, and St. Peter fell to Dr. Hort, but he did not live to complete more than a portion of the Epistle of St. Peter, which is now published by MACMILLAN & Co., under the editorship of Dr. Chase. As Hulsean Professor Dr. Hort lectured on 1 Peter in 1882—1887, and as Lady Margaret's Professor in 1892. The present volume contains the portions of these lectures which were prepared for the press. While the fragment cannot but cause the keenest regret as being only a fragment, yet it is sufficiently varied in its contents to give an adequate view of Dr. Hort's method, and to indicate and justify lines of enquiry which may be pursued fruitfully, and possibly to remove some misunderstandings of passages in his other books. The work is prefaced by the present Bishop of Durham.

* * * * *

Prof. George Saintsbury has produced in his *Short History of English Literature* a book which enters upon the earliest period of letters, viz., the Anglo-Saxon, and is brought step by step up to the present time with a light and interesting touch, and it must prove a desirable book to have upon the shelf, not only for reference—for it is fully indexed—but for the pleasure of being read on its own account. It has the advantage of appearing in one volume crown, which, although containing a great deal of matter, does not lie heavy in the hand, neither does it try the eyes with abnormally small print or narrow spacings. Prof. Saintsbury mentions in his preface that "the substitution of bird's-eye views and sweeping generalizations for positive knowledge has been very sedulously avoided, but it is hoped that the system of inter-chapters will provide a sufficient chain of historical summary as to general points."

* * * * *

The Rev. G. W. Garrod has produced a small and handy *Analysis of the Epistle to the Colossians*, with a view, as he states, not only to the requirements of those who are preparing for examination upon the subject, although the book is carefully compiled for the convenience of these—but also, as the notes are complete in themselves, of the general reader. The writer's long experience as a teacher has shown him that what is now principally required is not so much an original treatise as a simple text-book, which, while it makes full use of the many existing commentaries, shall be made to present its notes in the manner most helpful to the memory.

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* * * * *

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* * * * *

The Hon. John Fortescue is engaged upon a *History of the British Army*, and the first volume is expected to appear before the end of the year. Mr. Fortescue has already written a "History of the Seventeenth Lancers," and contributed an excellent volume on "Dundonald" to the Series of "English Men of Action." Last year he made a hit in quite another field of literature with his delightful "Story of a Red Deer," a book which has been deservedly compared with Kingsley's "Water Babies" for its thorough sympathy with animal life.

* * * * *

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author of "In War Time," "Hugh Wynne," and many other successful novels, has written a new story entitled *The Adventures of François: Foundling, Thief, Juggler, and Fencing Master during the French Revolution*. It is filled with adventure, and gives a vivid picture of life during the thrilling period with which it deals. The scenes shift between Paris and the Provinces, following the wanderings of the erratic hero, and historic personages are portrayed in its pages. The book gains much in that it contains fifteen illustrations from the pencil of Castaigne. It is expected that there will be a large demand for the work on this side of the water.

Early in November will be published a romantic story of Moorish life in the Riff country and in Tangier by Mr. A. J. Dawson, whose last novel, "God's Foundling," was well received in the beginning of the year, and whose West African and Australian Bush stories will be familiar to most readers of fiction. *Bismillah* is the title of Mr. Dawson's new book, which may be regarded as the outcome of his somewhat adventurous experiences in Morocco last year.

* * * * *

In a volume of *West African Studies* Miss Mary Kingsley will supplement the delightful volume of *Travels in West Africa* which was published last year. The *Studies* deal with the early history of discovery and of trade in that interesting region, and with native methods of healing and of fishing, besides giving many further observations and speculations on the fascinating subject of Fetish.

* * * * *

Mr. Hugh Thomson will make a new departure this autumn with the first of a series of Old Fairy Tales, illustrated in colour, and published at a shilling. The opening number will be *Jack the Giant Killer*, which will appear immediately. Beside full-page plates, every page of text will be surrounded by a decorative border illustrating the incidents of the tale. Mr. Thomson has also supplied some drawings of figure subjects for Mr. A. G. Bradley's *Highways and Byways of North Wales*, to supplement, as in the case of Mr. Norway's book in Devon and Cornwall, the admirable landscape studies by Mr. Pennell. Mr. Thomson is now engaged upon illustrations, both landscape and figure subjects, for a similar book on the North of Ireland, written by Mr. Stephen Gwynn.

* * * * *

Acting upon the success of his popular "Handbook to the National Gallery," Mr. E. T. Cook is preparing a similar work upon the Tate Gallery, which will be published this month. The object of this handbook is to do for the Tate Gallery what the handbook to the National Gallery has attempted to do in the case of that institution.

* * * * *

An Edition de Luxe of Edward FitzGerald's classic version of The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám should be welcome to all true Omarians, and makes a charming gift-book. It is issued in the form of a quarto

volume on special antique wove paper, bound in sateen, with an ornamental gold block upon the side, the pages boldly decorated by the tasteful pencil of Mr. W. B. Macdougall, and engraved by Octave Lacour. There are but 1000 copies printed of this edition, which is specially dedicated to the members of the Omar Khayyám Club. In connection with this issue it may be interesting to add that FitzGerald's work has just been for the first time brought to the notice of the German public in an article contributed to "Die Nation," the leading literary organ in Berlin, by the well-known English scholar, Dr. Leon Kellner, of Vienna, who is at present settled in London to complete his studies for an important work on English literature in the present century.

* * * * *

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, whose pen is seldom allowed to be long "in rest," has produced a work which deals with topography, biography, history, botany, philology, matters ecclesiastical, and several full-page illustrations, within the covers of one crown volume, the whole being associated with the honoured name of John Keble. A quotation from Miss Yonge's preface to the book will perhaps best show its nature and her aims. "To explain the present undertaking it should be mentioned that a history of Hursley and North Baddesley was compiled by the Rev. John Marsh, Curate of Hursley in 1808. It reached a second edition, and a good deal of it was used in "Sketches of Hampshire," by John Duthy, Esq. An interleaved copy received many annotations from members of the Heathcote family. There was a proposal that it should be re-edited, but ninety years could not but make a great difference in these days of progress, so that not only had the narrative to be brought up to date, but further investigations into the past brought facts to light which had been unknown to Mr. Marsh. It was therefore judged expedient to re-write the whole, though, whenever possible, the former Curate's work has been respected and repeated, but the entire careers of John Keble and Sir William Heathcote needed to be recorded in their relations to the parish and county. This has here been attempted, together with a record of the building of the three churches erected since 1837."

* * * * *

Messrs. MACMILLAN have in the press and will shortly publish a new edition of Mr. R. C. Christie's *Etienne Dolet*, the Martyr of the Renaissance. Beside being thoroughly revised and corrected by the author, the new edition will contain new matter bearing on the life of Dolet, discovered by Mr. Christie since the appearance of the first

edition in 1880. This includes the Act of Association, or, as we should call it, the Articles of Partnership, between Dolet and one Halayn Dulin as printers in 1542, from the public Archives of Lyons, and several documents of interest from the National Archives of France relating to Dolet's final arrest in 1543.

* * * * *

The Romans on the Riviera and the Rhone, by Mr. W. H. Bullock Hall, F.R.G.S., will shortly be published. The work is intended to supply a historical sketch of the Roman Conquest of Liguria, which included Provence. During his prolonged residence in the latter country Mr. Hall has acquired an intimate knowledge of the little-known region between the Rhone and the Alps, and has devoted special attention to the exploration of the coast-road, or Via Aurelia, leading from Rome to Arles. The work will, it is hoped, prove useful to persons travelling by the Rhone Valley to the Riviera, by supplying in a handy form the Roman history of that region which the ordinary guide books fail to provide.

* * * * *

Professor Dill, of Queen's College, Belfast, formerly High Master of Manchester Grammar School, has recently completed an account of Roman Society during the last century of the Western Empire; and Mr. Herbert Fisher, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, has also brought to a conclusion a work dealing with the Mediæval Empire, upon which he has been engaged for some years. Both these important contributions to history will be published shortly.

* * * * *

The important *Visitation Charges* recently delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury will be issued in book form immediately.

* * * * *

An important addition is about to be made to the "Eversley Series" in the shape of an edition of Shakespeare, with introduction and short notes by Professor C. H. Herford. The work will be in ten volumes, to be published monthly from December. There will be, besides a general introduction, a short introduction to each play. The notes will be at the foot of the page, and will be confined to such brief explanations of words, phrases, or allusions, as seem likely to be required by the ordinary reader.

Mr. Stopford Brooke has, after being compelled to lay aside the work for one of a larger and more exhaustive nature in two volumes, just completed the first volume of *The History of English Literature*, by various writers, which MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. projected some years ago. To this series Mr. Edmund Gosse and Professor George Saintsbury have already contributed volumes dealing with Elizabethan Literature, Eighteenth Century Literature, and Nineteenth Century Literature, and the *History* was only awaiting Mr. Stopford Brooke's volumes to be completed. He has managed to dig out some examples of the earliest known Saxon and Keltic poets, Heathen and Christian, working gradually up from the rough, if poetic, Saga, to the prose literature of King Alfred, and thence to the more monkish writing which prevailed at the time of the Conquest. Soon the author hopes to be able to complete the second volume of the series which he has undertaken, and which will embrace the period between the Norman Conquest and Elizabeth.

* * * * *

Students of English Drama will be glad to learn that Dr. Adolphus Ward has now practically completed a new and thoroughly revised edition of his well-known *History of English Dramatic Literature*. The work will be in three volumes.

* * * * *

Mr. J. J. Hissey, whose Road Books have of late years become "classics" in the library, is about to publish a new volume treating of a driving tour through the Eastern Counties of England, and entitled *Over Fen and Wold*, illustrated in the manner of the former volumes of this popular series of tours, by the author himself.

* * * * *

The Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes, 1838—91, by Henry St. John Raikes, will shortly be published. The author of this Memoir states that he has selected from a large mass of material "such events only as appear either to have personal value, or to be of public interest. . . . In the latter portion of the work, dealing with Mr. Raikes's career at the Post Office, I have not hesitated, where in the interests of truth it seemed necessary, to lift the official veil which so often tended to obscure actions, and to create false impressions in the mind of the public." The work will form another link in the interesting history of the General Post Office.

There has, it is believed, hitherto been published no biography of John Manners, the famous Marquis of Granby. This omission has now been remedied by Mr. Walter Evelyn Manners in the forthcoming Memoir of his ancestor. The volume is an epitome of many of the most brilliant engagements in the wars during the reigns of George II. and George III., as well as comprising the life and career of one of the most popular and gallant men of the period, whose name is generally better known than his qualities, owing to the lack of any authentic biography.

* * * * *

Mrs. Lewis has followed up her scholarly labours on the Sinaitic palimpsest with a popular account of her further travels in the East during 1895—97. Therein will be found particulars of her supplementary work on the original text and on other MSS., a description of the Ecclesiasticus fragment found in Cairo, together with graphic touches of places and persons in the Desert and in the Holy Land, the whole forming a volume of the greatest interest to all who, either as travellers or readers, are concerned to gather just now any additional knowledge of Egypt and Palestine. The book is entitled *In the Shadow of Sinai*, is fully illustrated, and will be ready immediately.



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